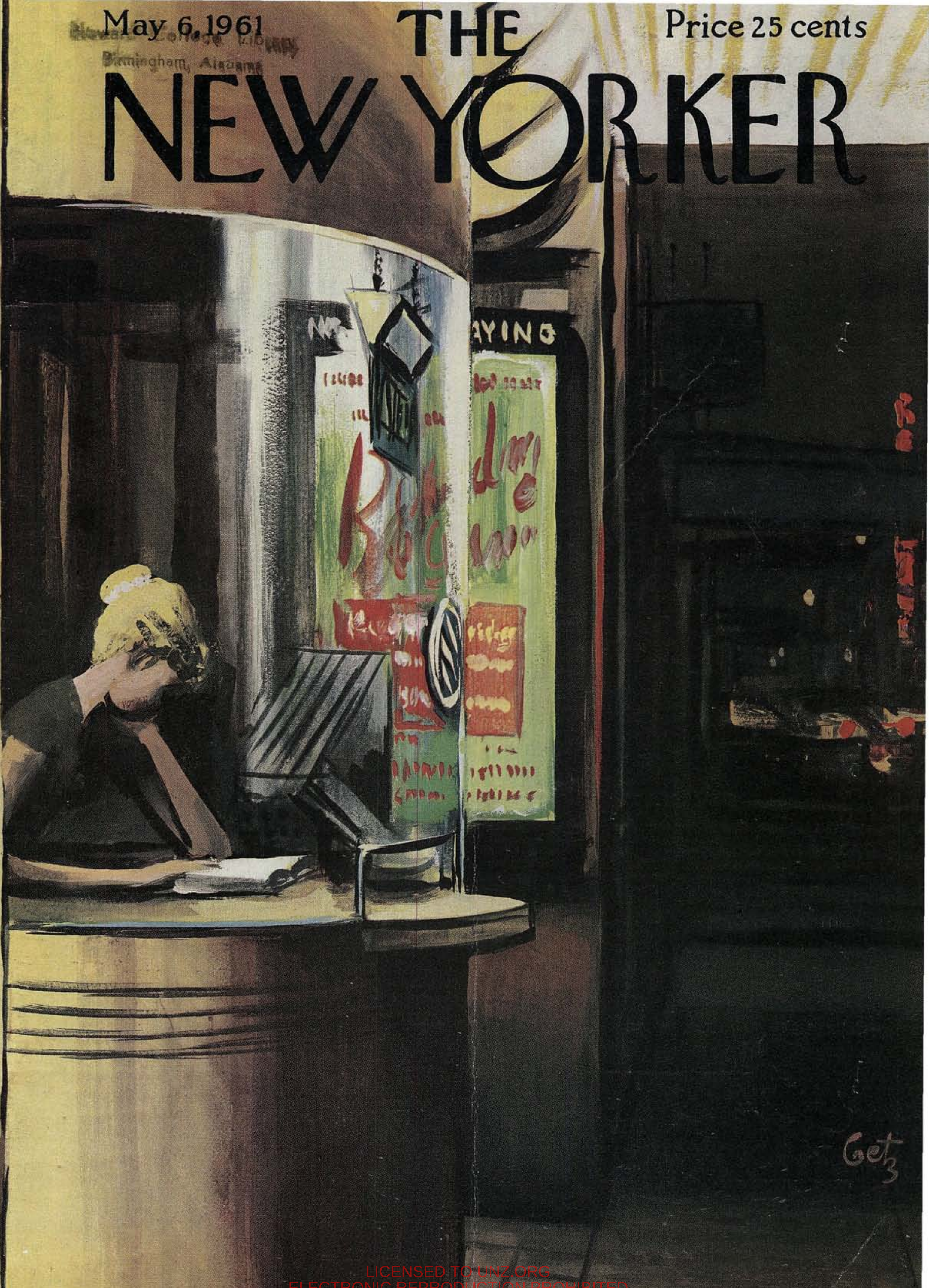
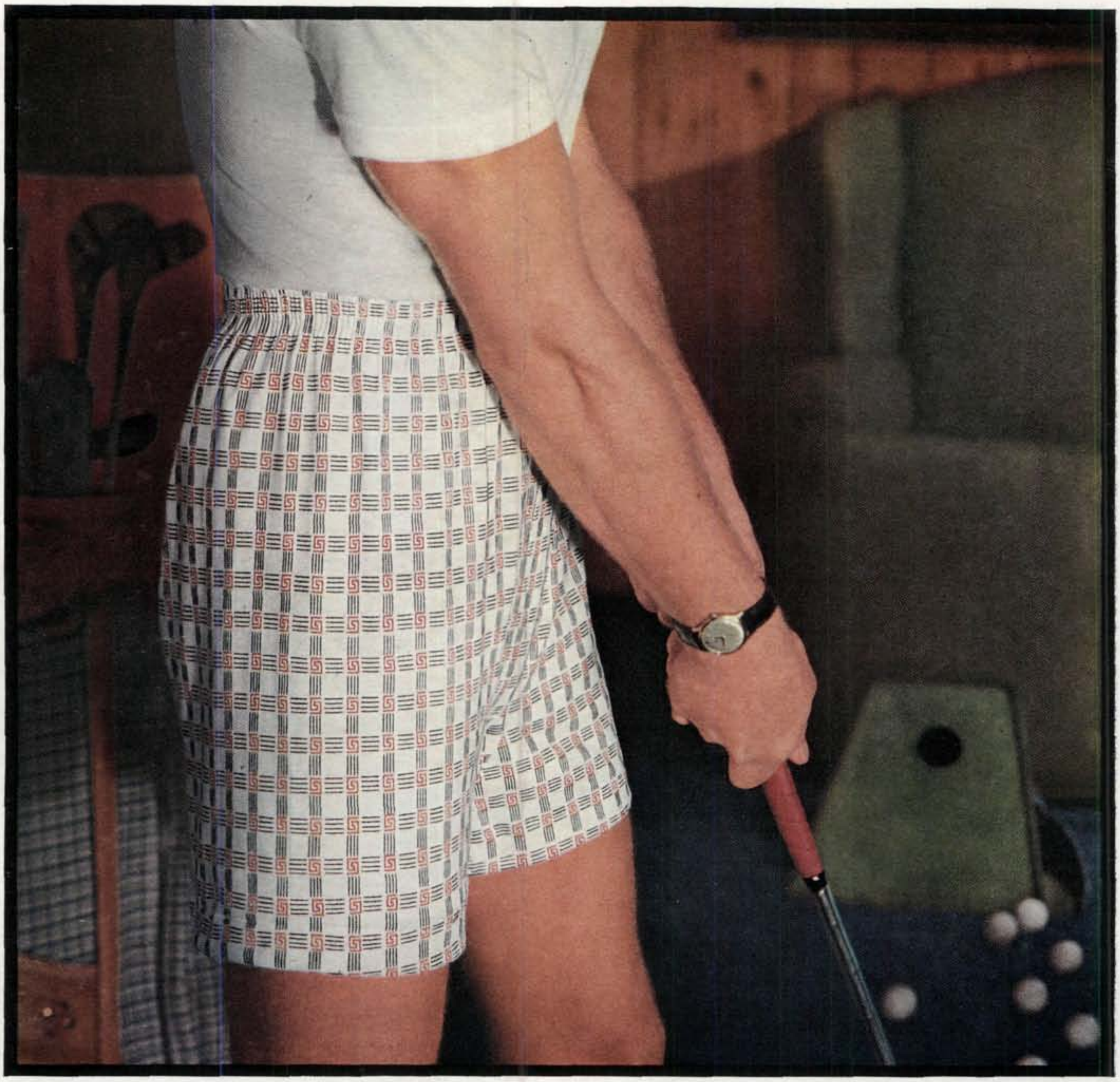
May 6, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

Howard College Library
Birmingham, Alabama





Club Champ Ernie Klack

shows impeccable style in Carter's knitted boxer shorts

Whether just puttering around or defending his title, Ernie intends to be comfortable. He's found a sure approach via Carter's new *knitted* boxer shorts. These stay superbly soft because they're *cotton knit*. And they score another way: never need ironing. (Winning unqualified thanks from wife Irma — she recalls when ironing men's shorts was par for the course.) Don't tolerate a big handicap; team up with *knit* boxers by Carter's.

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

Carter's

MEANS COMFORT IN KNITTED BOXER SHORTS . . . BRIEFS . . . T-SHIRTS . . . ATHLETIC SHIRTS

GRECIAN KEY PRINT Knit Boxers, $1.75 . . . at these and other fine stores: BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Co., R. H. Stearns • CHICAGO, Baskin — all stores CLEVELAND, The May Co. • DENVER, Robert Wilson Co. • DETROIT, J. L. Hudson Co. • GRAND RAPIDS, Paul Steketee & Sons • LAS VEGAS, Allen & Hanson • LOS ANGELES, Bullocks — downtown, Westwood, Pasadena, Santa Ana • MINNEAPOLIS, Dayton's • NEW HAVEN, J. Johnson & Sons • NEW YORK, Gimbels • NEWARK, Hahne & Co. • PENDLETON, OREGON, Max Baer's PHOENIX, Korricks • ST. LOUIS, Boyd's — all stores • SALT LAKE, Z.C.M.I. • SEATTLE-TACOMA, Klopfenstein's

$ 919.
$ 11,275.
$ 114,400.

Tiffany diamonds have
set America's standard of quality
for over one hundred years.

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK · PL 5-8000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—All manner of conspiratorial doings in Washington. The point at issue is whether the President should appoint as Secretary of State a professor who, in his past, has leaned a trifle to the left. The melodrama, by Loring Mandel, who based his play on the novel by Allen Drury, is ideologically limp, but it does have some superficially exciting scenes. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy portray some of the agitated legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley all figure in it to good advantage. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Becket—A three-week return engagement of the Jean Anouilh play. Laurence Olivier has switched from the title role to that of Henry II, and Arthur Kennedy portrays the Archbishop. Opens Monday, May 8. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Big Fish, Little Fish—Several peculiar types, none of them very interesting, are assembled in this comedy by Hugh Wheeler, which tells of a melancholy man hog-tied by his devotion to his seedy and demanding friends. There are, however, excellent performances by Jason Robards, Jr., Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Ruth White, Elizabeth Wilson, and Sandor Szabo. Frank Overton will temporarily replace Mr. Robards starting Monday, May 8. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come Blow Your Horn—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in getting his two sons to share his interest. Hal March and Warren Berlinger are the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 7.)

Critic's Choice—A drama reviewer finds himself emotionally knotted because his wife has written a lame-brained play that he must review if he is to preserve his integrity. Henry Fonda is the distraught critic, and Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton assist him in trying to put a little ginger into the affair. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A kind of religious mystery drama, adapted by Dore Schary from a novel by Morris L. West, which describes the investigation of a potential saint in southern Italy by a Vatican representative. The play, in which Leo Genn and Sam Levene are conspicuous, sprawls all over the place, and neither its dramatic nor its philosophic content is particularly noteworthy. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that takes pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

A Far Country—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman of her conviction that her legs were permanently paralyzed. There isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, but the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, who enact the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is funny, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Translated from the French of Eugene Ionesco by Derek Prouse, and directed by Joseph Anthony, this satire about people who would rather sink to the level of swamp animals than risk nonconformity in the modern world is savage and funny, and Zero Mostel, Eli Wallach, and all the others in the cast are to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney, a North Country English girl who wrote this play when she was nineteen, has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Hermione Baddeley and Nigel Davenport), her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour (Frances Cuka and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Frederick Combs)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Gore Vidal's view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. With Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Suzanne Pleshette is now the teacher who rescues her. The author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tenth man:** A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 13.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival!—The Drama Critics Circle picked this as the best musical of the season, and they might have been right. It has to do with life among a clutch of tent-show performers wandering about southern Europe. Adapted from the movie called "Lili," the play has ingratiating performances by Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard, and includes a most diverting quartet of puppets manipulated by Mr. Orbach. Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics, Michael Stewart wrote the book, and Gower Champion supervised the whole lively affair. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Several underworldly types of the sort that provided Damon Runyon with his stock in trade try to horn in on the jukebox business in this rather lethargic comedy, which has a book by Garson Kanin, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker do their best to keep things lively. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—A merry, if simple-minded, musical adaptation of "Lysistrata," in which Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, and Dran Seitz, among others, prance about to good effect. The book was written by Fred

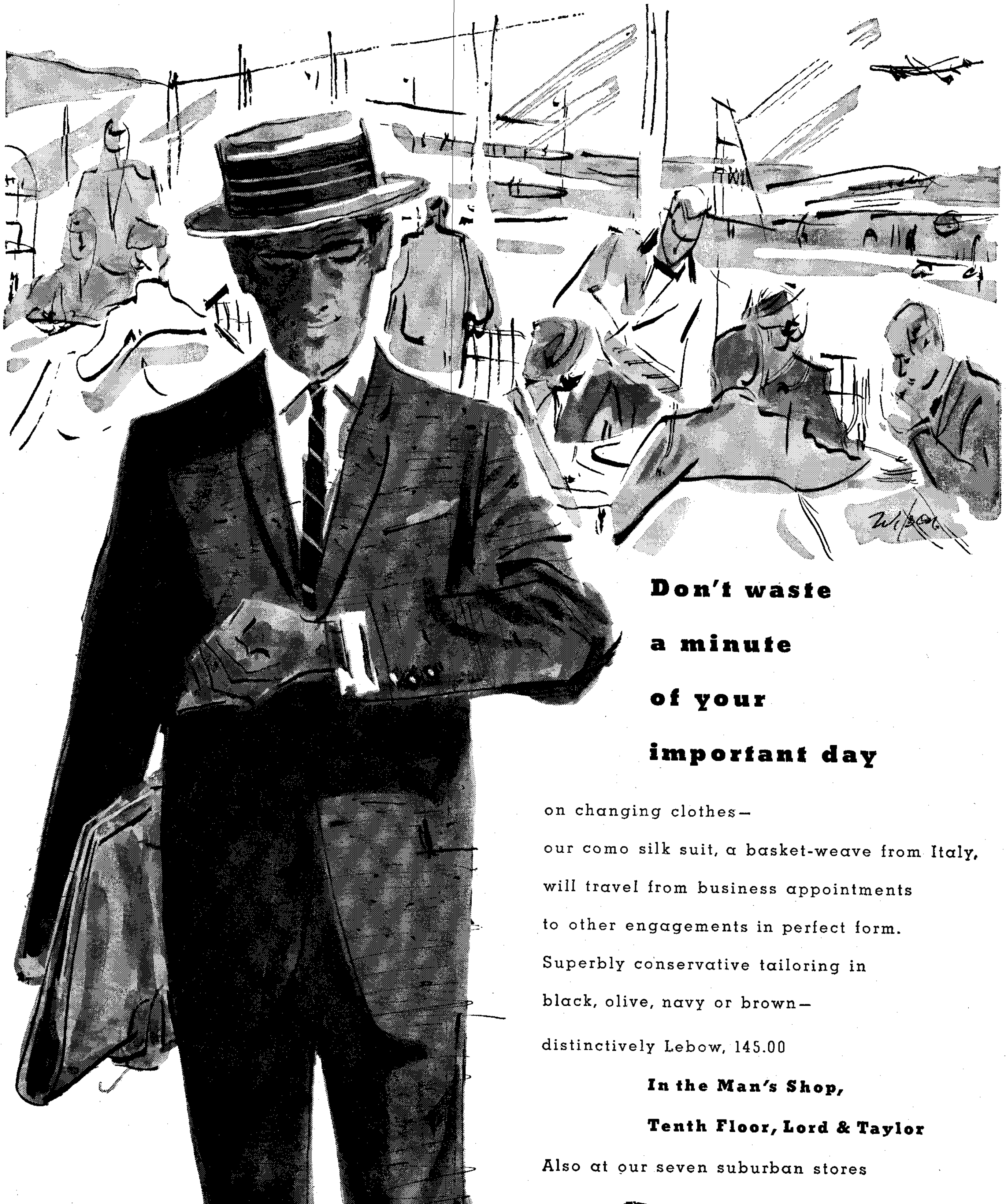
Page
BOOKS 172
THE CURRENT CINEMA 159
LETTER FROM LONDON 161
LETTER FROM PARIS 125
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 139
MUSICAL EVENTS 169
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
THIS AND THAT 132
THE RACE TRACK 129
THE THEATRE 123

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 12, May 6, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.



Don't waste a minute of your important day

on changing clothes—
our como silk suit, a basket-weave from Italy,
will travel from business appointments
to other engagements in perfect form.
Superbly conservative tailoring in
black, olive, navy or brown—
distinctively Lebow, 145.00

In the Man's Shop,
Tenth Floor, Lord & Taylor
Also at our seven suburban stores

Mr. Lord & Mr. Taylor find there is no hat
like the boater to come out on top of spring.

Saidy and Henry Myers, the lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, and the score by the perdurable Jacques Offenbach. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—A musical farce originally created for French consumption. The book and lyrics leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography displays more enthusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but all in all it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is lively and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as chirky as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A host of primitives are let loose in the Southwestern oil fields in this account of a rambunctious dame's attempt to come up with a bonanza as a petroleum promoter. The music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh, and the book, by N. Richard Nash, are pretty weak, and the direction and choreography, by Michael Kidd, are for the most part lethargic. Lucille Ball is the dame. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical that has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **fiorello!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Moves on Tuesday, May 9, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 8, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"South Pacific," with Allyn Ann McLerie and William Chapman, is the second in a series of four shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

American Savoyards—A seven-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, May 4-7: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, May 11-14: "The Grand Duke." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40.)

The Blacks—The American première of Jean Genêt's play (translated by Bernard Frechtman), with an all-Negro cast directed by Gene Frankel. Opens Thursday, May 4. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A weedy play about the difficulties that two young symbols—one Negro and one white—have over a white girl, played with great lissomeness by Joan Hackett, who had to get her start somewhere. The author is Michael Shurtleff, who once read "The Waste Land" attentively. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Decameron—A musical based on Boccaccio's tales, with a book and lyrics by Yvonne Tarr and music by Edward Earle. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Evenings with Chekhov—A triple bill, composed of "The Anniversary," "On the High Road," and "The Wedding." (Key Theatre, 4 St. Marks Pl. GR 5-9748. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Gallows Humor—Jack Richardson's new play consists of two closely twined one-act comedies set in a death cell and the hangman's kitchen and dealing with two quite different conformists—the prisoner and the executioner—who, one way or the other, never manage to fight their way out of their respective paper bags. Richardson's satire is muffled considerably by the bedroom-farce air he casts over the proceedings, which are handled very nicely by Vincent Gardenia, Gerald Hiken, and Julie Bovasso. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Hamlet—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:25.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—The American première of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Jordan Charney, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

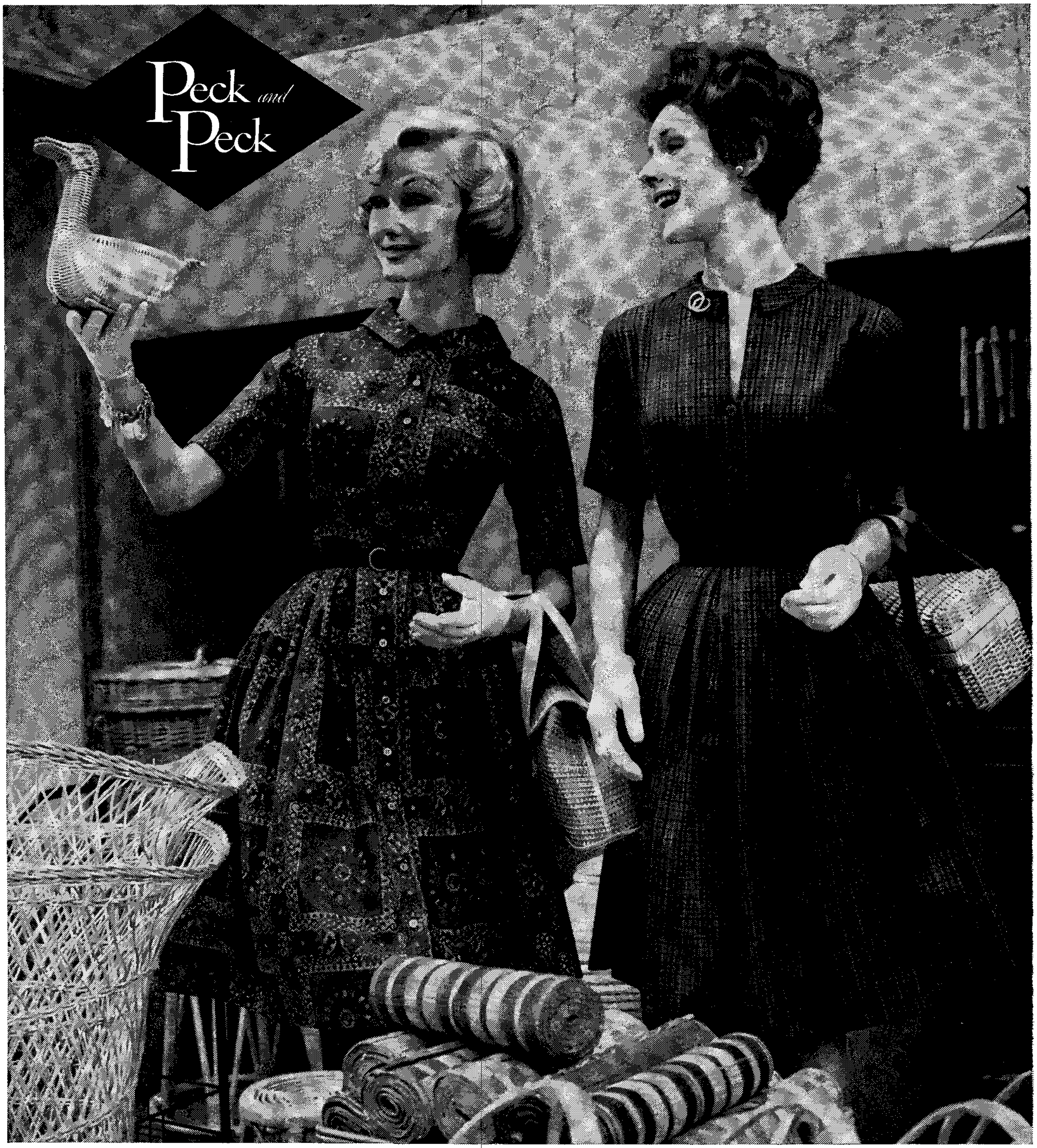
Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30, Wednesdays at 2:40, and Saturdays at 7.)

Philoktetes and **The Women at the Tomb**—The first play is by George Maxim Ross; the latter, a curtain-raiser, is by Michel de Ghelderode. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 11. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

Roots—An attempt by the twenty-eight-year-old English playwright Arnold Wesker to record each and every banality in the life of a poor

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE



PHOTOGRAPHED AT ANNE DAVIS' SHOP

get into the
Haberdasher habit...Start your day's agenda with the fresh, young casual ease that's known as the Haberdasher look. Left: Our own Batik overprint in blues, greens or browns on cool, dark grounds; 8 to 18, 25.95 Right; Haberdasher Jr. in blues, greens or browns, cross-checked in black; 5 to 15, 22.95 Both easy-care blends of Dacron® polyester and cotton by Cohama.

and uneducated Norfolk family, which likes its vowels shut tight, its meals heaping, and its moments of silence deep and meaningful. The results are fine eavesdropping—just that and no more. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 6.)

SMILING, THE BOY FELL DEAD—The Horatio Alger story, done without wit, grace, or point as a musical comedy. The book is by Ira Wallach, the lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and the music by David Baker. Harnick alone reveals inspiration. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE TATTOOED COUNTESS—Irene Manning in a musical by Coleman Dowell, based on a book by Carl Van Vechten. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. LT 1-1222. Mondays through Fridays, except Tuesday, May 9, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—Ralph Henry Barbour didn't like it. In the cast are Charles Rydell and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

UNDER MILK WOOD—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays at 7. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

A WORM IN HORSERADISH—Another visit, done in bold stereotype, with a poor lower East Side Jewish family circa 1900. Eli Mintz, as the patriarch, comes very close to making his materials, which were baked at home by Esther Kaufman, seem far fresher than they are. The rest of the cast straggles far to the rear. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

NOTE—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, May 4: "Theme and Variations," "Lady from the Sea," "Glazunov Grand Pas," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 5: "Les Sylphides," "Points on Jazz," "Caprichos," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 6 (primarily for children): "Giselle" and "Bluebeard." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 6: "Glazunov Grand Pas," "Miss Julie," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Bluebeard." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Evenings at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Through Saturday, May 6.)

JOSÉ GRECO—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians. A three-week engagement that starts Tuesday, May 9, and will run through Sunday, May 28. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Better hurry. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 14. . . . ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A rock garden better known for its hardy perennials than for its modest violets. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who'd rather dance.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"Anything Goes," which is almost, but not quite, being revived in the Cotillion Room, shows what can happen when the pristine innocence of Early American dialogue is brought up to date by someone who is not P. G. Wodehouse. It's well sung, though, by Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, and a new sprig of catnip named Marie Santell. At dinnertime on weekdays, and at dinner and suppertime on Fridays and Saturdays, is its custom. There's also a plentiful supply of dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Eartha Kitt, whose songs now and then imply that she'd just as soon be a rich man's darling, is brightening the dinner and supper hours of the Persian Room in a way that should make her everyone's darling. Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate, and his swarm of musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) alternate with Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers in supplying dance music the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Irving Conn's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both prancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jimmy Palmer's dance band whispers no louder than the wind in the willows as it executes its simple maneuvers in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of state, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Twice during the evening there are song recitations by Dorothy Shay, who believes in such hobgoblins as the village idiots of the Ozark Mountains. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Life is but a dream as the dance band of Gunnar Hansen and the Latin trio of Marco Rizo roll quietly but merrily through the Roman moonlight that bathes the handsome Columns. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays.

. . . ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Comme il faut*, never come as you are, is a primary consideration in the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing, from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two) and in the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin, from eight or so on). Closed Sundays.

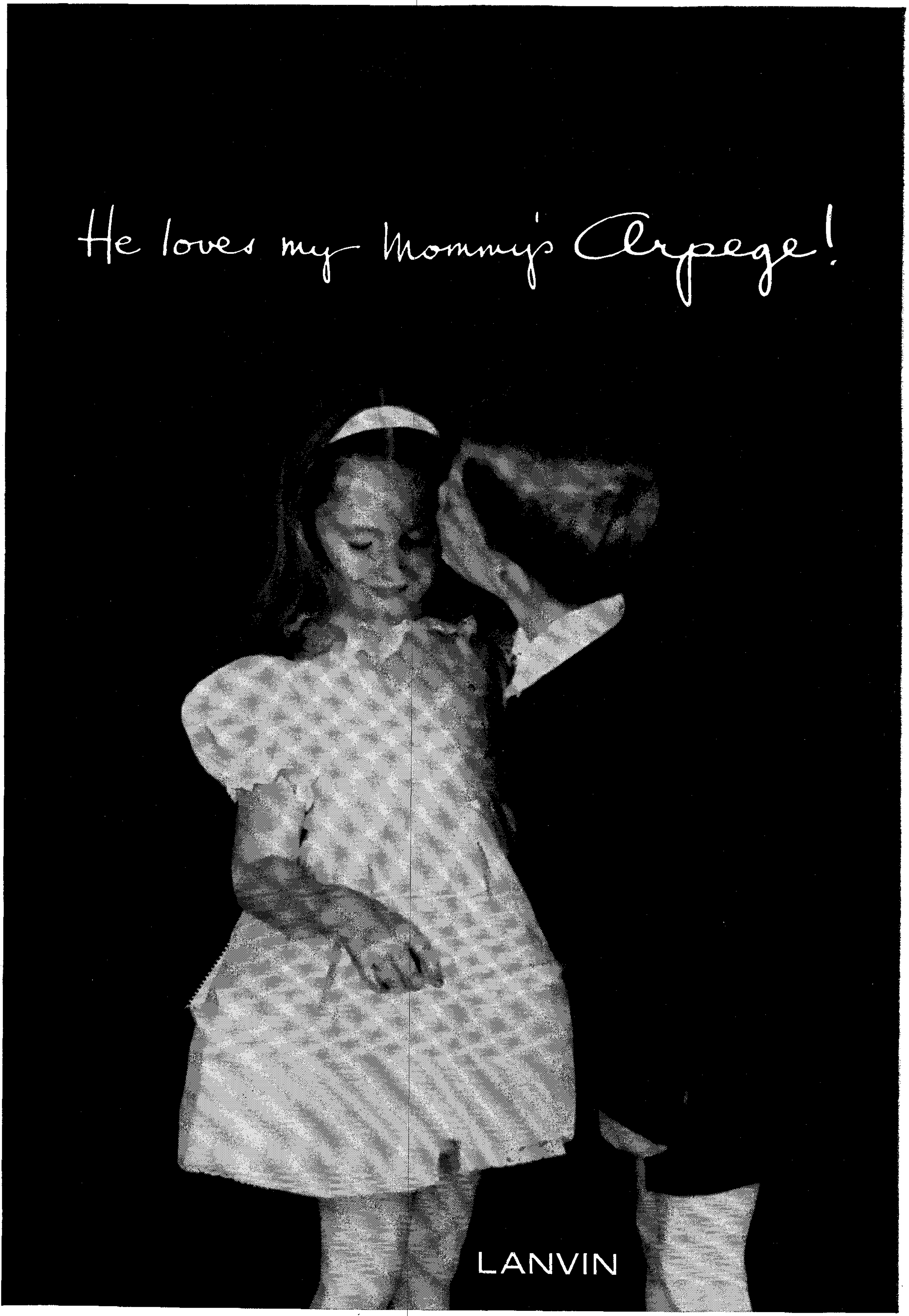
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who are doing what amounts to a miniature revue, and a thoroughly cheerful one, bow out of the Empire Room on Thursday, May 4. Next evening's arrival is Tony Martin, a singer of they-loved-me-in-Las-Vegas stature. Dinner and supper is when the performers perform, and there are injections of dance music by Emil Coleman's mighty band and Theo Fanidi's smaller collection of crickets. The music begins at seven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The bosky dell called Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from seven-thirty, music for footwork from eight-thirty until one or two. The Sunday pattern is dance music, and nothing but, from eight to one.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, one of the almost topless towers of our own Ilium, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of Michael Forman's trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A real New York cityscape, made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the union. They are accompanied during dinner by piano music. After the theatre, the small and handsome Plush Room accommodates Jane Harvey, a persuasive singer who knows many good songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): "Hail, hail, etc." is the national anthem of the holidaymakers, three generations deep, who assemble in this chipper bar-and-grill. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appear thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a Sunday-punch team. Closed on the Sabbath. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is doing the knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Doing as the Romans do, which involves simultaneous dining, expatiating, and listening with one ear to Herman Honigsberg's wagonload of touring violins and a brace of touring guitarists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Northern Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a Northern Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his you-were-meant-for-me fiddle from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this example of the good life, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Andalusian gypsy moths, dying furiously in the flame of flamenco love. There is dancing for such customers as are not overwhelmed by the passion of it all. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy


He loves my Mommy's Arpege!
LANVIN

tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Social whirlwind is the favorite party game in the bar, where George Feyer casually rumples a piano with the back of his hand. He begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The night people of the Eternal City, keeping up (between seven courses for dinner) with a round of strolling minstrels, who are augmented, after the theatre, by such *con amore* singers as Angelo Cristalli, Mario Lima, and Candida Pilla, who certainly love their work. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Johann Strauss countryside under a continuous but gentle bombardment of zimbalon, bull fiddle, piano, heart-of-oak tenor, and wispy soprano. Tibor Rakossy, a true operetta hero, is the tenor. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Polynesia that's not much more than forty-five minutes from Broadway but that's still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of string men whang away in the main room; George Taylor, an American tourist, is on hand every night but Sunday to make the piano in the bar sound Manhattan. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): It could be taken for a breezeway in old Segovia, but you'll quickly discover that all the other visitors, including the chef, are from the New World. Conrad Monjoy's piano cajoles the diners with pillow talk during the evening. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music on Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): *Se habla español,* mostly with piano and guitar that keep fairly late hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, an establishment where everything is done on tiptoe, Steven Weltner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): An international settlement, despite the name, since the singers, amateur and pro, who show up as the night wears on come from every and any where. The principal one is now Monica Boyár. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The wee bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for guitarists, and Renato Rossini happens to be a prince of this particular realm. Nine-thirty to one is his playing time. No music Mondays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic, a new jump-tune singer and pianist, stirs up quite a ground swell in this small and comfortable art gallery. The other amusement is something to talk through. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Any quantity of fine, upstanding young ladies who are too lazy even to get dressed but never too tired to appear in public. They're led by an imp of Satan named Gloria Le Roy. This girls' world is visited by Frank Libuse, a gadfly who knows precisely how to make low comedy comic, and the Crosby Brothers (Phillip, Dennis, and Lindsay), a young glee club that operates with such ease and offhand humor that it may have been supervised by an older relative. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Vocal exercises by Johnny Mathis, who brings a will-o'-the-wisp quality, an implication of youth eternal, and a sound that is both true and flexible to bear on his work, fragments of which are hardly worth the singing. The décor is a troupe of eight girl balletomanes, whose every visit to the floor is a maiden voyage. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Adam Keefe, a compulsive talker frightened at birth by Hollywood movies, pays them back in full, with disinterest; Leon Bibb, whose hobby is folkways, explains why in a voice compounded of skill and substance; Dick Gautier, recently from "Bye Bye Birdie," muses his cosmic and/or comic thoughts aloud. Jimmy Lyons' glittery trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and Otis Clements' piano calk the minute hiatuses in between. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty plays lingering water-color piano from six to eight, and early in the morning there are outpourings of piano and/or trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The bitter truth about practically everything that has to do with us mortals is set forth in "Dressed to the Nines," this season's Julius Monk merry-go-round. The soothsayers, sharp as so many little razors, are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman staff the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra. The *horas de verdad* are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A new midnight star, Sylvia Copeland, is shedding a special West Indian phosphorescence over the undergraduate dormitory of the Julius Monk *lycée,* not to mention the chansons she dallies with. There are also, grouped around a piano, the Three Young Men, who work in some bright and original choral effects when Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, a double-piano squad to remember, aren't doing their own bright keyboard effects. The pianoforte twins begin at nine, the chanters at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Sylvia Syms, who can be anyone from Isolde submitting to Miss Otis regretting, is applying her patent basso profundo to the lyrics around here. Along with her, the customers get the time-honored early settlers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, makers of brash music; Jimmie Daniels and his boulevardier songs; and the interlude piano of Loumel Morgan and Peter Daniels. The other guest, Phil Foster, is funny in street-urchin fashion as long as he refrains from turning blue. Miss Syms and Mr. Foster disappear on Sunday, May 7; the important arrival on Tuesday, May 9, is Frank Baxter, wit. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): There's life in the old world yet whenever Bobby Short's voice and piano come into headlong collision with his assortment of rise-and-shine ditties. An assiduous trio keeps pace with him. His pink-and-black setting will remind nostalgic venerables of the Volstead Act, Scene 1. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The main arena is full of a Latin-American hurly-burly that can scarcely justify its existence, but it does contain Trini Reyes, whose footwork is even better than what the light-on-their-feet guests can accomplish. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton's thoughtful piano is the perfect counterpoint. This eyrie is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," a tiny Greenwich Village revue into which more than the customary amount of care and feeding has gone, occupies the second floor of this establishment. Its two boys and one girl—Richard Libertini, MacIntyre Dixon, and Lynda Segal—go through it, largely in both poignant and pointed pantomime, at nine and twelve every night but Tuesday.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

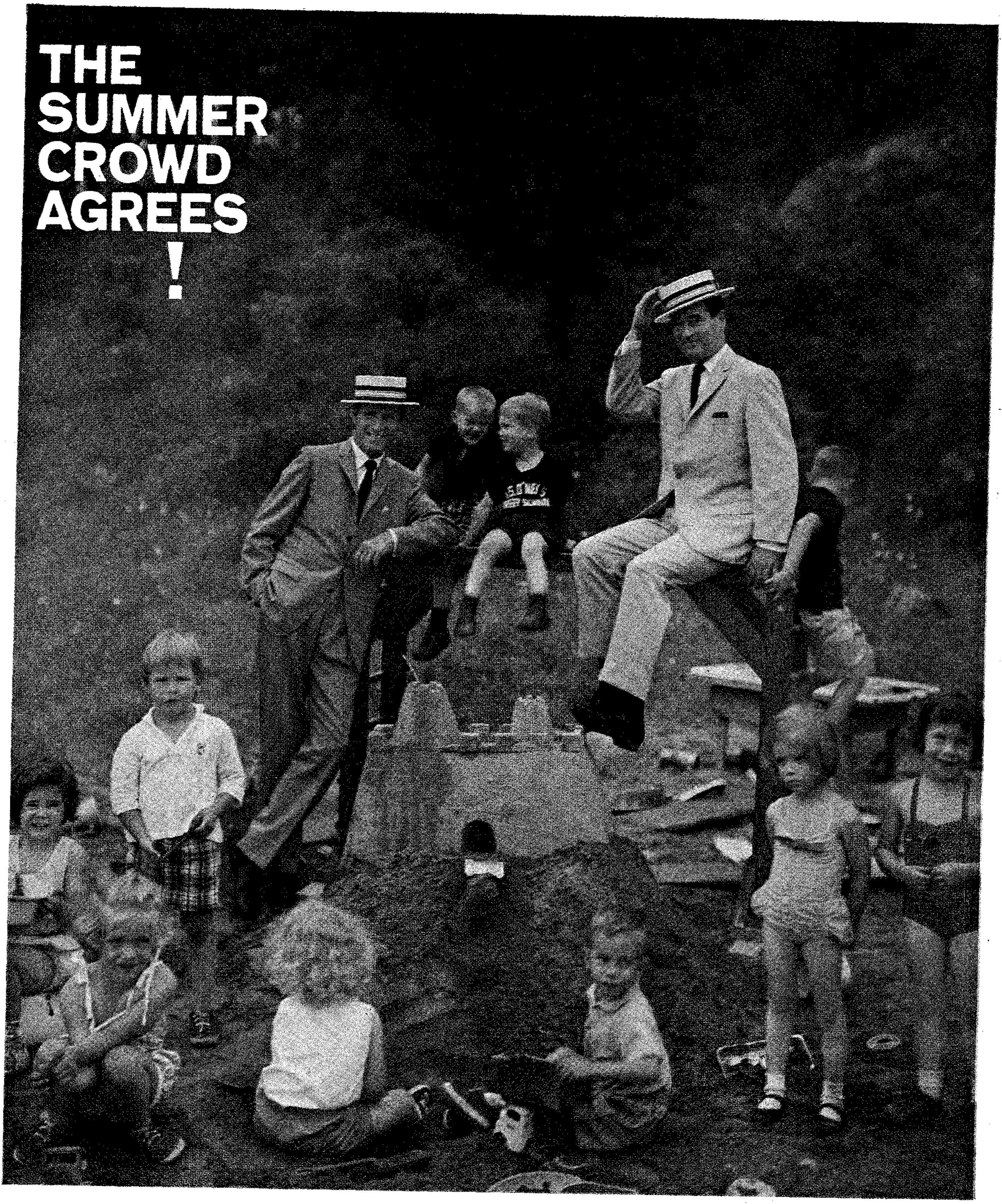
(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Two old schoolmates—Mr. Condon and Max Kaminsky—are reunited for the purpose of old-school jazz, the sort that blends with lamb chops and ale. Bob Wilber and Benny Morton are among those who vigorously bring up the rear. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Sarah Vaughan, who is up in the emeritus crowd, is testing her voice for sound. Also on hand is Al Hirt's crew of New Orleans roustabouts, who often like to play the fool, an instrument not recognized by Local 802. Finally, there's Larry Storch, a gagman individualist who can be a bit too rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sunday, May 7, is closing time for the old-school band of Jack Teagarden, an archive of vast renown and a singer whose homemade tenor could have been equalled only by Bunny Berrigan's. Junior Mance's taut trio, modern as Metrecal, goes away the same night. On Tuesday, May 9, another generous portion will be served up: Lenny Bruce, a free-associational disquisitioner whose mouth is full of pins and needles, plus a quartet headed by Roy Eldridge, one of the three or four wise men who were in on the birth of the first American New Wave. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Russell Procope, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's lighthearted, light-fingered ode to progress ends on Sunday, May 7, when his trio takes wing. On Tuesday, May 9, Don Shirley and his threesome, who are inclined toward rich, beautiful poesy in their instrumentation, come aboard. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Bourbon Street Six is using this bar-and-grill as its levee this season. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening session; the place is closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed hereabouts, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman; the soirées are run by the Salt City Six (off Mondays), Cootie Williams' quintet (off Tuesdays), and Sol Yaged's quintet, which performs only on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. Saturday nights, the Williams contingent moves to the upstairs alcove, which is dark the rest of

WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL,

Lady Manhattan® Smart girls don't fish for compliments. They wear Lady Manhattan® shirts...and find themselves in a sea of compliments. Typical lure: this no-iron 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% cotton broadcloth, designed to be seen, but not seen through. Like all Lady Manhattan shirts, it's contour-shaped and as easy to wear as it is to care for, thanks to such niceties as extra long shirt tails that really stay battened down. About $6.00. Coordinated shorts. About $8.00. Both, in oceans of pretty colors, 10 to 18. Priced slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y., a division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK • **HOCHSCHILD KOHN,** BALTIMORE • **THE HECHT CO.,** WASHINGTON, D.C. • **RICH'S,** ATLANTA • **MARSHALL FIELD & CO.,** CHICAGO • **ROOS/ATKINS,** SAN FRANCISCO


THE SUMMER CROWD AGREES !

Build Your Comfort Around J & F MOHARA and MOHARA-LITE Suits

No need to sizzle . . . no need to wilt! You have two comforting alternatives . . . Mohara: fine worsted and lustrous mohair, frosted with cool iridescence. Add Dacron* polyester and you have Mohara-Lite, even cooler! Pacific weaves them . . . J & F tailors them with proper respect for their superb appearance and comfort. Suits, $57.50; two-trouser suits, $73.95; slacks, $16.95. *Slightly higher in the West.*

Pacific
PACIFIC MILLS WORSTED COMPANY
Burlington QUALITY ®

For name of your J & F Mohara & Mohara-Lite dealer, write Dept. 2F, Pacific Mills, 261 5th Ave., N.Y. 16. A Division of Burlington Industries

*DUPONT'S T.M.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the week. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Eddie Heywood's sturdy trio, which rarely deviates from its norm, calls it a night on Saturday, May 6. The quartet guided by Erskine Hawkins will sit tight, and on Tuesday, May 9, it will be reinforced by the threesome of Teddy Wilson, a pianist who likes, reasonably, to live in his glorious past but is nevertheless aware of the present. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. Joe Newman's quintet has the floor. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Gerry Mulligan is now leading from strength, with a dozen disciples behind him, but the sound is predominantly symphony, not sizzle. The quartet assembled by Toshiko Akiyoshi and Charlie Mariano, whose persuasive interplay can almost lose itself in a room this big, does its level best just the same. Dizzy Gillespie's band succeeds this group on Thursday, May 11. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This cave of the winds is vibrating to the tune of Herbie Mann's Afro-Jazz sextet, whose drumfire, punctuated by Mr. Mann's flute, throws the nightly meeting open to percussion. This group blasts off on Saturday, May 6. Miriam Makeba, a harbinger of spring who sings with the voice of ten thousand turtles, will keep on doing her one-of-a-kind African ballads. On Friday and Saturday, May 12-13, Horace Silver's quintet will also perform. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Yusef Lateef's quintet is demonstrating how far out the Near East has gone in jazz. This happens every evening but Tuesday, which is given over to catch-as-catch-can sessions by stand-ins. Cecil Taylor's triad is another exhibit. The scenery is extremely earthbound. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Babs Gonzales is now doing the singing around here, and it can sound very much like bop. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, May 5-6, should be Buster Bailey, Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Red Allen, Tony Parenti, Johnny Letman, Dick Wellstood, Gene Sedric, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GEORGE BELLOWS—Landscapes and figures, chiefly; through May 27. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.)

ARNOLD BLANCH—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, May 6. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

CÉSAR—Metal sculptures (1953-61) and drawings by a contemporary Paris artist; through Saturday, May 6. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

FRED CONWAY—Abstracted nature scenes, primarily in oil, by an artist known for his murals; through Saturday, May 6. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Figurative sculptures, most of them in marble; through Saturday, May 6. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

STANLEY FEIN—Expressionistic figure paintings, drawings, and washes; through Thursday, May 11. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

STEPHEN GREENE—Blue abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE O. (POP) HART—Drawings, 1905-30; through Saturday, May 6. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Drawings and pastels of landscapes and figures (1908-42); through May 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

INGRES IN AMERICAN COLLECTIONS—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings gathered from private and public collections. For the benefit of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind. Through Saturday, May 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

DAVID JACOBS—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, May 6. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

OSCAR JESPERS—Sculptures in bronze and granite, as well as a group of drawings; through June 5. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

BUFFIE JOHNSON—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 6. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

LEONARD KESL—Paintings; through May 16. (Highgate, 827 Third Ave., at 20th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

DONG KINGMAN—A series of water colors of Hong Kong by the Chinese-American artist; through Saturday, May 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

JOHN KOCH—Still-lifes and interiors with figures; through Saturday, May 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA—A previously unexhibited series of twenty-six drawings of a woman friend; through May 20. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

ROBERT LA HOTAN—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Thursday, May 11. (James, 70 E. 12th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Paintings; through Saturday, May 6. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LUCIANO MINGUZZI—Semi-abstract bronze sculptures by a contemporary Italian; through Saturday, May 13. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MIRKO—Bronzes, mostly, and wax pastels by a leading Italian sculptor; through May 27. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Abstract Expressionist oils and collages; through Saturday, May 6. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Abstract sculptures of gold-painted wood; through May 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

BEN NICHOLSON—His first showing of pictures here in five years; through Saturday May 13. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—Recent paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 13. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

ALINE PORTER—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 13. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

GORDON RUSSELL—Landscapes, still-lifes, and flowers; through May 20. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

KURT SELIGMANN—A retrospective of paintings, sculptures, graphics, and collages, dating from his early Surrealist period; through Saturday, May 13. (D'Arcy, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

FRANK STOUT—Non-figurative paintings; through May 18. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

REUBEN TAM—Landscape paintings of the Maine coast and of his native Hawaii; through Saturday, May 6. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

WAYNE FRANCIS WILLIAMS—Welded-metal and cast-bronze sculptures; through May 20. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

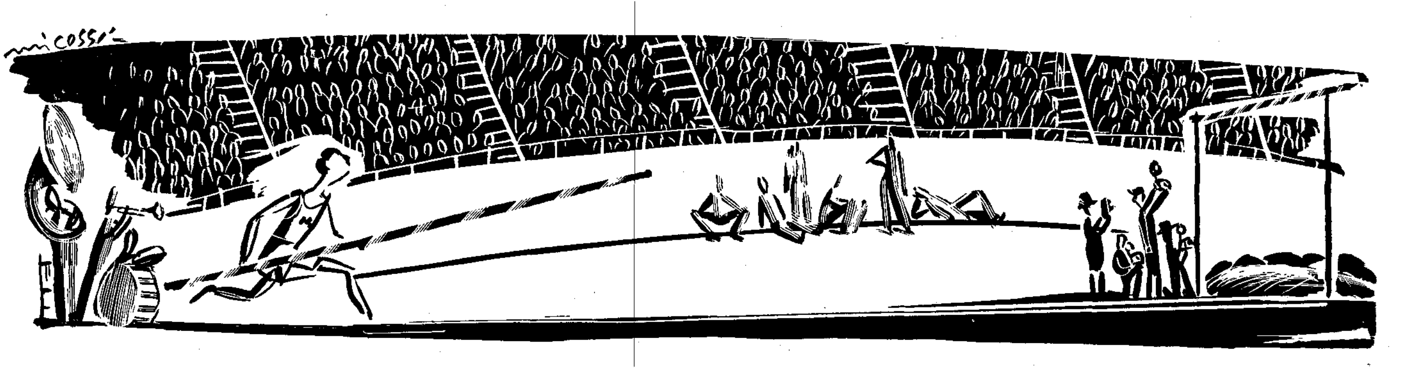
JANE WILSON—Large Midwestern and Long Island landscapes; through May 27. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

MASTERPIECES—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings by Mantegna, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others. For the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York. Through Saturday, May 6. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AFRICAN ART—Statues and masks carved of wood and ivory, plus some cast in bronze, make up a survey of various tribal styles from the Mali Republic through Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Ivory Coast, the Congo, and so on; through May 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARTZT,** 142 W. 57th St.: Paintings by the gallery artists—Erik Hoberg, Murray Finkelman, Edwin Koch, and others; through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 4.) . . . **CASTELLANE,** 19 E. 76th St.: Herman Maril, Minna Harkavy, and Maynard Sandol are three of the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Saturday, May 6. . . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY,** 131 W. 55th St.: The May exhibition consists of paintings chosen by Henry Botkin, Betty Parsons, and Adolf Dehn; through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: Water colors by William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Robert Vickrey, and Fred Nagler; through Saturday, May 13. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are three of the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a showing of oils and water colors; through June 17. . . . **PERIDOT,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Lithographs by New York artists, including Robert Goodnough, Costantino Nivola, and Bernard Pfriem; through Saturday, May 13. . . . **SMALL,** 8 E. 75th St.: Drawings, past and present, by Josef Albers, Julian Levi, Milton Avery, and other contemporaries; through Saturday, May 13. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **CORDIER & WARREN,** 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings by the gallery group, including Fritz Bultman, Romare Bearden, and Jean



Dubuffet; through Saturday, May 13. . . . **Deitsch**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Original prints, from Goya through the German Expressionists; through Saturday, May 13. . . . **Graham**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Romantic Paintings," an exhibit of works by (for instance) Arthur B. Davies, John Hoppner, and Henri Fantin-Latour; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Pascin, Braque, Calder, and other modern masters; through June 16. (Closed Mondays.)

French; Group Shows—At the **Hahn**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by such artists as Bonnard, Braque, and Picasso; through Saturday, May 13. . . . **Hutton**, 41 E. 57th St.: "La Scène Française," an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Vlaminck, Renoir, and Buffet; through May 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Color in Prints," about seventy examples showing the development of color from Gothic woodcuts to contemporary prints; starting Friday, May 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and other works by the School of Paris artist Max Ernst; through Monday, May 8. . . . ¶ America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) drawn from the Museum's collection. . . . ¶ A retrospective of about three hundred photographs by Edward Steichen. Dating from 1895 to the present, they include cityscapes, landscapes, nature studies, nudes, abstractions, and portraits. Through May 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-first International Watercolor Biennial, made up of more than two hundred paintings from Germany, Great Britain, and the United States; through May 28. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings of birds, acrobats, people playing games, and so on, by Manfred Schwartz; through May 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibition of paintings and sculptures (Rousseau's "The Football Players," Cézanne's "The Clockmaker," and Brancusi's "White Seal," to mention a few) acquired during the past eight years; through May 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Recent Acquisitions," an exhibition of drawings, manuscripts, letters, bookbindings, and printed books; through June 16. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"King Arthur on Broadway," a display of photographs, programs, and posters retracing the dramatic, operatic, and screen versions of the Arthurian legend since it first appeared on the New York stage, about seventy-five years ago. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Mosaics of Ravenna," an exhibit including designs by Afro, Chagall, Campigli, and other European painters; through May 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Theatre Collects American Art," an exhibition presented by the Friends of the Whitney Museum and consisting of paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Lyonel Feininger, Hans Hofmann, and Alexander Calder) owned by Lillian Hellman, Henry Fonda, Richard Rodgers, and other people connected with the theatre, motion pictures, radio, and television; through May 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Xavier Symphony Society—Vincent La Selva directing the last in a series of performances of Menotti's "The Saint of Bleecker Street." (Xavier Theatre, 40 W. 16th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 6-7, and Saturday and Sunday, May 13-14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Columbia University Orchestra—Elias Dann conducting, with Konrad Wolff, piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 6, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

Ars Nova Orchestra—Robert Mandell directing an all-Mozart program, with the glee clubs of Fordham University and the College of New Rochelle; Ellen Faull, soprano; Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano; Charles E. Green, tenor; and Daniel Ferro, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 11, at 8:30.)

University of Pennsylvania Glee Club—Bruce Montgomery directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choir and University of Pennsylvania Glee Club—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and Bruce Montgomery directing, and with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organist, and a chamber orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, May 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call TR 9-2100, Ext. 325.)

Interracial Fellowship Chorus—Harold Aks directing, with Jeanette Scovotti, soprano; Shirley Verrett-Carter, contralto; David Dodds, tenor; Abraham Lind, baritone; and the Interracial Orchestra. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 7, at 8:30.)

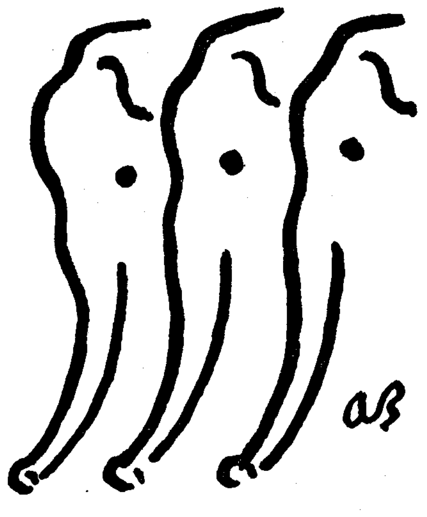
RECITALS

The Weavers—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 6, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Operas-in-Brief—"The Marriage of Figaro," the last in this season's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Company. (Town Hall. Tuesday, May 9, at 5:30.)

Jazz Concert—Dizzy Gillespie's band and Lennie Dale's dancers in a program called "Sounds and Movements." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, May 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 5-3524.)



SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees vs. Detroit. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, May 12, at 8, and Saturday, May 13, at 2.)

Crew—Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Gees Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 13.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 13.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett, L.I. Friday through Sunday, May 5-7.)

Horse Shows—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 12-14.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 13.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 31. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 6; the Idlewild Handicap, Wednesday, May 10; and the Withers, Saturday, May 13. . . . **Garden State Park**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30; through Tuesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . **Churchill Downs**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 6.

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday, May 12, at 11; Saturday, May 13, at 10; and Sunday, May 14, at 11.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, May 20.

FOR CHILDREN

Ballet—The American Ballet Theatre presenting a program primarily for children: "Giselle" and "Bluebeard." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Saturday, May 6, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **Peggy Bridge Marionettes**: "Little Brave Sambo," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . **Cavkap Productions**: "The Frog Prince." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **Little Golden Theatre**: "Young Abe Lincoln." (Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. CI 6-8870. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 4:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 4:30 and 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at noon, 2, and 4.) . . . **Merri-Mimes**: "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **Musical Theatre for Children**: "The Willie Tree." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **Pilgrim Productions**: "Peterkin Papers." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, May 6, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "On the Shoulders of Giants," concerns great astronomers of the past. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances

© 1960 CHANEL, INC., 1 WEST 57TH STREET, N. Y.

N°5
CHANEL
AT HOME
FOR THE PURSE
CHANEL
EAU
DE
COLOGNE
N°5
CHANEL
CHANEL
CHANEL
N°5
CHANEL

PRESENTATION DE LUXE 17.50

EAU DE COLOGNE FROM 3.50

BATH POWDER 5.00

SPRAY COLOGNE 5.00

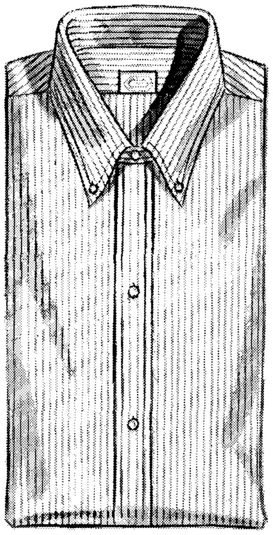
HAND SOAP 4.50

every
woman
alive
wants
Chanel N° 5

PERFUME FROM 7.50 "FOR THE PURSE" 5.00

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

CHANEL



introducing our handsome new
STRIPED BROOKSCLOTH SHIRT
in a lightweight Dacron and cotton blend

This good-looking shirt, made on our button-down collar style, is outstanding in every respect. The specially woven Dacron® polyester and cotton shirting has an unusually fine hand, and of course requires little or no pressing after washing. The shirt itself is made in our own workrooms, and embodies such extra detailing as a new 100% Dacron thread and collar lining to eliminate puckering and assure a neat, smooth appearance. In blue, tan or grey stripes on white. $9.50

Also in all white or light blue, $8.50

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"Springfield Rifle," with Gary Cooper and Phyllis Thaxter. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, May 6, at 2. Admission is free.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

United States World Trade Fair—Textiles from Nigeria, chocolate from Switzerland, caviar from Iran, and automobiles from Italy are among the wares some sixty nations are displaying at this fifth annual show. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesdays and Thursdays, 6 to 10; Fridays, 1 to 10; Saturdays, 11 to 10; and Sunday, 1 to 7. Through Saturday, May 13.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—Among the items on view are handbags, tapestries, rugs, pictures, chair covers, screens, and religious vestments, in petitpoint, gros point, and crewelwork. For the benefit of the Friendship Fund of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Daily, 11 to 5:30; through Saturday, May 6.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 9, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club. Those on display belong to Mr. and Mrs. R. Keith Kane and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Brownell, 121 E. 78th St.; Baron Waldemar von Zedwitz, 812 Park Ave.; Mr. Edwin Harris, Jr., 232 E. 68th St.; Dr. and Mrs. Detlev Bronk, President's House, Rockefeller Institute, 68th St. and East River; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Morris, 439 E. 51st St.; and Mr. and Mrs. André Surmain, 249 E. 50th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 1 and 2 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 4, at 1:45: Chinese jade, Indian and Siamese sculptures, early Chinese dynastic bronzes, pottery and porcelain, Japanese screens, and Chinese and Japanese paintings; from the collections of Captain Emerson C. Morris and others....¶ Friday and Saturday, May 5-6, at 1:45: English and American furniture; Canton, Worcester, and other old porcelain services; table glass; Georgian and other silver; miniatures, paintings, drawings, and Currier & Ives prints; and Oriental rugs. From the estate of Gilbert H. Montague and from other sources....¶ Wednesday, May 10, at 8: Continental and British paintings, from the Italian primitives to the nineteenth century, by such artists as Tintoretto, Van Dyck, Tiepolo, Gainsborough, and Corot; from several collectors, among them Marguerite A. Keasbey. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 6.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of documentary films called "The Flaherty Tradition, 1950-60"—Through May 6: "The Undefeated" (1951) and "Angry Boy" (1951)....¶ May 7-10: "Land of the Long Day" (1952) and "Out of Darkness" (1955). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.) . . . **note:** On Thursday, May 4, at 8:30, there will be a showing of "Pygmalion" (1938), with Leslie Howard and

Wendy Hiller. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: May 21. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton, L.I.: May 27-28. . . . INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY: May 30. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: June 3.

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: May 14, May 16-17, May 21-22, May 24-28, and June 5-12.

Boxing—Archie Moore vs. Giulio Rinaldi, light heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. June 10.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 20.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 17.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City, L.I. May 20.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich, Conn. June 10.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 27 and May 29-June 3.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford, Conn. June 4.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 9-11.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury, L.I. June 10.) . . . ¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington, L.I. June 11.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. June 15-18.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. May 20.) . . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. (Purchase. May 27.)

Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 20. . . . EPSOM, England: The Derby, May 31. . . . BELMONT: June 1-30. The Belmont, June 3. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N. J.: June 9-Aug. 5. . . . ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 13-16.

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds: May 17, 20, 24, 27, and 30, and June 4, 7, 10, and 14.

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. June 9-10.) . . . ¶ Sears Cup Matches. (Baltimore, Md. June 9-10.)

Track Meets—I.C.A.A.A.A. Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 26-27.) . . . ¶ New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. June 3.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: May 22-July 29. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: June 8-Sept. 2.

Music—At TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): New York Choral Society, May 21. . . . ¶ Paulist Choristers, May 25. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): University of Michigan Symphony Band, June 2.

Dance Programs—Moiseyev Dance Company, at Madison Square Garden, May 16-20.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Revivals of "Porgy and Bess" and "Pal Joey," the last two offerings in the City Center Light Opera Company's spring season. . . . ¶ Eddie Foy and Art Lund in "Donnybrook!," a musical based on Maurice Walsh's story "The Quiet Man." Johnny Burke did the music and lyrics and Robert E. McEnroe the book. . . . ¶ "Mandingo," a play by Jack Kirkland, taken from Kyle Onstott's novel of the same name, with Franchot Tone and Brooke Hayward. . . . ¶ A dramatization by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee of Maurice Edelman's novel "A *Call* on Kuprin," starring Jeffrey Lynn, Eugenie Leontovich, and George Voskovec.

Poetry Readings—Robert Graves. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. AT 9-2400. May 22.)

Other Dates—May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, May 17. . . . ¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 20. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 26-June 18. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Tuesday, May 30. . . . ¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council meeting, June 1-July 28. . . . ¶ Commencements: Vassar, June 5; Barnard and Columbia, June 6; N. Y. U. and West Point, June 7; Dartmouth and Smith, June 11; Yale, June 12; Princeton, June 13; and Harvard, June 15. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Thursday, June 15.

"He is rather vile-looking, isn't he? But he's buying me the most divine stockings for Mother's Day!"

Beauty, Heather, is only skin-deep. Clyde has something infinitely more endearing—what people call, I believe, m-o-n-e-y. For Mother's Day, I've suggested he buy me 365 pairs of stockings. All manner of tints and textures in Du Pont Nylon . . . Extravagant? Me? Nonsense! **Every fashion needs a stocking all its own!**

DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

BONWIT TELLER

Miss Bonwit Jr.'s

SUMMER STROLLER, 14.95

Cotton pebble knit dress,
easy-going in town or country:
black, beige, light blue or berry.
By Harry M. Wagner for sizes 5 to 13.
Mail and phone orders filled.
Miss Bonwit Jr. Knits
At all Bonwit stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

L'Avventura—This Italian movie has won, and may deserve, several foreign citations for its technical prowess. Its ideas and characters, on the other hand, are dim, and its running time is from here to eternity. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Ballad of a Soldier—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Director Grigori Chukhrai tells his story of a young soldier's short leave by concentrating on the faces of two young lovers, played by Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, and by viewing the carnage through their guileless and tragically youthful gaze. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Breathless—A brilliant, nervous, consistently exciting New Wave film from France, written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Photographed in Paris, it deals with a young car thief and his American mistress, and manages, without obviousness or moralizing, to comprehend the very modern nihilism that drives them to their doom. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are the young lovers in what must be called a contemporary masterpiece. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Don Quixote—Cervantes' picaresque classic in a faithful, sometimes dull, but largely rewarding translation into Russian, of all things. Director Grigory Kozintsev's extraordinary eye for color, and a marvellously sensitive performance by Nikolai Cherkasov, who plays the Mad Knight, outweigh the oversimplicities of the plot and the misfortune of an awkward job of dubbing. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Elmer Gantry—Dark doings among the revivalist crowd in the twenties as interpreted, often cogently, by Richard Brooks, who based his findings on the Sinclair Lewis novel. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are the most conspicuous Gospel shouters, and Edward Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, and Shirley Jones render excellent support. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; May 4. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 10, tentative.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—Here is a practically flawless picture on a major theme—the making of a brave and honorable man out of what has been a vain, craven, and dishonest one. Vittorio De Sica superbly enacts this remarkable transformation, and Hannes Messemer is nearly as good in a secondary role. The picture was directed in masterly fashion by Roberto Rossellini. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through May 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 9, tentative.)

The Misfits—Modern-day mustangs and lonely ladies are some of the too obvious symbols in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller, but the performances of Marilyn Monroe and the late Clark Gable almost compensate for all the sugar candy. Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, and Thelma Ritter are other members of a fine cast, which was directed by John Huston. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 10.)

One Eyed Jacks—As the director of this movie about revenge in the old West, Marlon Brando has supplied a good many new ideas and twisted a good many standard ones into new shapes. As its star, his performance as a bandit and killer is unpredictable and nothing short of brilliant. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Ruby Dee, Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Diana Sands head the cast of this movie about the domestic fun and domestic clashes of a Negro family. Most, though not all, of the clashes are the result of a check for ten thousand dollars that points the way out of the Chicago slum in which the family is stuck. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city, Alan Sillitoe has provided the actors with some of the most pungent dialogue to be heard in any movie in years. Albert Finney, in the lead, is a delightful embodiment of the Bronx cheer. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Shadows—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young and unfamiliar players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. The results of the improvisations are always surprising and, occasionally, quite wonderful. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Sons and Lovers—This first screen adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's 1913 novel concentrates so closely on the author's superlative dialogue that there is almost no time for the camera to catch up with the streets, fields, and houses of Nottingham, the English coal-mining town in which the story is set. Trevor Howard, as the brutal, drunken Morel, turns in the best performance of his career, and Wendy Hiller, as his long-suffering wife, is appropriately long-faced. However, Dean Stockwell, as the Morels' troubled, gifted son, seems more troubled than gifted. The direction, by Jack Cardiff, and the script, by Gavin Lambert and T. E. B. Clarke, are reverent. An English-American production. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 5-8.)

Tunes of Glory—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actor's Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 5-8.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 9, tentative.)

Separate Tables (1958)—Terence Rattigan's play about some sad and lonely people living in a threadbare hotel in Bournemouth. With David Niven and Deborah Kerr. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 10.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 9, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
ONE EYED JACKS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through May 5: "Follow a Star," Norman Wisdom.
From May 6: "Hitler's Executioners," a documentary film.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 9: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.
From May 10: "The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through the afternoon of May 4: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden.
From May 4, at 8:30: "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Mein Kampf," a Swedish documentary on the rise and fall of Hitler's Reich, with an English narration.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 9 (tentative): **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **THE MAGICIAN** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From May 10 (tentative): "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 6: "Operation Eichmann," Werner Klemperer, Ruta Lee; and "Crime in the Streets," revival, Sal Mineo, John Cassavetes.
May 7-9: "Herod the Great," Edmund Purdom; and "The Plunderers," Jeff Chandler, John Saxon.
From May 10: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien; and "Curse of the Undead," Eric Fleming.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 9 (tentative): **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian); and "Paris Hotel" (in French), revival, Charles Boyer, Françoise Arnoul.
From May 10 (tentative): **ELMER GANTRY**; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through May 7: "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.
From May 8: "Two Women" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 6: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.
May 7-9: "Herod the Great," Edmund Purdom; and "The Plunderers," Jeff Chandler, John Saxon.
From May 10: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien; and "Curse of the Undead," Eric Fleming.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
L'AVVENTURA (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Bridge" (in German).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 9 (tentative): "The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.
From May 10 (tentative): "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 9: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.
From May 10: "The Big Circus," revival, Victor Mature, Red Buttons.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 6: "Operation Eichmann," Werner Klemperer, Ruta Lee; and "Al Capone," revival, Rod Steiger, Fay Spain.
May 7-9: "Herod the Great," Edmund Purdom; and "The Plunderers," Jeff Chandler, John Saxon.
From May 10: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien; and "Curse of the Undead," Eric Fleming.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 10: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
May 4: "Nosferatu" (in German), revival; and "Drôle de Drame" (in French; also known as "Bizarre, Bizarre"), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.
From May 5: "The Woman in the Moon" (silent), Fritz Rasp.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through May 6: "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.
May 7-8: "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren; and "The Fugitive Kind," revival, Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani.
From May 9: "The Brothers Karamazov," revival, Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "The Scapegoat," revival, Alec Guinness, Bette Davis.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
SHADOWS.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 10: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 9: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian); and "Dreaming Lips" (in German), revival, Maria Schell.
From May 10: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey; and "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Please Turn Over," Ted Jay, Jean Kent.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
May 4: **ELMER GANTRY**; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From May 5: "Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 10: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 8: "The World of Apu" (in Bengali); and "Flowers of St. Francis" (in Italian), Aldo Fabrizi.
From May 9: "Kanal" (in Polish), Tadeusz Janczar.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 9: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.
From May 10: **THE MISFITS**; and **SEPARATE TABLES**, revival.

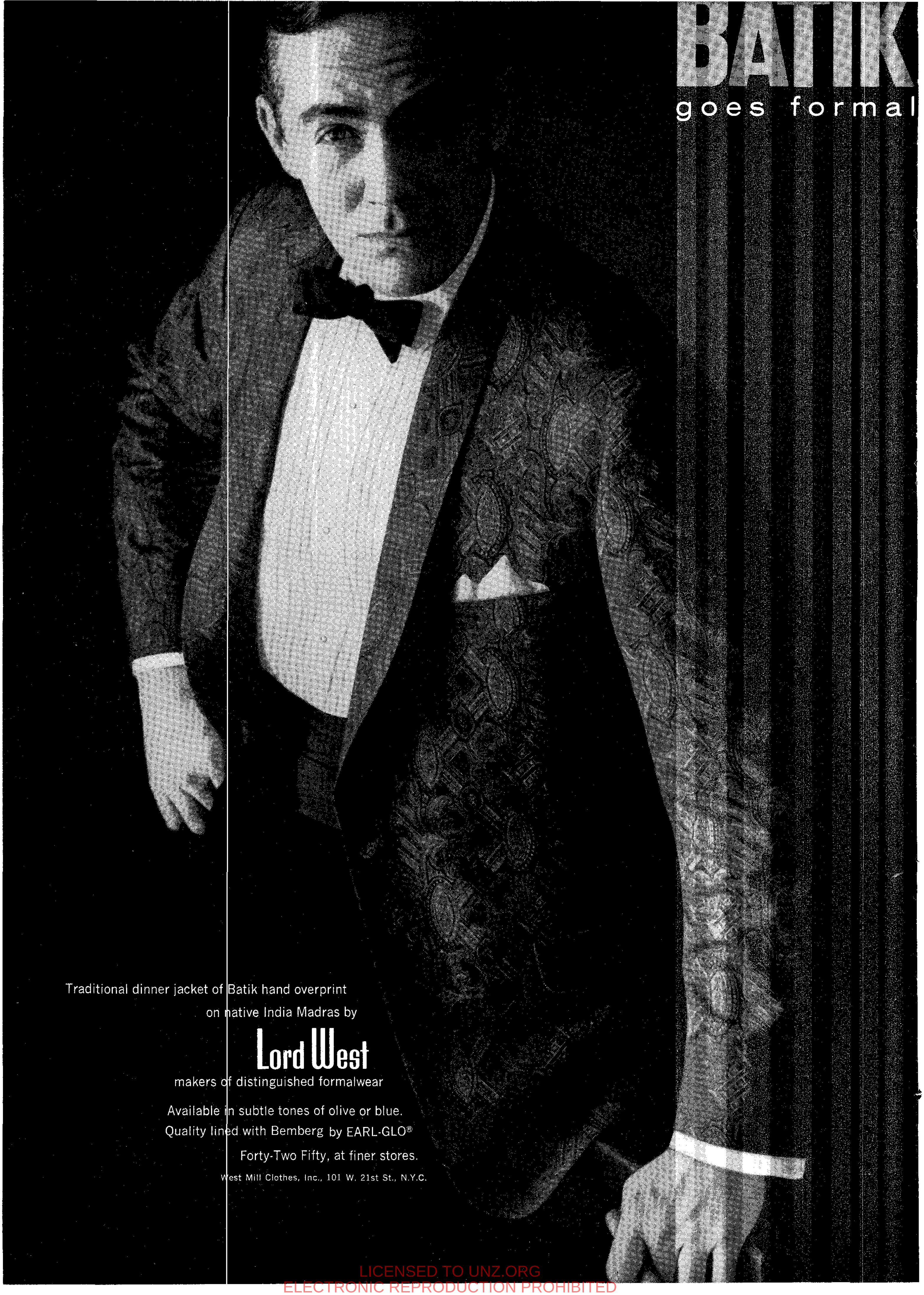
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 4: "The Cat" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul; and "Sinners of Paris" (in French), revival, Bela Darvi, Charles Vanel.
May 5-8: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival.
From May 9: "The Adulteress" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone; and "The Devil's General" (in German), revival, Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
May 4: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand; and "Ferry to Hong Kong," Curt Jurgens.
May 5-9: "Operation Eichmann," Werner Klemperer, Ruta Lee; and "Al Capone," revival, Rod Steiger, Fay Spain.
From May 10: "Herod the Great," Edmund Purdom; and "The Plunderers," Jeff Chandler, John Saxon.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 9: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian).
From May 10: "Confess, Dr. Corda!" (in German), Hardy Kruger; and "The Sins of Rose Bernd" (in German), revival, Maria Schell, Raf Vallone.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 10: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The Police Dog Story," James Brown, Merry Anders.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through May 6: "Operation Eichmann," Werner Klemperer, Ruta Lee; and "Al Capone," revival, Rod Steiger, Fay Spain.
May 7-9: "Herod the Great," Edmund Purdom; and "The Plunderers," Jeff Chandler, John Saxon.
From May 10: "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien; and "Curse of the Undead," Eric Fleming.



Traditional dinner jacket of Batik hand overprint
on native India Madras by

Lord West

makers of distinguished formalwear

Available in subtle tones of olive or blue.
Quality lined with Bemberg by EARL-GLO®

Forty-Two Fifty, at finer stores.

West Mill Clothes, Inc., 101 W. 21st St., N.Y.C.

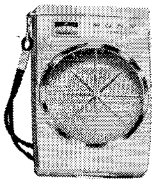
Springtime is Portable Time...

the season for SONY®

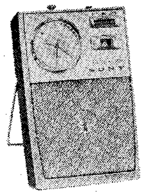
**Research Makes The Difference*

SONY All-Transistor portables let you travel light . . . and they guarantee distortion-free reception, wherever you go. SONY research makes it possible, with dependable, quality portables . . . trimmed to unbelievable lightness by masterful miniaturization . . . engineered to big set output and performance . . . designed to give you hundreds of hours of your favorite programs on one set of batteries. Test-Play a SONY at your favorite radio or department store, today. SONY . . . the freshest approach to listening pleasure.

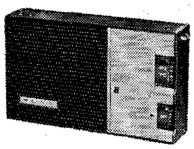
SONY TFM-121 FM/AM 12-TRANSISTOR PORTABLE (illustrated above) Outstanding FM reception matchless AM sensitivity. Features 3 antennae (2 telescopic); drift-free "velvet vernier" tuning; tone control; built-in phono-jack. Can be used as FM tuner. Includes batteries, earphone and leather carrying case. List:$99.95.



SONY TR-620 PALM-SIZED, 6-TRANSISTOR POCKETABLE Tiny, new SONY with astonishing tonal quality produced by new inverted cone speaker. Fits shirt pocket or woman's pocketbook. Weighs only 6 ounces. List: Only **$29.95** including batteries, earphone and leather carrying case.



SONY TRW-621 POCKETABLE AUTOMATIC WATCH RADIO Cigarette-pack sized all-transistor radio with elegant 7-jewel precision watch that awakens you gently to music . . . tunes in your favorite program . . . turns on and off-**automatically!** Operates on one 9-volt battery. List: Only **$49.95** includes battery, earphone and leather carrying case.



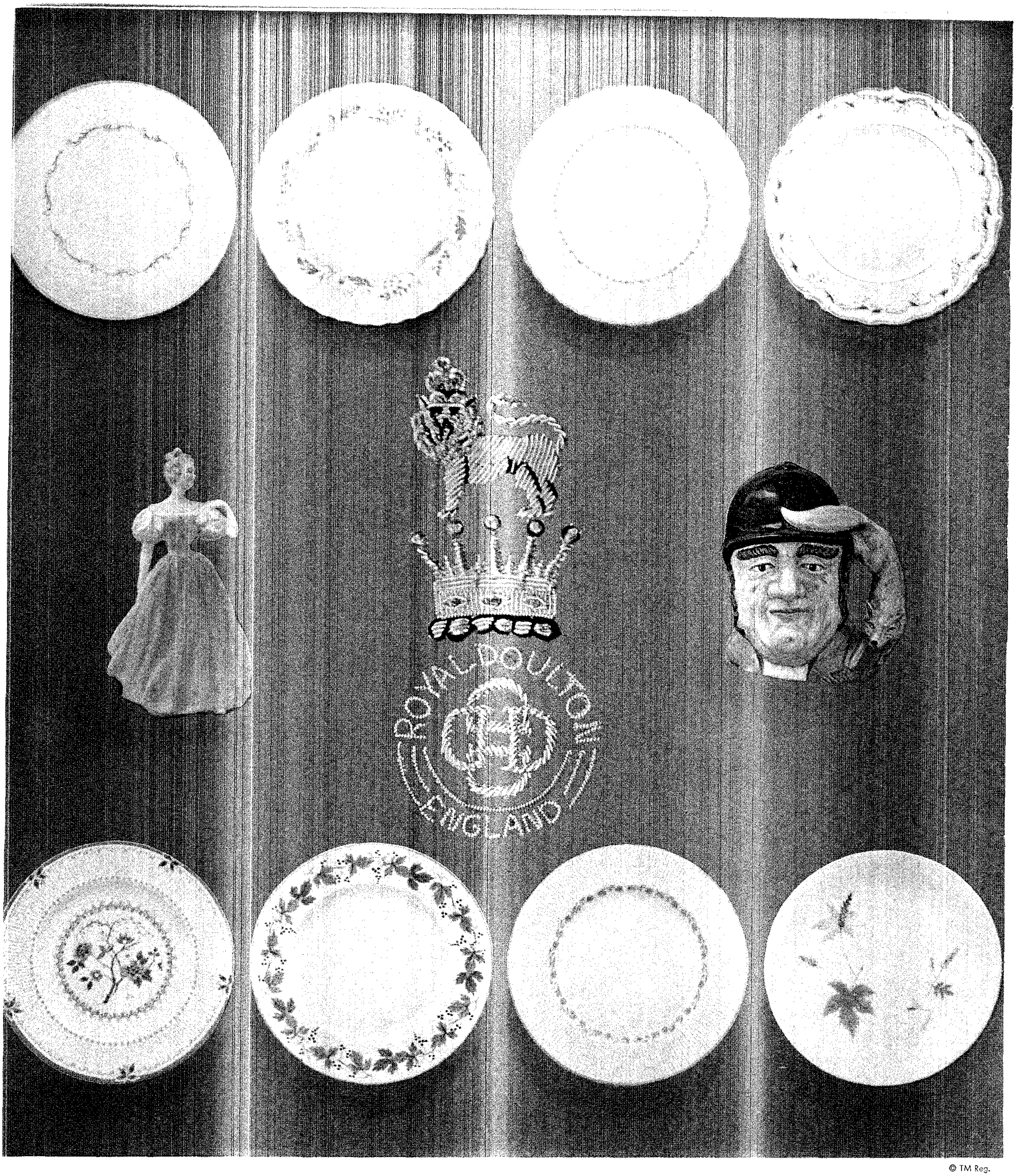
SONY TR-84 8-TRANSISTOR, SUPER-POWERFUL PORTABLE Superb, small portable with an extra stage of RF for remarkable clarity and selectivity . . . plus "velvet vernier" tuning. Works where other sets fail. List: Only **$49.95** including batteries, earphone and leather carrying case.

Civil Defense recommends a battery-operated radio in every home. Every SONY radio clearly shows the two CONELRAD frequencies.

* T.M.

For name and address of your nearest SONY retailer write to

SONY CORPORATION OF AMERICA 514 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.



© TM Reg.

IN THE ROYAL DOULTON TRADITION

Choice of royalty, choice of those with royal taste. In the Royal Doulton tradition, china — like all great works of art — is designed to live, becoming enriched with use. See the beauty, the master craftsmanship of Royal Doulton expressed in English Bone China, English Translucent China, Figurines, and Character Jugs.

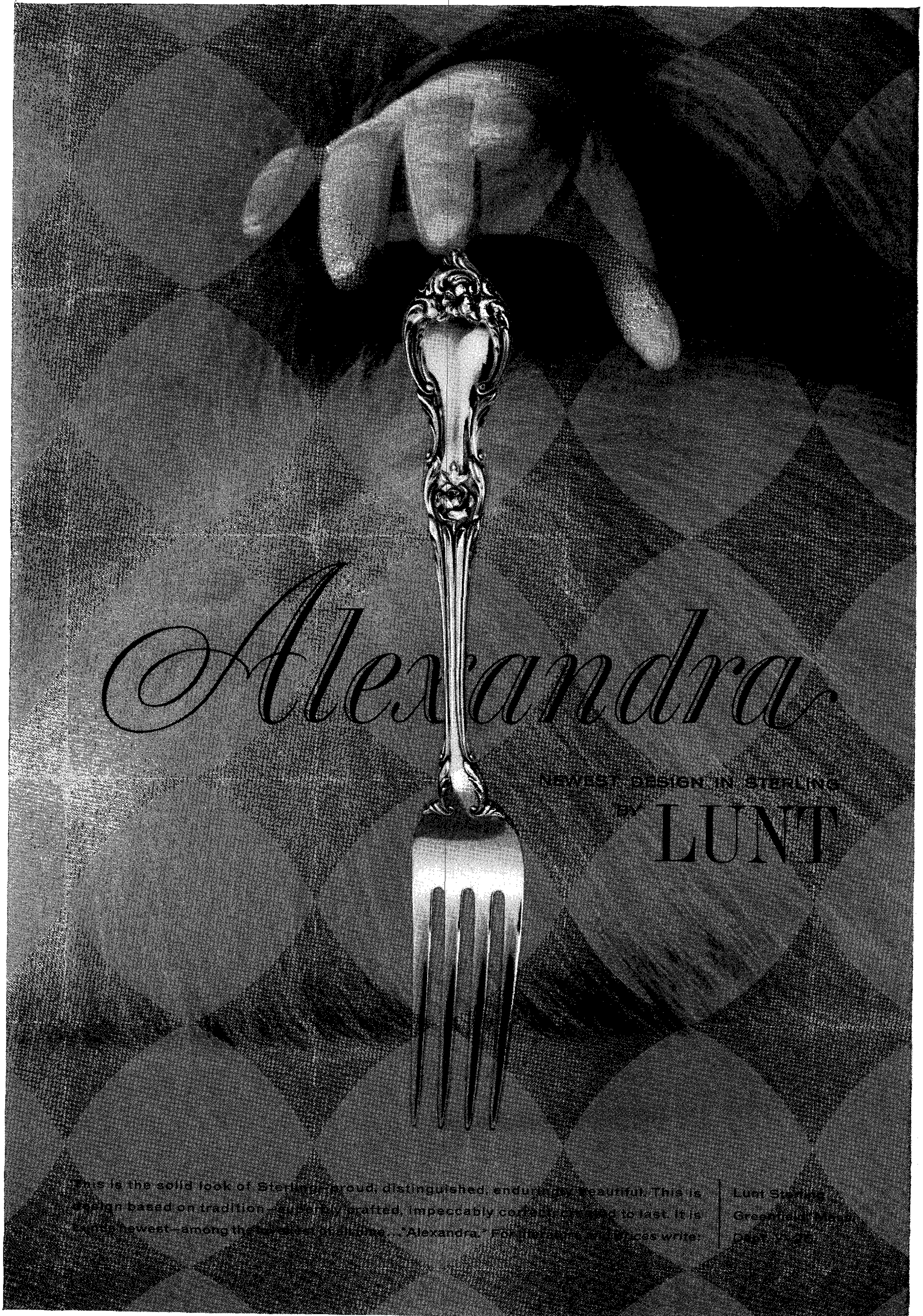
Top: ROYAL DOULTON'S FAMOUS BONE CHINA—*the most cherished,* most meaningful fine china you can own. $16.95 to $35.00 a five piece place setting. Patterns illustrated: Coronet, Glen Auldyn, Adrian, Strasbourg.

Center: ROYAL DOULTON FIGURINES AND CHARACTER JUGS—*treasures of a life-time, to* own or to give; each one skillfully painted by hand. Illustrated: Enchantment figurine, $36.50. Others from $6.50 to $1,400. Gone Away character jug, $12.50. Others from $3.50 to $12.50.

Bottom: ROYAL DOULTON'S NEW ENGLISH TRANSLUCENT CHINA—an exciting development in the realm of English fine china. $9.95 to $14.95 a five piece place setting. Patterns illustrated: Old Colony, Burgundy, Fairfax, Tumbling Leaves.

Royal Doulton

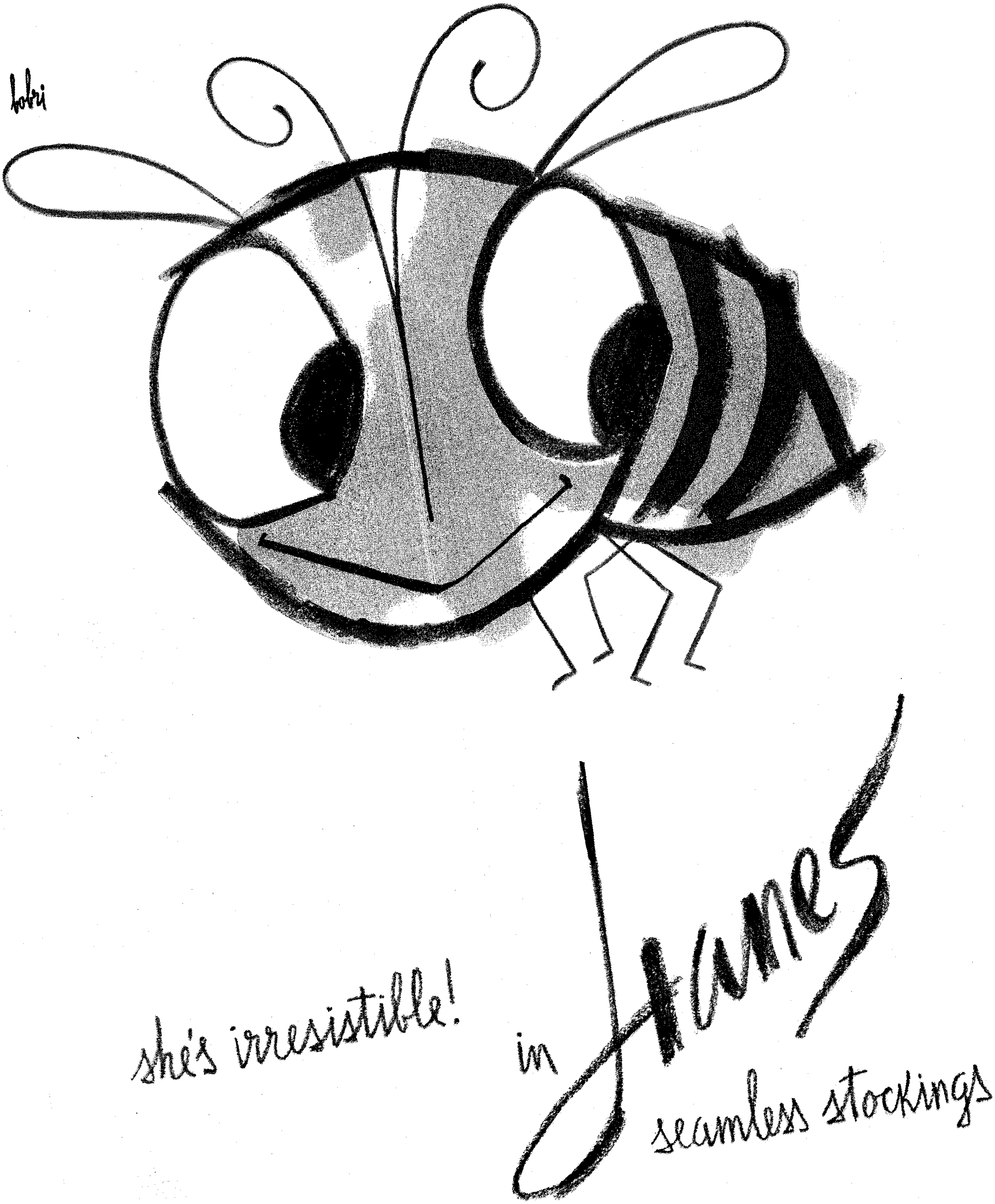
Send 25¢ for beautiful 98-page full color figurine booklet. Also available, 90-page full color booklet featuring Royal Doulton's famous bone china and new English Translucent China, 25¢. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. N, 11 E. 26th St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

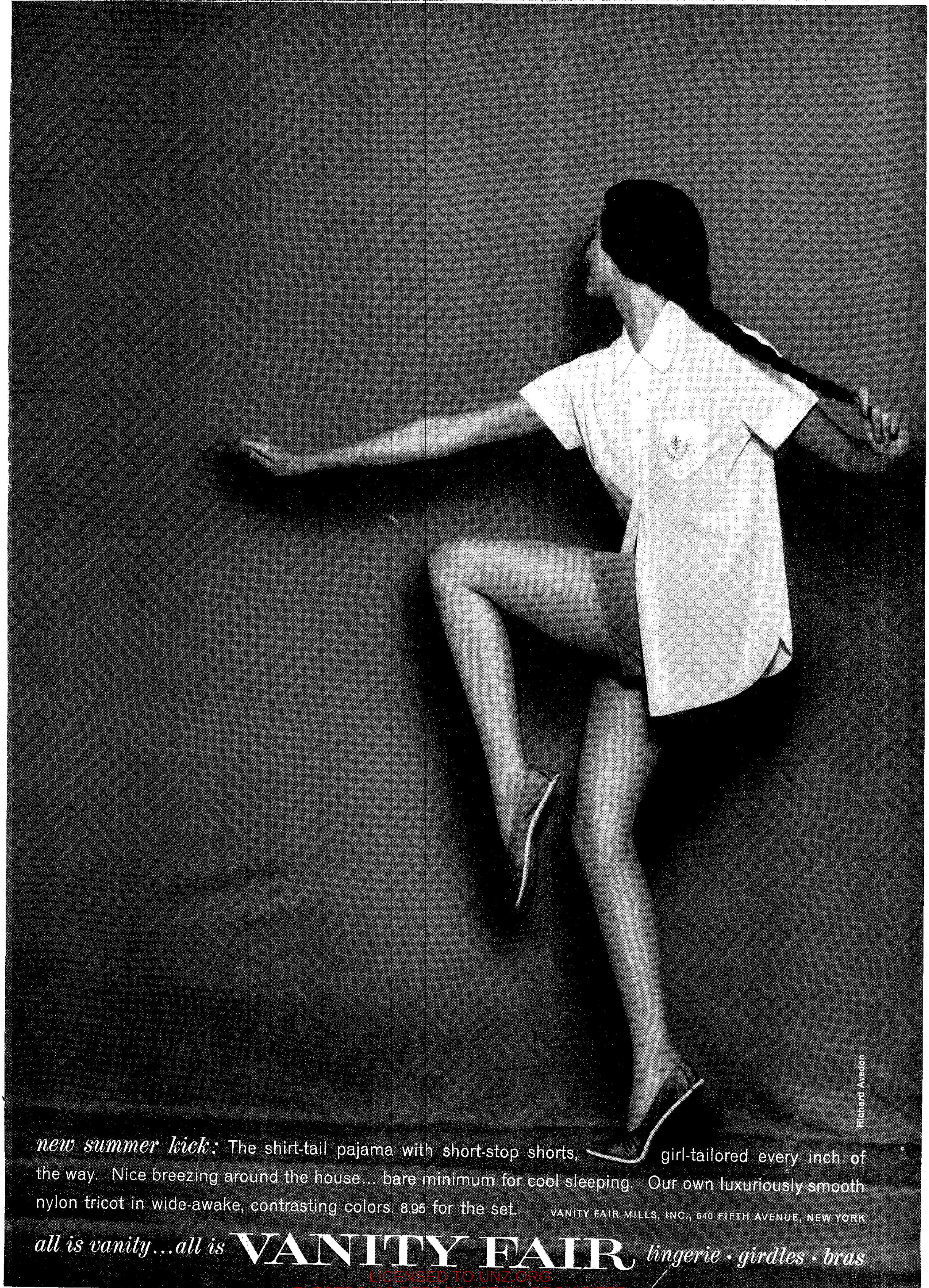


Alexandra
NEWEST DESIGN IN STERLING
BY LUNT

This is the solid look of Sterling—proud, distinguished, enduringly beautiful. This is design based on tradition—superbly crafted, impeccably correct, created to last. It is Lunt's newest—among the [illegible] of all time... "Alexandra." For literature and prices write:

Lunt Sterling,
Greenfield, Mass.
Dept. [illegible]


bobri
she's irresistible!
in Hanes
seamless stockings

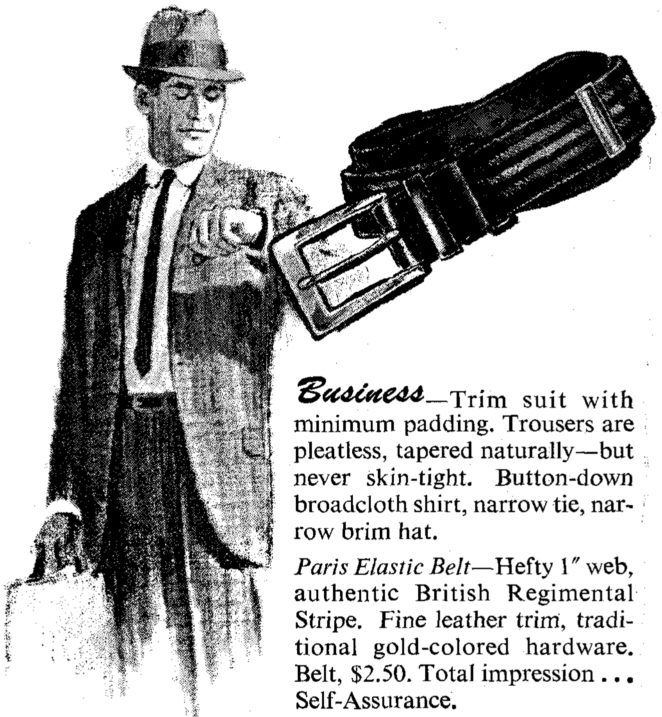


new summer kick: The shirt-tail pajama with short-stop shorts, girl-tailored every inch of the way. Nice breezing around the house... bare minimum for cool sleeping. Our own luxuriously smooth nylon tricot in wide-awake, contrasting colors. 8.95 for the set. VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC., 640 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

all is vanity...all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie · girdles · bras*

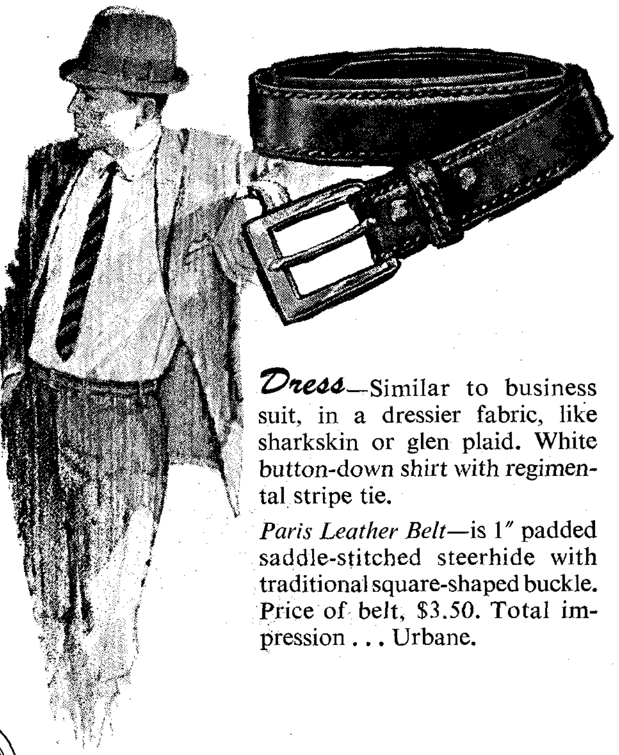
PARIS BELT GUIDE

to an authentic natural-look wardrobe



Business—Trim suit with minimum padding. Trousers are pleatless, tapered naturally—but never skin-tight. Button-down broadcloth shirt, narrow tie, narrow brim hat.

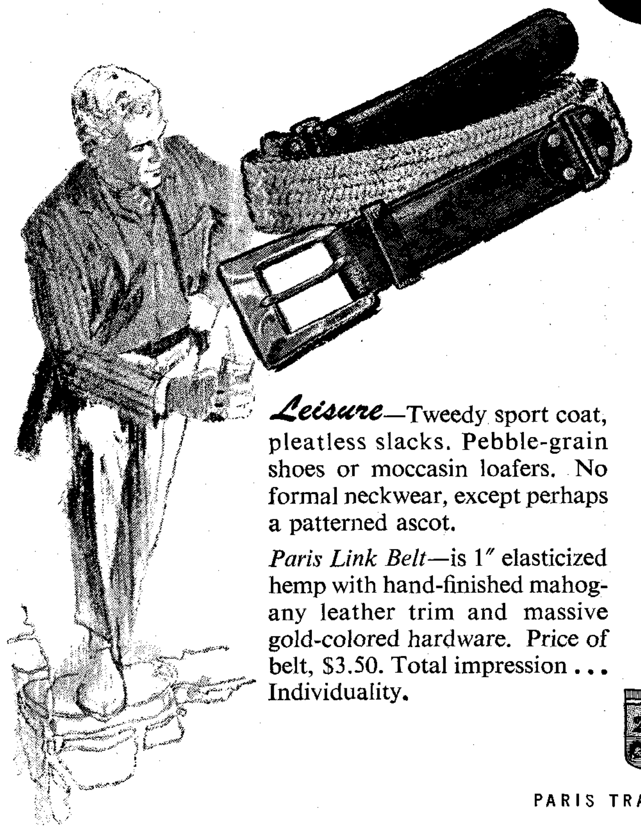
Paris Elastic Belt—Hefty 1″ web, authentic British Regimental Stripe. Fine leather trim, traditional gold-colored hardware. Belt, $2.50. Total impression . . . Self-Assurance.



Dress—Similar to business suit, in a dressier fabric, like sharkskin or glen plaid. White button-down shirt with regimental stripe tie.

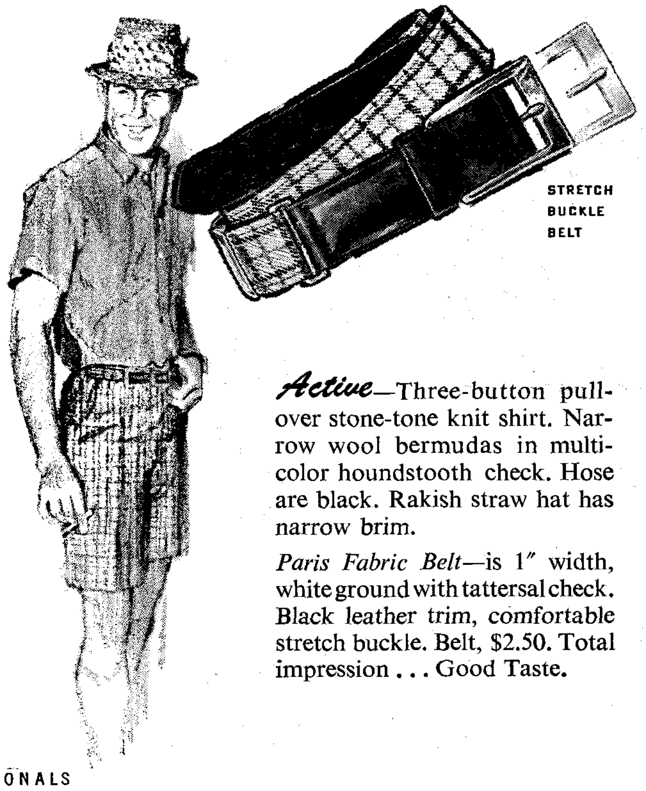
Paris Leather Belt—is 1″ padded saddle-stitched steerhide with traditional square-shaped buckle. Price of belt, $3.50. Total impression . . . Urbane.

PARIS



Leisure—Tweedy sport coat, pleatless slacks. Pebble-grain shoes or moccasin loafers. No formal neckwear, except perhaps a patterned ascot.

Paris Link Belt—is 1″ elasticized hemp with hand-finished mahogany leather trim and massive gold-colored hardware. Price of belt, $3.50. Total impression . . . Individuality.



Active—Three-button pullover stone-tone knit shirt. Narrow wool bermudas in multicolor houndstooth check. Hose are black. Rakish straw hat has narrow brim.

Paris Fabric Belt—is 1″ width, white ground with tattersal check. Black leather trim, comfortable stretch buckle. Belt, $2.50. Total impression . . . Good Taste.

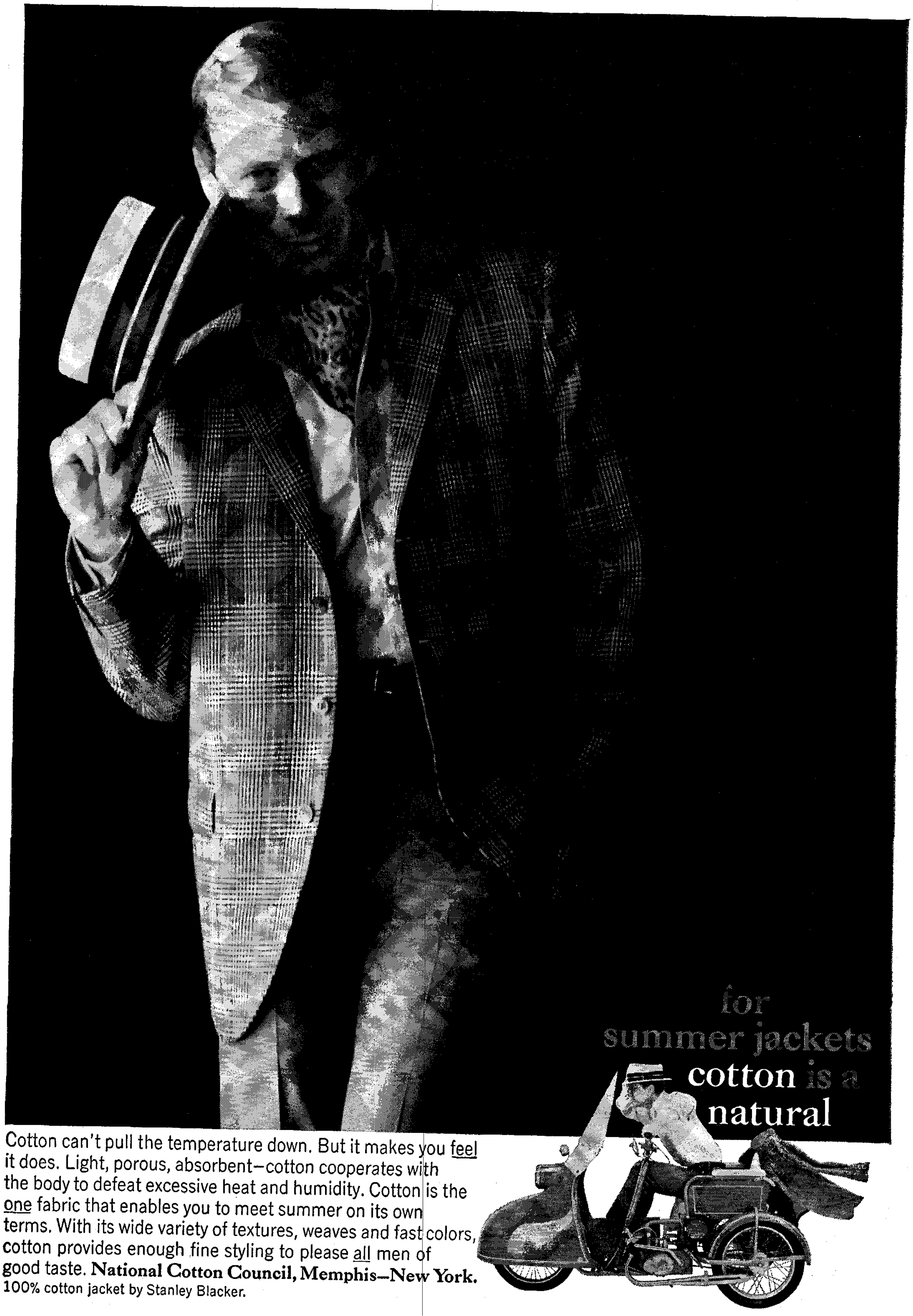
20 35

PARIS TRADITIONALS

PARIS "20/35" Collection of Traditional Belts at all fine stores

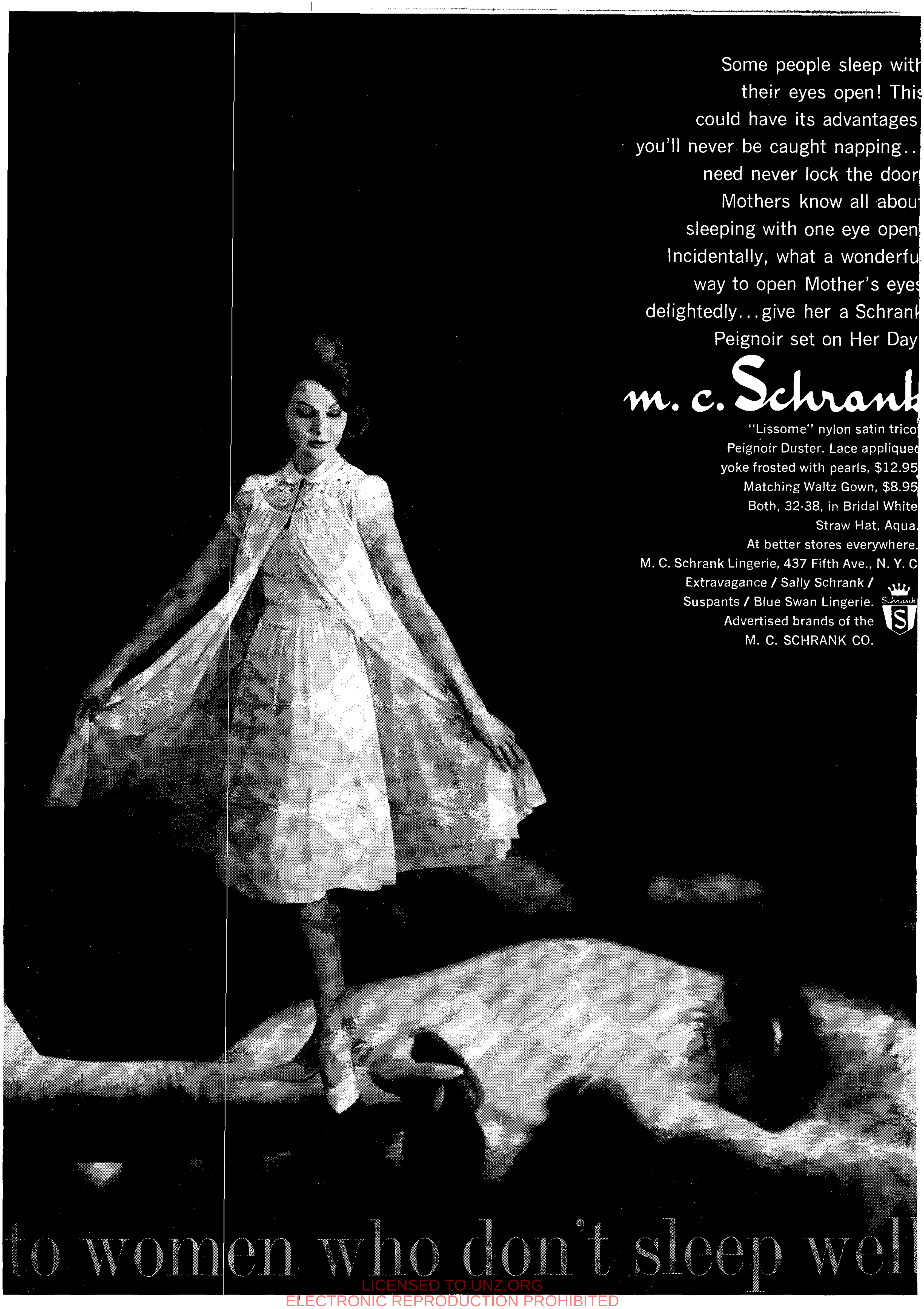
For free booklet, "A Guide to an Authentic Natural Look Wardrobe," write Paris Belts, Dept. 20/35, 1143 W. Congress Parkway, Chicago 7, Ill.

Paris is a registered trademark of A. Stein & Co., Inc.; another fine product of KR Kayser-Roth.



Cotton can't pull the temperature down. But it makes you *feel* it does. Light, porous, absorbent—cotton cooperates with the body to defeat excessive heat and humidity. Cotton is the *one* fabric that enables you to meet summer on its own terms. With its wide variety of textures, weaves and fast colors, cotton provides enough fine styling to please *all* men of good taste. **National Cotton Council, Memphis—New York.**

100% cotton jacket by Stanley Blacker.


to women who don't sleep wel

Some people sleep wit
their eyes open! Thi
could have its advantages
you'll never be caught napping..
need never lock the door
Mothers know all abou
sleeping with one eye open
Incidentally, what a wonderfu
way to open Mother's eye
delightedly...give her a Schran
Peignoir set on Her Day

m. c. Schrank

"Lissome" nylon satin trico
Peignoir Duster. Lace applique
yoke frosted with pearls, $12.95
Matching Waltz Gown, $8.95
Both, 32-38, in Bridal White
Straw Hat, Aqua.
At better stores everywhere.
M. C. Schrank Lingerie, 437 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C
Extravagance / Sally Schrank /
Suspants / Blue Swan Lingerie.
Advertised brands of the
M. C. SCHRANK CO.

ADVICE TO ALL WOMEN OVER 25

We are among the largest, if not *the* largest, sellers in the world of both loose face powder and compact-powder make-up. It is therefore immaterial to us whether we sell loose powder or compact powder. ■ However, our main concern is to beautify the woman. Hence, the following advice: WOMEN UNDER 25 are blessed with a smooth skin with hardly perceptible lines. For them compact-powder make-up is just as satisfactory as loose powder. ■ WOMEN OVER 25 sooner or later get lines, wrinkles, furrows and shadows. Compact-powder make-up, rather than hiding, emphasizes these imperfections, because compact powder must be rubbed on. And rubbing fills in and accentuates lines, furrows and large pores. Loose powder acts differently. It is puffed on, because it is air-light and fluffy. There is no film formed on the skin. Loose powder, therefore, softens and hides lines and wrinkles, and blocks out shadows. ■ Loose powder blends better with the skin tone because it is fluffy and translucent, and gives the skin a peach-soft look. Loose powder in combination with the natural skin color gives many subtle possible variations of shade. Loose powder in conjunction with a liquid make-up, such as our "Instant Beauty," has an even greater flexibility of shades. ■ Put as simply as we possibly can, loose powder "veils" your skin because it is air-light and fluffy. Your skin gets a poreless, flawless, translucent, young look. *No other cosmetic* can add more beauty to your skin.

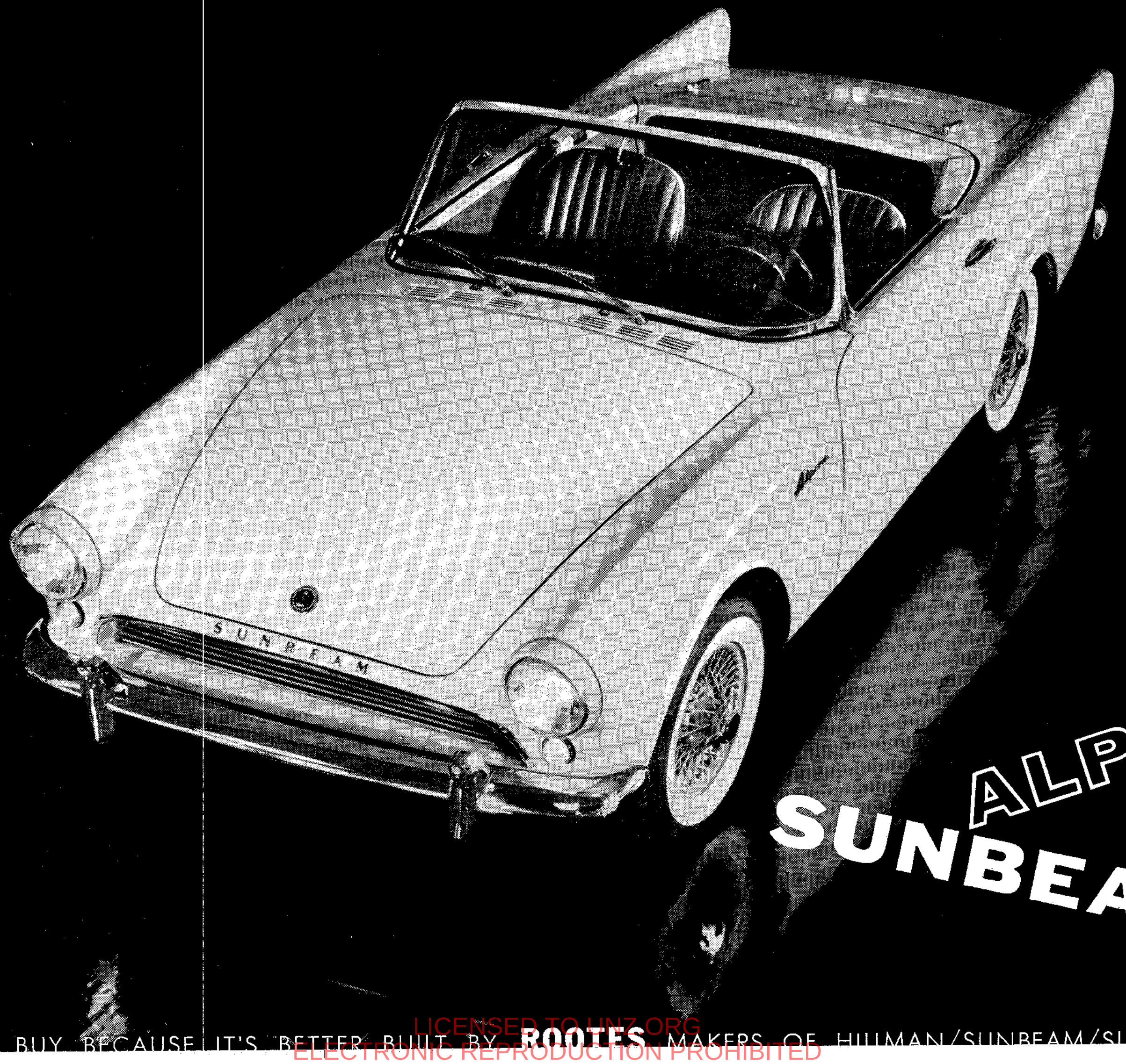
Philip Cortney
PRESIDENT
COTY, INC.

is it too chic to be champ?

This is the Sunbeam Alpine. National Sports Car Class G Champion. Winner of race afte race against MG, Alfa Romeo, Fiat Abarth and all other contenders in its class. It zooms from 0 to 60 mph in 13 seconds. Covers a quarter-mile from a full stop in 19 seconds. Corners like a rabbit. Yet it looks almost too beautiful to be champion. And too comfortable: Wind-u windows; snug-fitting soft top (optional hard top); foam-cushioned leathery seats; a usable jum seat; doors you can lock; instruments you can read. Some people think the ash tray is a bi small, as the racing editor of "Motor Life" notes in a rave test report. But in every other detail we think you'll agree that Sunbeam Alpine is the biggest sports car value ever—at only $2595

*East P.O.E., slightly more in West. Hard top, wire wheels, white walls optional, extra.

GOING ABROAD? ASK YOUR ROOTES DEALER ABOUT OUR OVERSEAS CAR DELIVERY PLA



SUNBEAM ALPINE

A BETTER BUY BECAUSE IT'S BETTER BUILT BY **ROOTES** MAKERS OF HILLMAN/SUNBEAM/SINGER/HUMBE

PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PIPER BRUT
1953
CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRUT
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
REIMS

PIPER-HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE IS AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1953 VINTAGE, PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE, CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS AND PIPER PINK.

Champagne was created for this

Because it will live forever, everything about this occasion must be perfect. And what wine can set the scene so gracefully as Piper-Heidsieck Champagne? France sends you its finest for just such a moment.

PIPER-HEIDSIECK

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

Value plus enjoyment: to Europe by ship!

(and you get so much more of both!)

If you've reached that point in the hectic race of daily living when you need—*deserve*—to pay some attention to *yourself*, consider the new lease on life a trip by ship offers.

Life on ship-board is—a different world. You're going somewhere, yes, but you *are* somewhere, too. Whatever *you* want to do, you do. There's more space to move around in, play in, breathe in, live in. And people to share it with as well.

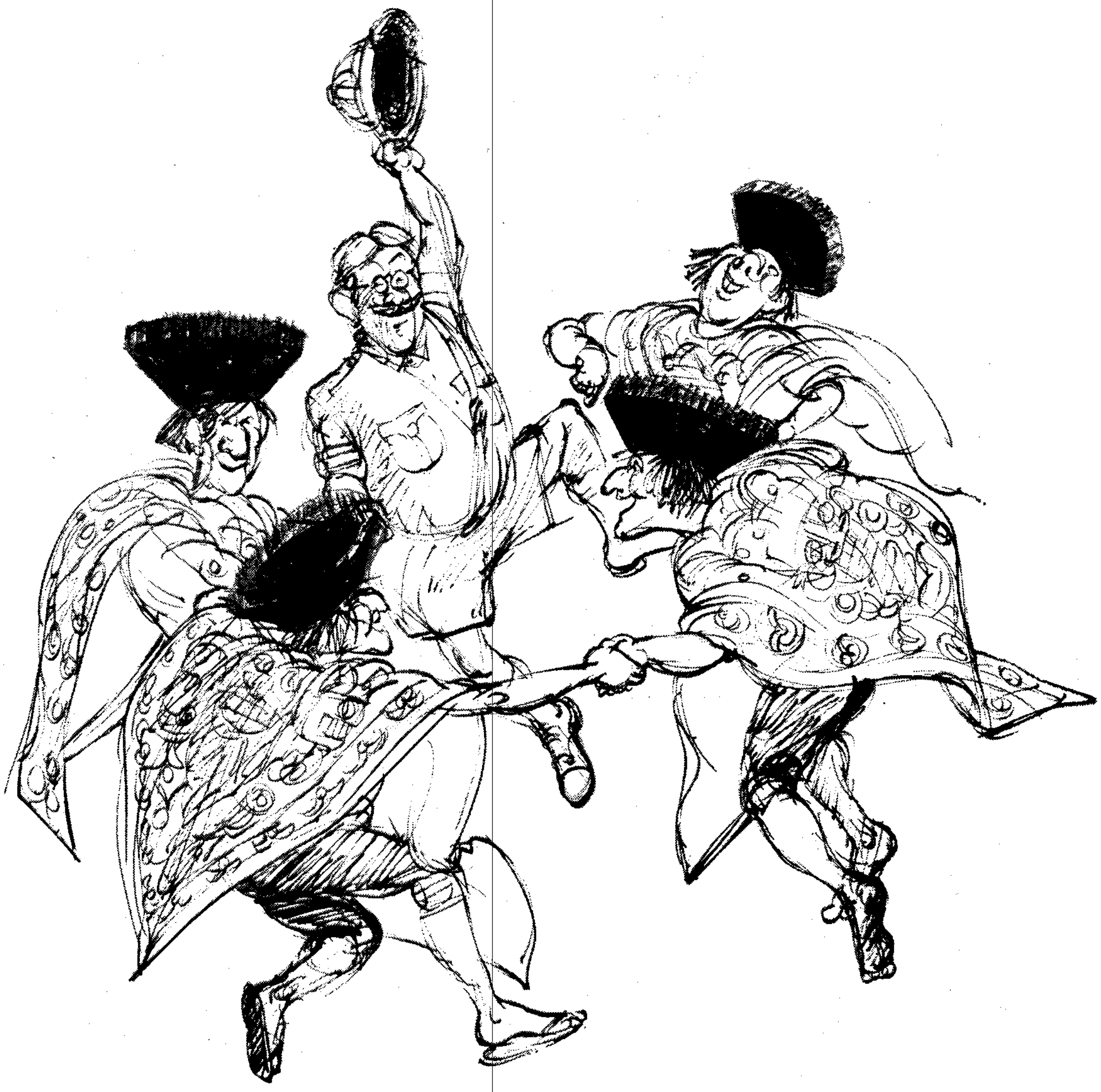
You'll rave about the ship-board food. You can dance till the small hours, watch first-run movies, even *work* in undisturbed calm if it's a business trip, or get some wholesome outdoor exercise while you fill your lungs with fresh air. Or you can relax in your comfortable stateroom—there's a steward or stewardess ready to answer your ring in an instant.

Yes, traveling to Europe by ship *is* so much more than transportation. Your personal frame of mind when you step ashore, rested, refreshed and eager will make your entire voyage—the going and the being there—the greatest time of your life! Go by ship—for value *plus* enjoyment.

Enjoy your trip, go by ship
to all Europe
The British Isles . . . Scandinavia . . . Mediterranean
See Your Travel Agent Now!

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINES

American Export Lines • Canadian Pacific Steamships • Companhia Colonial de Navegaçao • Cunard Line • Donaldson Line • Europe-Canada Line • French Line • Furness-Warren Line • Greek Line • Grimaldi-Siosa Lines • Hamburg-Atlantic Line • Holland-America Line • Home Lines • Incres Line • Italian Line • National Hellenic American Line • North German Lloyd • Norwegian America Line • Oranje Line • Swedish American Line • United States Lines • Zim Lines



SPANISH IS DANDY
BUT
QUECHUA IS QUICKER

Ordinarily our Berlitz reports are accompanied by a cleverly conceived bit of cartoonery which prominently features an owlish, bespectacled, mortarboarded little chap, recognizable to the cognoscenti as: "The Man From Berlitz." In the above illustration "TMFB" is nowhere to be seen. We feel that an explanation is necessary.

There came to Berlitz in Boston one day, a Professor of Archeology, a practical man who knew where to find a practical solution to his language problem. He was about to leave for the Andean Plateau of Peru and felt that a working knowledge of Spanish would be helpful in dealing with the local citizenry. Berlitz pointed out that Spanish was the language spoken to tourists, llama buyers and archeologists. But, the language the Indians spoke among themselves was *Quechua* (KEH-chwah). The Professor was further assured that Berlitz could teach him to speak Quechua in the short time before his departure.

Our action now shifts to Peru. The Professor, as you can see from the above, is permitting himself a brief moment of un-professorial exuberance. He has just made a rare archeological discovery. How did it come about? . . . Earlier today he gathered his crew together and said to them the Quechuan equivalent of, "Any of you guys know any ruins around here that nobody's ever been to before?" The next thing he knew, the Professor was taken to the kind of ruins that most archeologists only see in their dreams. "This is fantastic!" the Professor exclaimed, "How come you never took anyone else here?" The Indians' reply was enough to gladden the heart of "The Man From Berlitz", all the way back in the United States (which is why he isn't in the picture). "Boss", the head Indian said, "nobody ever bothered to speak to us in our own language before."

The Professor later told Berlitz that these Indians were a proud people who were delighted to meet someone courteous and interested enough to speak to them in their native tongue. They showed their delight by guiding him to his archeological gold mine.

The foregoing is a true story. It illustrates how speaking the other fellow's language can really pay off and this is true whether you're a businessman, an archeologist or a tourist out on the town. At Berlitz you can learn to speak any language quickly and easily and Berlitz makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages; and across the country or around the globe your local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs.

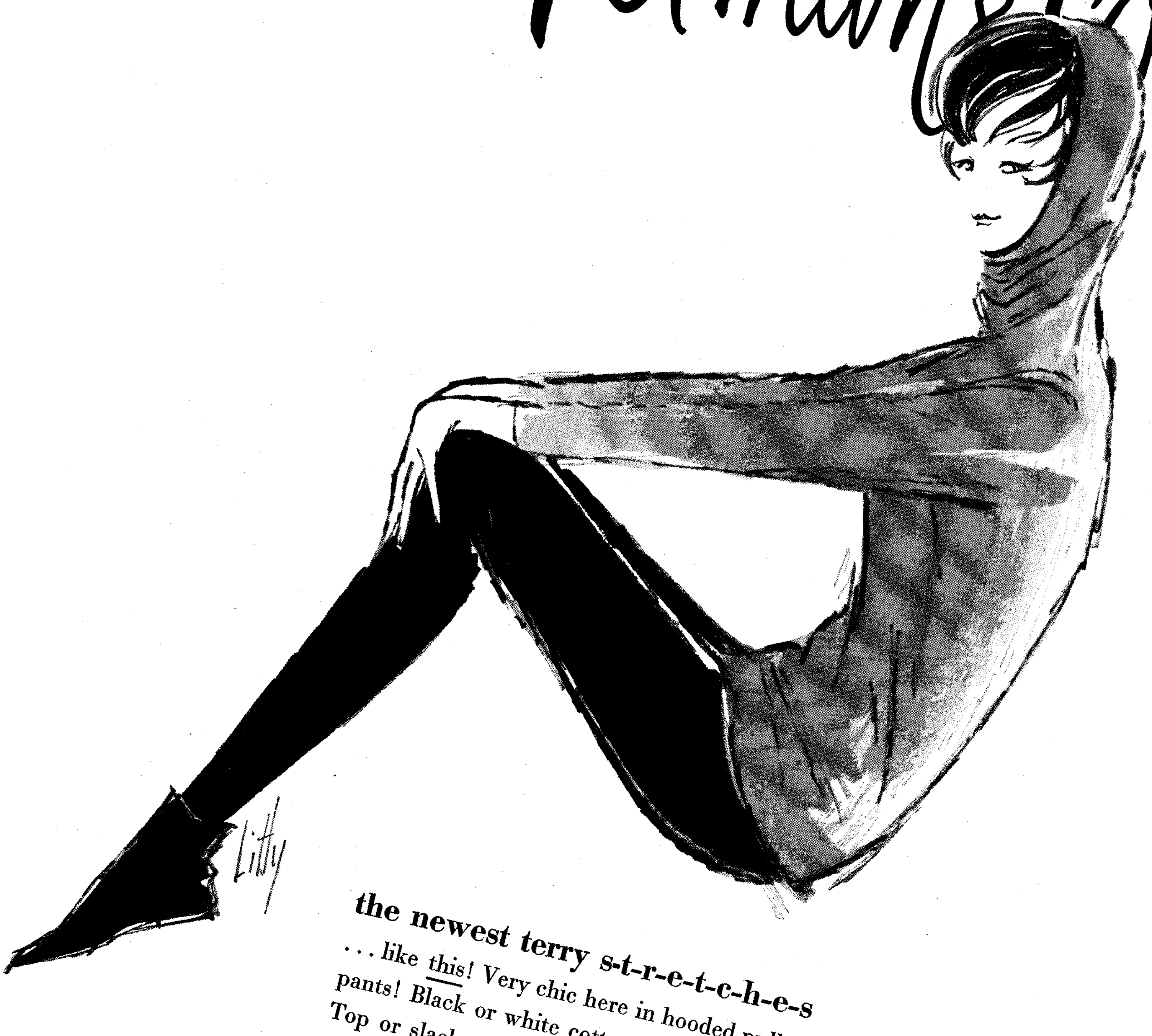
There are 220 Berlitz schools in leading cities throughout the world. They're easy to find. Simply consult your local telephone directory or ask the nearest Indian guide.

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE,
PEOPLE WHO GO PLACES GO TO

berlitz®

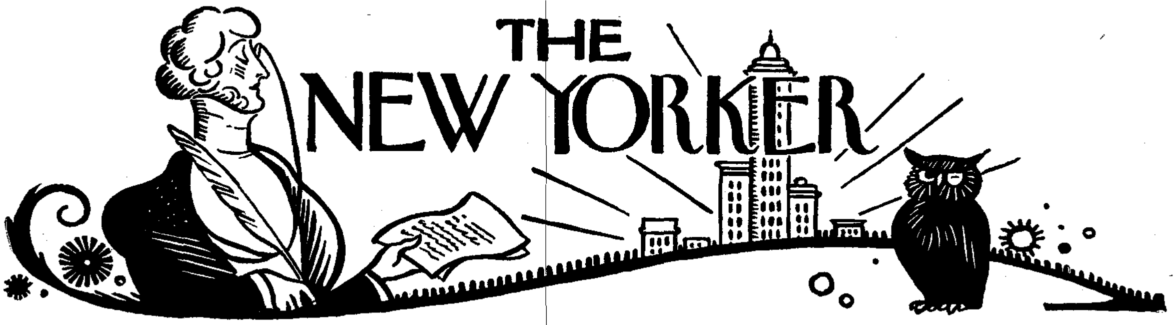
BALTIMORE • BEVERLY HILLS • BIRMINGHAM (MICH.) • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • CLEVELAND • DALLAS • DETROIT • EAST ORANGE • EVANSTON • GREAT NECK • HOUSTON • LOS ANGELES • MIAMI • MINNEAPOLIS • NEW ORLEANS • NEW YORK • PASADENA • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • SANTA ANA • SAN DIEGO • SAN FRANCISCO • SAN MATEO • SEATTLE • STAMFORD • WASHINGTON • WHITE PLAINS

B Altman & Co



the newest terry s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s

. . . like this! Very chic here in hooded pullover and bone slim pants! Black or white cotton terry, 8 to 16 (top also in pink). Top or slacks, **12.95** each. Altman vacation shop, third floor . . . Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills

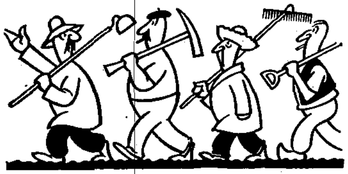


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE eminent Russian historian Michael Rostovtzeff (non-Communist) wrote of the reign of the Roman Emperor Commodus, 180-92 A.D.: "The army, once the servant of the Empire, became its master, and acted through rulers whom it raised up and pulled down according to its own caprice." The agent in the raising and pulling was the Praetorian Guard, which consisted of mercenaries, as, by then, did the whole mobile portion of the army—the striking force. The happiest event of the past week ended a parallel phase in the history of the French Empire-Commonwealth—a phase that began in the mid-fifties and reached a paroxysm in May, 1958, when the French Army pulled down the Fourth Republic, and again just the other day, when four generals at the head of the purely mercenary Foreign Legion seized Algiers as a preliminary to seizing all France, in order to eternalize the Algerian war. If, through the passivity of civilians and civilian soldiers, they had had their way, their action would have culminated in the reconquest of painfully liberated France by perhaps ten thousand German mercenaries, chiefly ex-Nazis.

Now that the generals are out, like the unfortunate Carthaginian general Bomilcar, who operated in the same territory and, Diodorus relates, "made an attempt to overthrow the government with 4,000 mercenaries," we sincerely hope that General de Gaulle will dissolve the Legion. Lucius Septimius Severus, the second or third Emperor after Commodus, "easily defeated the Praetorians," says Rostovtzeff—though that triumph could hardly have been easier than General de Gaulle's last week—and thereafter "cashiered all the Praetorians and chose the best men of his own army to fill their places; most of them were Illyrian and Thracian tillers of the soil." Tillers of the soil make more dependable supports of a free state than footloose aliens do. They are attached to its earth through their roots—the relatives they leave behind—and they intend someday to go back to it. *Vive une Légion Paysanne*—an élite corps of *Fusiliers-Agriculteurs!* They will be less eager to traipse off to distant lands to *fusiller* other *agriculteurs*, and at the same time will be more *solides* to defend the home fields.

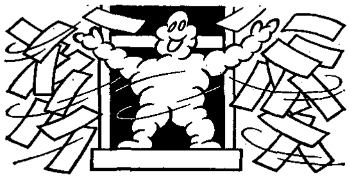


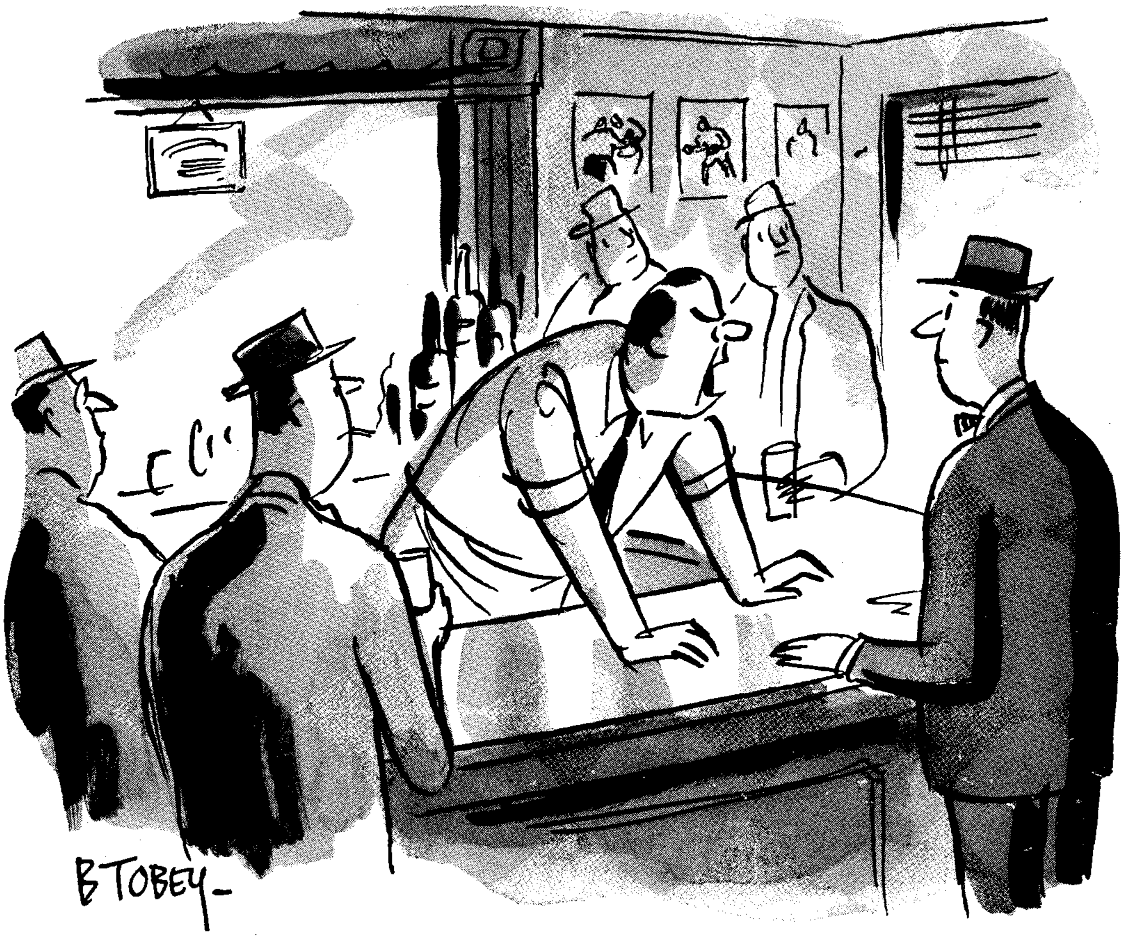
The mercenary soldier is a cruel and costly anachronism in an age when men fight, if they must, to live the way they choose. The mercenary fights to collect his pay—a frivolous reason, barely sufficient even in frivolous wars. A man fighting for *any* principle has a right not to be killed by a man fighting for no principle, or just for the hell of it. The danger of the mercenary, in some periods, ancient and modern, is that in a society too puzzled, or muzzled, or apathetic, or cynical, to fight at all, like Renaissance Italy or the later Roman Empire, the mercenary will fight a little bit and that will be enough. We had a moment of anguish last week when we feared that this might happen in France.

North Africa, by coincidence or for reasons that we haven't time or space to inquire into, has forever been a leading sphere for both the recruitment and the employment of mercenaries. The Moors and the Spanish Foreign Legion flew up from Tetuán in 1936 to take Spain for Franco; the paratroopers of the French Foreign Legion marched into Algiers last week to take France for four Bomilcars like him. The mercenary, by the nature of his trade, is alone in an alien land, to which he feels no loyalty. He is asocial and in too many cases anti-social, because he is often a fugitive criminal. For his comfort, his indulgences, his promotion, his punishments, his life, he is dependent on his officers. He has no rights. Therefore he follows. His immediate superiors, who may be mercenaries, are dependent on their superiors, who may not be, and they on their generals, among whom the incidence of political ambition nowadays is unfortunately high.

As for "Beau Geste" and Ouida and Edith Piaf's song about her Legionnaire, we can do without them if General de Gaulle can, and we hear he prefers Racine anyway.

CURIOUS midtown pedestrians and irritated midtown street-sweepers who may have wondered, on a warm, windy day last week, why Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets east and west of Fifth Avenue were awash with loose sheets of printed material bearing the type face and literary aura of this magazine are hereby reassured that *The New Yorker* has not embarked upon a campaign of teaser advertising. All that happened was that one of our winter-weary editors opened his twentieth-floor window for a breath of April, whereupon April entered his office with a shout, collected a double armful of galley proofs that had been stacked on his desk, and flung them into the sky. And what a brave springtime sight they made as they took wing—poems, short stories, reviews, anecdotes, and articles climbing the dusty air in a white cloud and shedding paper clips as they whirled off to meet readers on their own, without benefit of binding, continuity, newsstand price, or final editing! Having thus cast our ballot for a





"A Cuba Libre? You trying to start something, Mac?"

• •

messier but more literate New York, we apologize to the Department of Sanitation, but we are opportunistic enough to want to take advantage of this involuntary distribution of flyers. Attention, all readers unbearably titillated by scraps of material that have fallen into your hands! We have extra copies of all the lost galleys. We shall publish, in due time and *in toto*, all the writing that escaped last week. In the meantime, watch the sky! Watch these pages!

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Hysong Funeral Home, in Washington, D.C., displays a sticker on one of its front windows pointing out that it is a member of the Welcome Wagon International.

A store in Lexington, Kentucky, called Trader John's advertises "pre-owned appliances."

Promises

IN the wake of the Russian coup and the Cuban fiasco, and on the verge of the Algerian revolt and a gondolier strike in Venice, we spent a day building castles in Flushing Meadow Park, anticipating, among other things, the "peace through understanding" that is to be the theme of the next New York World's Fair. April 22, 1961, had been chosen for the celebration of World's Fair Preview Day (three years to go), and at the preview we found ourself surrounded by more than fifteen hundred dignitaries and photographers of dignitaries who had been invited to participate in the reveries of the New York World's Fair 1964-1965 Corporation (Robert Moses, president).

About half of us sailed into Queens on the Miss Liberty, a Circle Line sightseeing boat; the rest travelled by car, bus, or helicopter. During the cruise, we were treated as conventional tourists and asked to note the usual landmarks: ". . . and here we come to the Triborough—Triborough Bridge." On the whole, however, our attention was claimed by our shipmates. The photographers tended to cluster around a continuously smiling girl in a pink coat, who turned out to be the present Miss Rheingold, and a lady in a yellow coat, who was Jinx Falkenburg. Miss Falkenburg was eventually identified as our official hostess, and she also functioned as the leader of a group of native (i.e., costumed) girls, identified as Hostesses from Around the World. Among the less official celebrities we noticed Al Capp (cartoonist and columnist), Edward Stone (architect), Judge Samuel Rosenman (former Roosevelt speech writer), William Lawrence (*Times* writer), Burr Tillstrom (puppeteer: Kukla, Ollie, etc.), and several people who looked familiar but were not immediately identifiable. One woman, who was certainly rich, if not renowned, remarked that the Miss Liberty wasn't nearly as large as the boats she was accustomed to chartering for her parties.

At the World's Fair boat basin, we were hailed by six apparently Hawaiian dancers (female) and by a singer of Hawaiian songs and an electric-guitar player (both male). The dancers were reported to be the Lanai Girls, and orchids that were presented to the female guests were from Orchids of Hawaii, Inc. It presently became clear (when Arthur Treacher appeared at lunch to make it so) that these players were subliminally urging all of us to attend this summer's Jones Beach Hawaiian spectacular, "Paradise Island," which is also a project of Mr. Moses, as well as of Bill Berns, communications vice-president for the World's Fair and creator of World's Fair Preview Day. The Polynesian welcome corroborated the psychic distance that Mr. Berns and the sudden spring weather ("Moses *said* it wouldn't rain") had effected between us and the past few weeks of continual crises.

We travelled by bus from the dock to the past (1939) and future fairgrounds—six hundred and forty-six acres, still more or less bare, which someone described as the new Promised Land, with the former Parks Commissioner as "another Moses." Seats and a platform had been set up near the planned site of the Fair symbol. The Trylon and Perisphere of 1939 were no longer there, and the Unisphere (an armillary sphere intended to represent "peace through understanding in a shrinking globe and an expanding universe") was so far just a thirteen-story pledge by United States Steel. Once erected, the Unisphere is expected to remain on the site permanently, surrounded by a dodecagonal pool three hundred and fifty feet in diameter, but on Preview Day all we saw there was an unpainted hexapodal viewing tower, decorated with masses of World's Fair balloons (white). Other promises include a moving sidewalk, global television, and no midway honky-tonks. While we waited for the scheduled speakers and speeches, the Department of Sanitation band, dressed in olive drab with gold trim, played "An Affair to Remember" and some military airs. The field was thick with photographers and broadcasting equipment. On either side of the rostrum were flags of all—or at least a lot of—nations, and additional white balloons. A dust storm preceded the arrival of Moses, Mayor and Mrs. Wagner, and Queens Borough President Clancy.

Following "The Star-Spangled Banner," Miss Falkenburg introduced the United Nations Singers, who sang in Italian, Nigerian, Chinese, and Oklahoman. The speeches consisted of the fewest possible words from Moses; a progress report (eighty nations visited, thirty-four committed to exhibit) by Thomas J. Deegan, Jr., chairman of the executive committee of the Fair Corporation and president of a public-relations firm bearing his name; a formal pledge of a Unisphere by Richard Sentner, executive vice-president of U.S. Steel; praise for his borough by President Clancy (who was introduced by Moses as the King of Queens); and, finally, a fairly long and formal speech by Mayor Wagner, in whose honor the Sanitation Department musicians played "Happy Birthday." The Mayor, frowning his usual troubled frown, assured us that the Fair would be "educational and instructive . . . diverting and entertaining." Keeping an ear on the speakers, we kept an eye on Joe Louis, who was lingering, taller and heavier than anyone else there, on the border of the crowd.

Once the speeches were over, everyone edged toward the New York City Building for lunch. Our meal, served in an ice-skating rink (minus ice), was undoubtedly one of the most epic catering jobs ever accomplished. The more than fifteen hundred of us were confronted with a buffet that looked at least a mile long and that was covered with stuff ranging from curried chicken and head cheese to roast beef and turkey (carved by a costumed chef). Beer and coffee were served at the tables. The highlights of the banquet were the appearance of Eartha Kitt, singing "C'est Si Bon," which she dedicated to Robert Moses, and a further celebration of the Mayor's birthday, in which he was decked with leis by the Hawaiians who had met us at the dock.

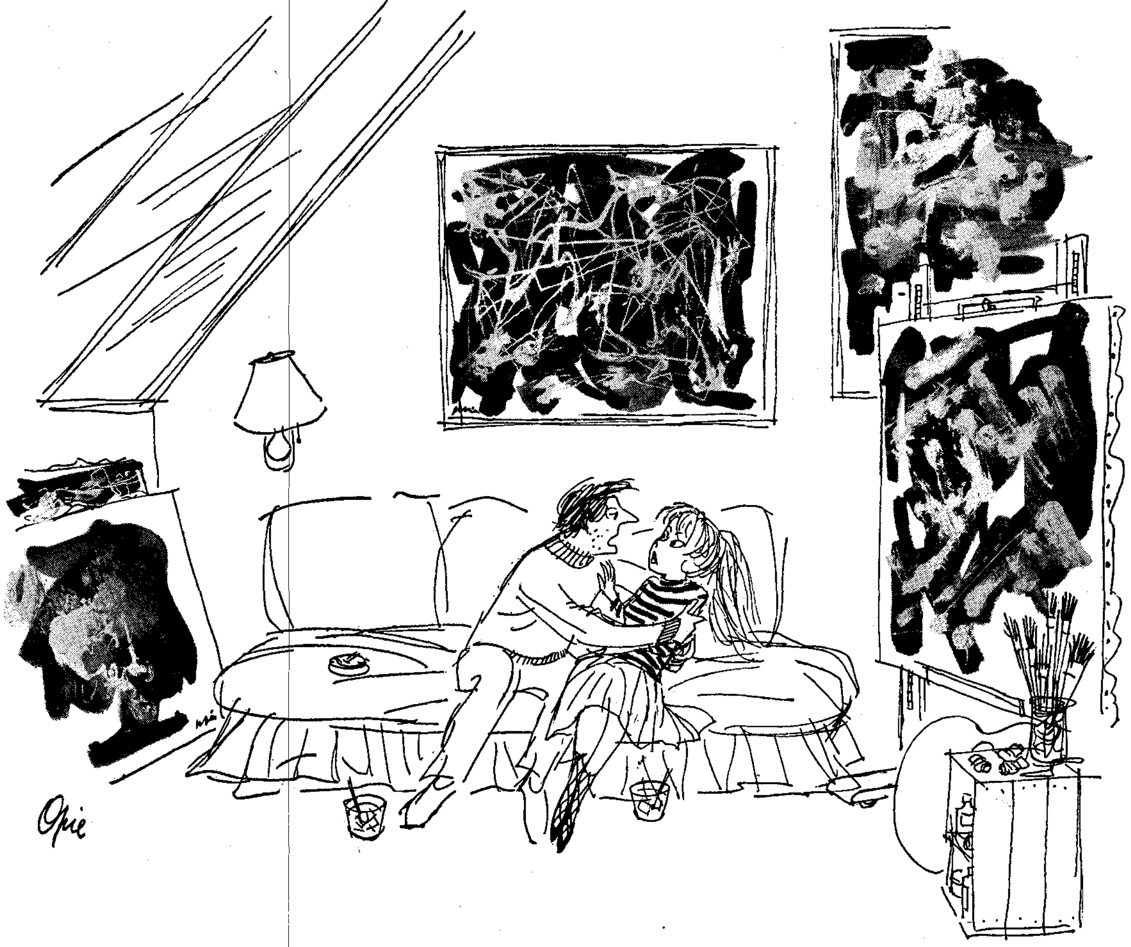
•

OVERHEARD on the Long Island's 8:45 A.M. from Great Neck, one well-tailored man to another: "The real problem of today is to discover a new I.B.M. and have the courage to stick with it."

Cats

ACCORDING to Milan J. Greer, the burly proprietor of an establishment at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street that is known, all too alliteratively, as Fabulous Felines and can be summed up as the world's largest pedigreed cattery, with a hundred and twenty-five aristocratic cats in residence and a couple of thousand graduate aristocrats scattered throughout the city and environs, this country is currently riding the crest of the greatest cat wave in history. Mr. Greer, who buys, sells, and breeds cats, told us, in the course of a visit we recently paid to F.F., that there are seven hundred thousand more cats than dogs in the United States and that the postmark of F.F.—"Dogs Are Passé"—is turning from prophecy into fact. "All this 'man's best friend' stuff is garbage," Mr. Greer growled. (If there is any feline that Mr. Greer resembles, it's a grumpy lion.) "A dog is simply a very insecure animal. Loyalty and affection? Bosh! A dog has to ingratiate himself with people or he'd starve to death. If a dog has a personality, it's the personality of a human being you wouldn't want to know. Cats, on the other hand, make no pretense of affection. If you treat them right, they'll respect you, but they won't come a step closer than that."

Mr. Greer grumpily went on to say

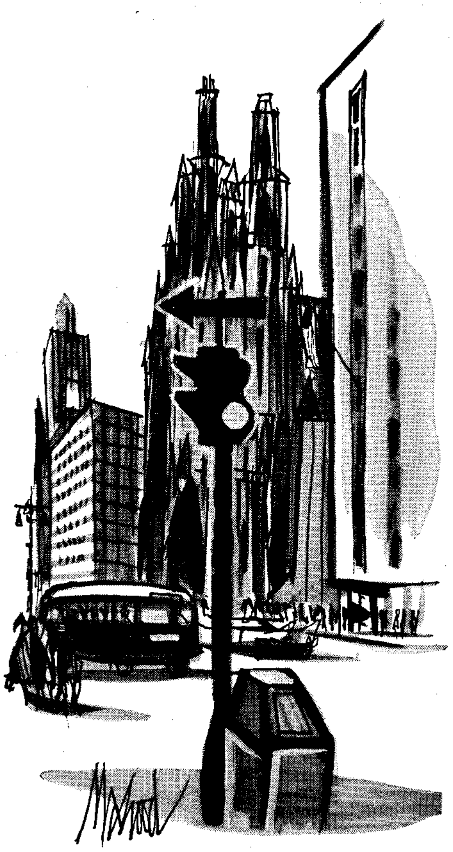


"But now is the time to start appreciating me, Doris! Before I become famous!"

that he had made Fabulous Felines a fairly formidable place to enter, because he was determined to keep his cats from being indiscriminately doted on. "If I spot somebody who wants a cat to lavish affection on, I hurry him straight out of here," Greer said. "A pedigreed cat is nothing less than an animated objet d'art, and to consider it in any other light is crueler than tying a can to its tail. Cats have gained a bad reputation in some quarters because they've been pampered and have become neurotic. Cats like to be treated rough. That's one reason men make better cat owners than women do." Greer took a swipe at a red Persian, which skillfully eluded him. "My first duty to my cats is to find customers suited to them," he continued. "The basic quality that I look for in a customer is a very strong ego. If a man's ego is fragile, a smart cat will make him feel pretty silly. People who lack confidence are better off with dogs, or even with other people. Once I'm satisfied with the size of a customer's ego, I face the next question, which is whether the customer is a Siamese type or a Persian type. A few weeks in the wrong sort of home will turn even the best-behaved cat into a J.D."

Mr. Greer guarantees the health of his cats up to the age of eight and a half months. "This guarantee turns me into a sort of walking Blue Cross for cats," he said. "Certain health problems for cats in a big city are easily predicted. One problem that you mightn't predict is that cats have very poor depth perception and often fall off apartment balconies and other high places. A cat has a good chance to survive a fall of as much as ten stories." He introduced us, in a gruff, offhand fashion, to three sleek blue cats with green eyes; one was named Serge, and the others—Serge's kittens by a cat named Natasha—were Jarmilla and Maruska. "Serge and Natasha are the only Russian Archangel cats ever to leave the Soviet Union," Greer said. "Archangels are the traditional cats of the Czars. The breed is at least a thousand years old. I recently sold Natasha for a thousand dollars—the highest price ever brought by a cat. I'm hoping to get four thousand for Serge."

The most popular breed of cat sold at F.F. is the Siamese, a good specimen of which brings about sixty-five dollars. Curiously, the breed has fallen on hard times back in its homeland, and Mr. Greer has just arranged to ship a Siamese to the King of Siam—Thailand, that is—for the purpose of improving the stock out there. F.F. is the world's biggest breeder of Burmese cats, which come in beautiful shades of brown and have golden eyes. "About the only important species we don't carry is Manx," Greer said. "I used to carry them, but a neighbor turned me in to the A.S.P.C.A., thinking that I was catching alley cats and cutting off their tails. I didn't want to be bothered with that kind of thing. Next to Archangels, our most expensive cats are Abyssinians, which start at a hundred and seventy-five dollars. My partners—Miss Bobbi Thompson and my wife, Eileen—and I are trying to breed a variety of long-haired Burmese. It won't be ready for another three years. We *have* developed the Golden Siamese, a cross between a Siamese and a Burmese. It's a fearfully intelligent animal—it will bring you a leash when it wants to go out—but it isn't pedigreed yet. We've bred it successfully for five generations, and we need seven before we can register it. We're also working on a miniature Siamese, which will weigh a pound when fully grown. We've got it down to four pounds already, and all of our expected four-pounders are sold out until 1963. Cats never play and have no sense of humor. All their antics are premeditated. They're always in training, and they are very serious about it. The only toy I approve of for a cat is a rabbit's foot. No cat goes out of here without one. Sometimes I sell a cricket in a cage with a cat—a pet for a pet, as it were. Crickets give a cat the same kind of rapture that catnip does, or scratching. Purring doesn't necessarily mean that a cat's happy. A purring cat died in my arms once, and I know *he* wasn't happy."



Newcastle

AN athletic friend reports that he came upon the following sign in Macy's Sports Department:

IMPORTED BASEBALL
OSAKA, FUJIMURA
Suisei Tiger Sporting Goods Co., Ltd.
Official Suisei Tiger Base Ball.

Before the Fête

WE'VE had a longing these spring days to go to public school again—specifically, to P.S. 77, at the corner of First Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street. For there, one day last week, we had the privilege of watching several dozen honest-to-goodness sidewalks-of-New York sixth-graders rehearse folk dances for the Fifty-fourth Annual Park Fête, sponsored jointly by the Board of Education and the Girls' Branch of the Public Schools Athletic League. In the next three weeks, according to the 1961 Park Fête program, arranged by Mrs. Elizabeth P. Friedman, a saintly veteran of thirty-nine years in the public-school system, and a corps of devoted aides, there will be thirteen thousand children dancing around hundreds of Maypoles on green lawns in the five boroughs:

The Bronx—Monday, May 8th (in case of rain, May 10th). The Lawn of Fordham University

Queens—Tuesday, May 9th (in case of rain, May 12th). Cunningham Park—Athletic Field

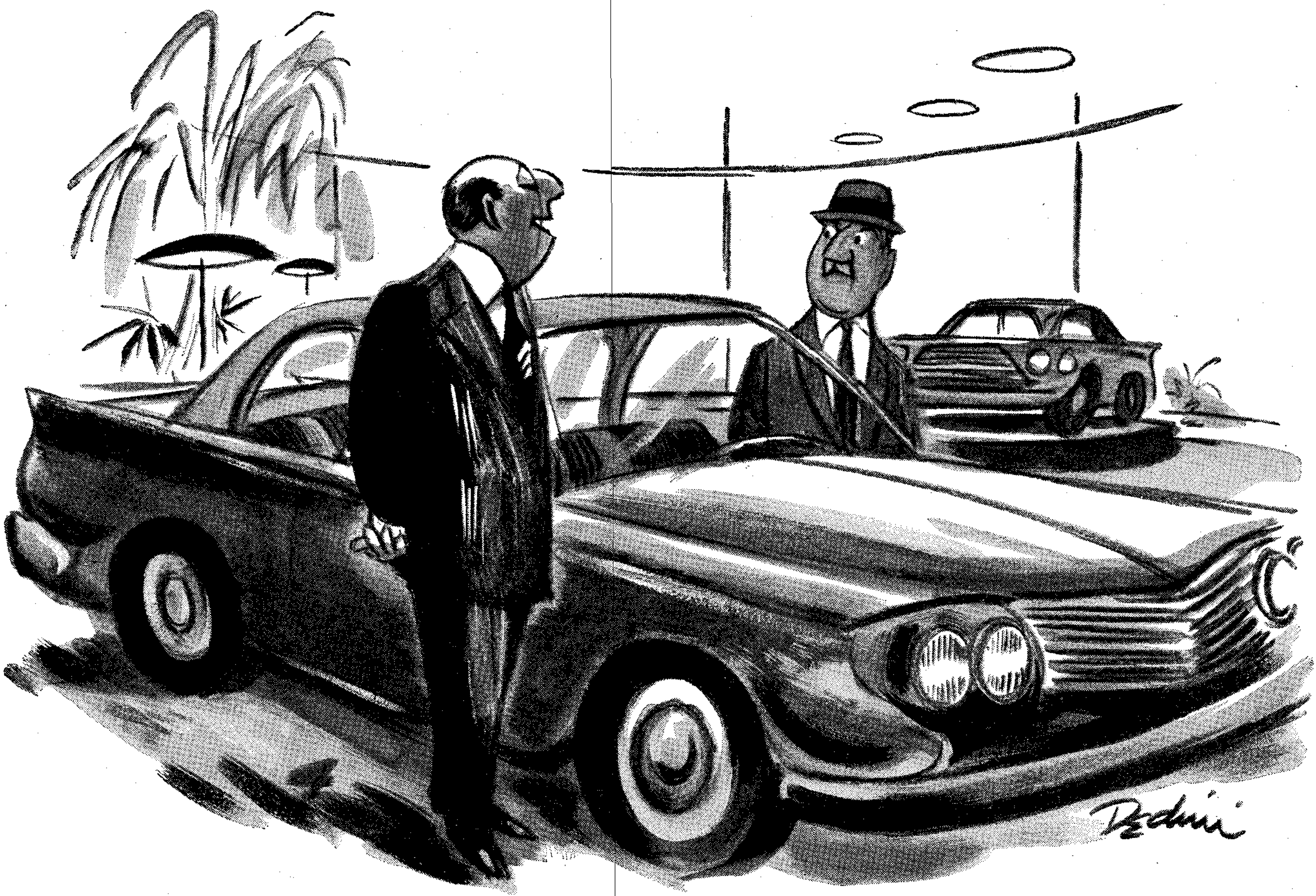
Richmond—Tuesday, May 16th (in case of rain, May 18th). Clove Lakes Park

Manhattan—Wednesday, May 17th (in case of rain, May 19th). Central Park—The Sheep Meadow—66th Street & West Drive

Brooklyn—Tuesday, May 23rd (in case of rain, May 25th). Prospect Park—The Long Meadow—Prospect Park West & Third Street

"The Park Fête is a great joy for all of us. We never stopped holding it, through two World Wars," Mrs. Friedman told us over the telephone from her office at the Board of Education. "We're all very excited about this year's. P.S. 77 is *very* enthusiastic. I'd like to visit them with you, but I'm going to a Park Fête band rehearsal on Staten Island. Ask for the principal, Mr. Efrem Feld."

At the ancient (1883) red brick schoolhouse, we went through the timeless portals, to be met by the classic



"That's what makes this such a wonderful country, sir. In Russia, the extras wouldn't be *optional."*

• •

school-hall aroma; found the principal's office deserted; and, outside it, found, sitting on a lonely bench under a bulletin board ("Class 6-1 Visits the New York *Times*. . . . Headlines—Why are headlines of a newspaper important? Read a headline and think about it . . ."), a nine-year-old boy in a Cub Scout uniform. We said hello, and he said, "By mistake, I fell off a chair in the library. So the teacher thought I was *throw*ing the chair at her. So I'm here, waiting for the principal. He's in the play yard—that room over there at the end of the hall. I never *threw* that chair."

"Stick to your story," we said, and hurried over to the play yard, where Mr. Feld, a slightly built man with graying hair, a ragged, graying mustache, and a brown-and-orange polka-dot bow tie, stood in the center of a group of nine circles, eight children to a circle. He was just winding up an exhortation. "You've got to work to*geth*er!" he said. "You rehearse like any chorus or any dance group! That does not mean . . ." Mr. Feld paused and looked into the eyes of a nearby skinny, serious, blond twelve-year-old girl, who was a good head taller than the two males at her sides—one colored, one white, and both impatient to get started. "That does not mean," Mr. Feld repeated more slowly, "that you are going to be hired by the Metropolitan Opera House." He gave a good-natured ha-ha, and then soberly continued, "Mrs. Fleischer will now give you instructions. Follow instructions, boys and girls, and the result will be beautiful! Mrs. Fleischer!"

As Mrs. Fleischer, a cheerful-looking woman in a cotton print dress and spectacles, took over, Mr. Feld joined us and shook our hand. "Look at them," he said, pointing to the sixth-graders as they held hands and got ready to dance. "The pleasure of this work is that when administrative burdens become too onerous, we can always watch the children. Ah, here's our real spark, Al Matheson." He introduced us to a red-haired, freckle-faced young man who was wearing shell-rimmed glasses. "Al is health counsellor for the East Side school district. He's the one who gets the *boys* to dance."

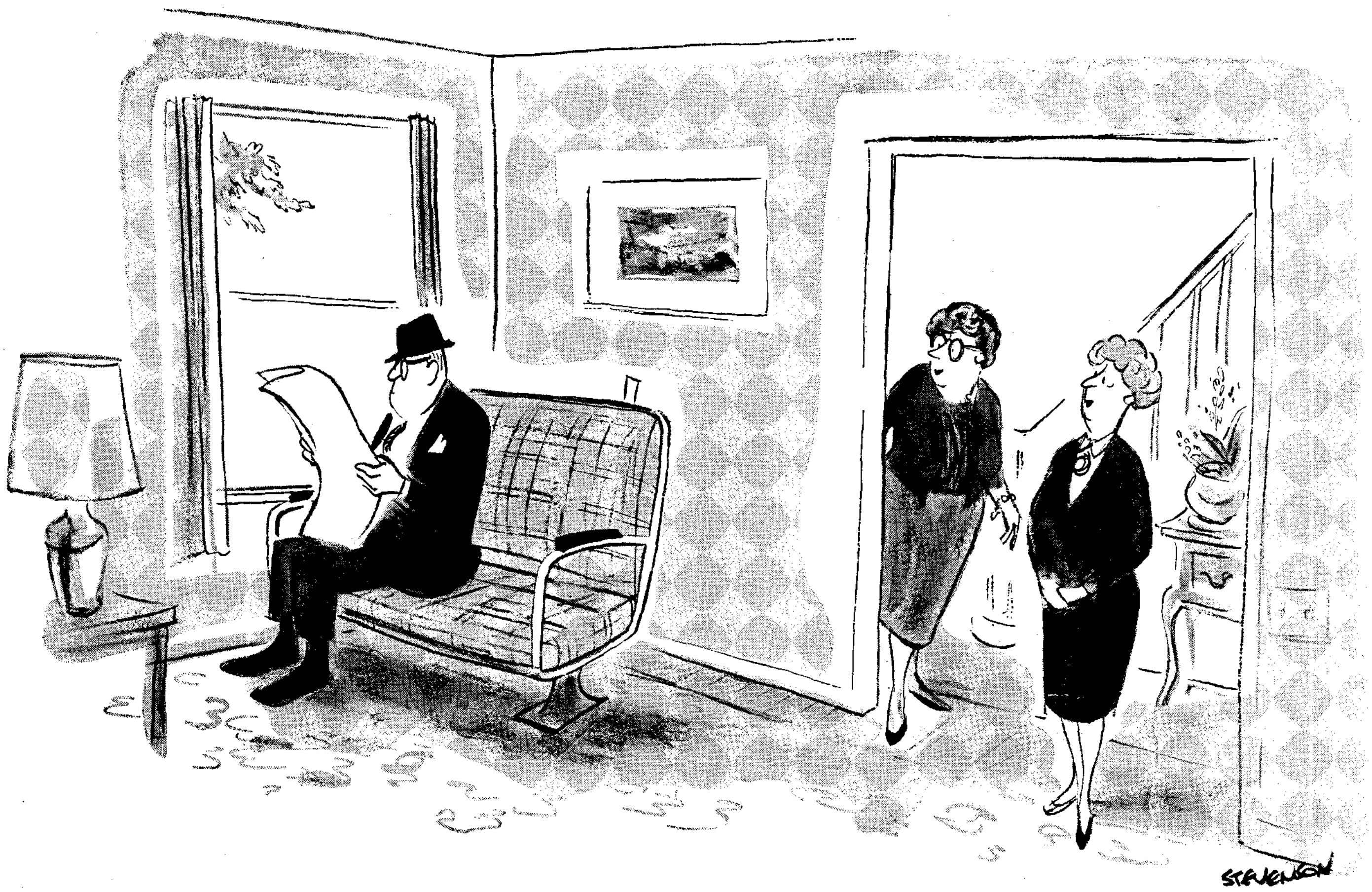
Mr. Matheson beamed at the children in pretty much the same way Mr. Feld had. "I love it," he said. "I like to take my coat off and get out and dance with them. There's something about a man teacher, when the kids see him dance, it breaks down the idea it's sissyish to do it. I develop a lot of little jokes that I use to relax them. Like making references to my own two left feet. It gets them going."

Mrs. Fleischer started up a gay tune on a portable record-player.

" 'Captain Jinks,' " Mr. Matheson said. "Go to any one of twelve schools of the nineteen in the district from a Hundred and Sixth to Eleventh Street, on the East Side, and you'll see them rehearsing like this. This is one of the schools that were under-utilized two years ago, so they brought children in from the overcrowded schools in Harlem. At first it was rough. Now it's wonderful. They integrated beautifully. See all these kids dancing together?"

"Beautiful," Mr. Feld said as the children stamped their feet, held hands, clapped hands, and held hands again in "Captain Jinks."

"When you see this, it's a great thrill," Mr. Matheson said. "It's one



"He retired last January, but he's been tapering off gradually."

• •

of the great joys of working with children. Look at that little Negro boy in the coat."

"He won't take the coat off," Mr. Feld said. "The sleeves of his shirt are too long. The children in this school run the gamut from wealthy to poor. This is my first school as principal. The day I arrived, I heard rumors that the school was going to close. I hate to see it go. Where are the children going to go? They're tearing down the old buildings and putting up luxury apartment houses. Beautiful, but who can afford to live in them? The position of the parents is clear: Keep this school open until they get a new one. Just today, I met a man who went here in 1906. A grandfather now. When I told him P.S. 77 is going to close, he was very upset. Hello, Mrs. Eisenson."

In came a short, eager-faced woman, who told us she was the remedial-reading teacher in the school.

"We have ten classes of aphasic children here, from the School for the Deaf," Mr. Feld said. "They all dance."

"They're terrific," Mrs. Eisenson said.

" 'The Sicilian Tarantella,' " Mr. Matheson said as the children whooped it up with handclapping, finger-snapping, and hand-waving.

"I see some of the kids I work with," Mrs. Eisenson said. "I'm getting a different view of them. They're very graceful."

"This is the most valuable thing," Mr. Feld said. "Getting the children out there all together, dancing together."

"We're doing eight dances on this year's program," Mr. Matheson said, "in addition to the bugle call 'To the Colors,' the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, singing the fourth verse of 'America,' and, of course, the finale, with 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' Each school decorates its own Maypole."

"Last year we had green and lavender," Mr. Feld said. "This year, Mrs. Fleischer says, they want Shocking pink and red. The boys will wear red bow ties and green cummerbunds."

"Green with the *pink?*" Mr. Matheson said.

"Now, children," Mrs. Fleischer was saying, "carefully take your partner's hand and make a circle, girls on the outside."

"She's showing them a new dance," Mr. Matheson said. "The most difficult dance in the Park Fête—the 'Fado Blanquita.' A Spanish dance. Children tend to take big steps. They've got to take little bits of steps for this one. *Very* difficult."

The "Fado Blanquita" was mastered, winding up with an exuberantly shouted "*Olé!*" Mr. Feld then took his place in front of the dancers and said, "Now it's time for relaxation, but before you go, I want to tell you your dancing has filled us with a tremendous amount of admiration and given us a tremendous amount of enjoyment!" The dancers, smiling and with mustaches of perspiration on their upper lips, were dismissed.

Mrs. Fleischer came over to where Mr. Matheson was standing with us. "Mr. Matheson is our guiding star," she said.

"You're the one," Mr. Matheson said.

So Long

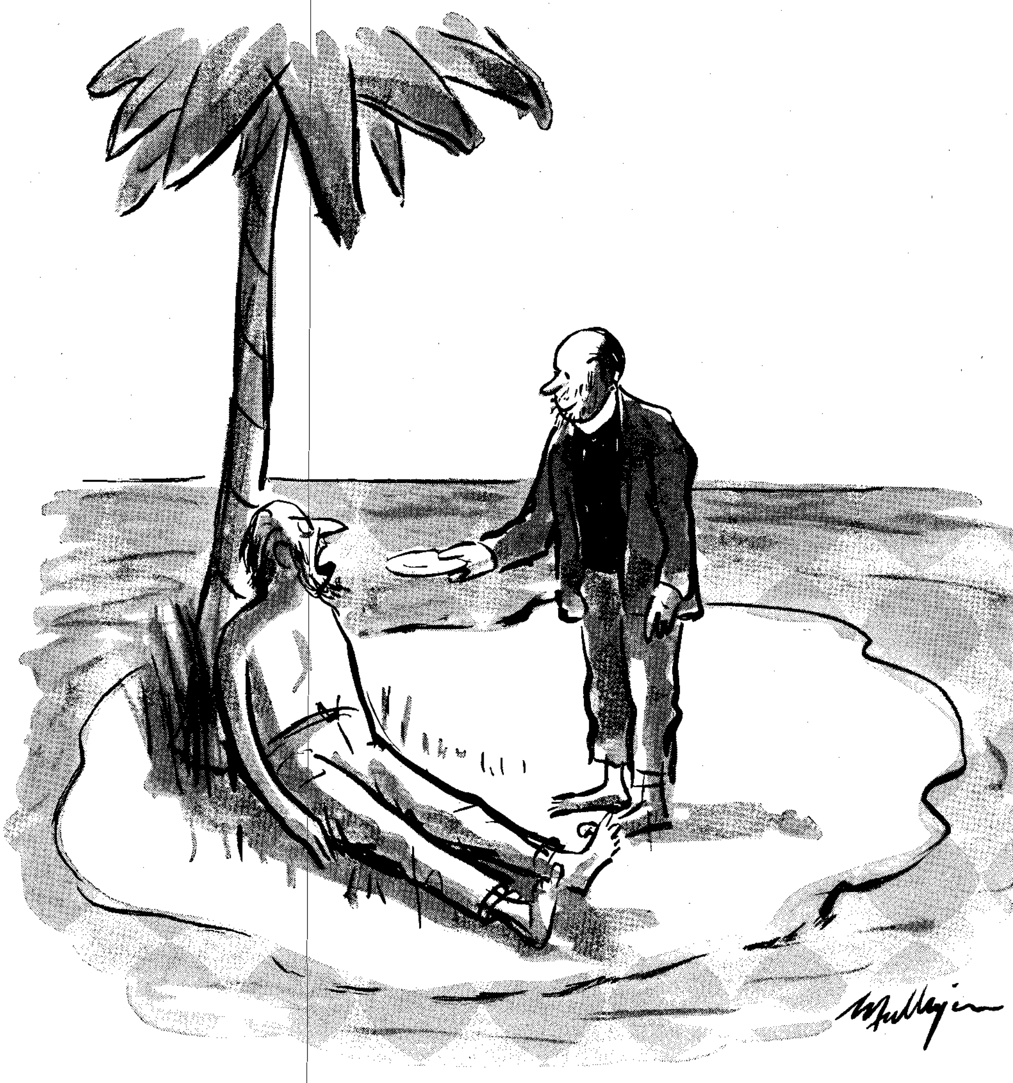
IN Pennington, New Jersey, the other day, a gentleman who had put a house up for sale was asked by a real-estate broker to fill out a form that included, among other questions, an inquiry about his reason for selling the place. The gentleman's answer was brief and unsettling. "Disposing of Mother," he wrote.

EARLY MORNING OF A MOTION-PICTURE EXECUTIVE

One of the smallest minorities in Hollywood nowadays is the group that believes James Joyce's "Ulysses" will be made into a superior movie . . . behind the entire hoopla is Jerry Wald, the producer . . . he prepared a memorandum . . . that included the following: "The way I would like to see this story on the screen is to oversimplify it. It has three levels: Stephen Dedalus, the intellectual; Leopold Bloom, the passive, ill-informed victim of habitual feelings, and Mrs. Bloom, sensual, carnal, wholly natural. Thus, the three leading characters represent Pride, Love, and The Flesh. My feeling is that this project is really in its purest form: father searching for his son and son searching for his father. It is a highly controversial book and out of it could be created a motion picture as exciting as 'Peyton Place' but on a higher level."—*The Times.*

. . . yes a quarter after what an unearthly hour I suppose theyre just getting out on the lot at Fox now Marilyn Monroe combing out her hair for the day let me see if I can doze off 1 2 3 4 5 where was it in Jerrys memorandum yes oversimplify O I love great books Id love to have the whole of Hollywood filming nothing but great books God in heaven theres nothing like literature pre sold to the public the treatment and the working script by Dalton Trumbo and the finished picture in color and Todd A O as for them saying theres no audience interest in pictures based on great books I wouldnt give a snap of my two fingers for all their motivational research indie exhibs whatever they call themselves why dont they go out and make a picture I ask them and do a socko 21 Gs in Philly and a wow 41 in Chi ah that they cant answer yes in its purest form father searching for his son and son searching for his father chance for myriad boffolas there old man staggers out one door of pub where the beer and the boffola foam while kid goes in other O I love a good laugh Stephen Dedalus the intellectual we might try to get Paul Newman for the part hes a strong BO draw in Exodus certainly hed do very nicely too better soft pedal the egghead bit though make him a newspaper reporter have to shoot a lot of location stuff in Dublin by the waters of the Liffey by the rivering waters of we might fake it on the back lot and bring it in under three million or else knock up the budget and spot celebs the way Columbia did with Pepe it coined a huge forty five thou in its first week on Bway gives the property a touch of class I wonder could we get Bobby Darin on a percentage deal to sing Galway Bay I better have Sammy check in the morning where the hell Galway Bay is its somewhere around Dublin surely long color process shot of the bay at dusk cut to faces of old women in black shawls and the women in the uplands making hay speak a language that the strangers do not know a scene which it will knock them out of the back of the house in Terre Haute

the alarmclock in the maids room clattering the brains out of itself better take another seconal and try to sleep again so as I can get up early Ill call a title conference at ten wait now who was it yes Kirk Douglas already made Ulysses the old story though this ones on three levels we might call it Pride Love and The Flesh that has a nice sound to it Ill have Sammy get ahold of Central Registry and see if the titles reserved Leopold Bloom the passive ill informed victim of habitual feelings problem on the religion bit though dont want Bnai Brith down on our necks well give him an Irish name in any case Leopold Malone and his loving wife Molly sensual carnal wholly natural she wheels her wheelbarrow through streets wide and narrow personally Id like to build the script around Molly and get MM for the role so why am I after worrying we cant go wrong

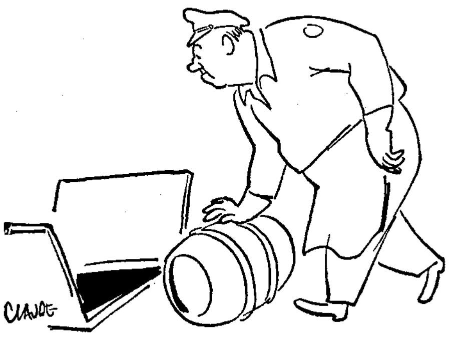


"Today is Thursday!"

with Maureen OHara flashback to Gibraltar where she was a girl a flower of the mountain yes so are those bimbos all flowers of the mountain lap dissolve he kisses her under the Moorish wall we might send down a second unit to get some outdoor Gibraltar stuff cut in a flamenco dream sequence shoot it there and dub it on the soundtrack later yes chance too for widescreen color background O the sea the sea there crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes well have Louella bawling like a goddam baby baaaawwaaaaaww at the world preem

ah well theres no talking around it were one of the smallest minorities in Hollywood nowadays us thinking that James Joyces Ulysses will be made into a superior movie TJ saying to me Harry youre one hundred per cent crazy him with his two dollar cigars and his Irving Thalberg award chasing those little chits of starlets and he not long married Mouth Almighty I call him and his squinty eyes of all the big stuppoe studio heads I ever met God help the world if everyone out here was like him yes always and ever making the same pictures showdownatshotguncreek whatever he calls the new one ah God send him more sense and me more money O he does look the fool sitting at the head of the conference table as big as you please he can go smother for all the fat lot I care Im unabashedly intellectual and Ill make this movie or Im walking off the lot this day week Ive still got my integrity after all how long is it Ive been out here wait yes since 1923 O I love lying in bed God here we are as bad as ever after yes thirty eight years how many studios have I worked at RKO and Fox and Metro and Paramount where I was a young man and the day I talked to deMille when he was making the original of The Ten Commandments and yes he wouldnt answer at first only looked out over the set and the thousands of extras I was thinking of so many things he didnt know of yes how someday Id have my own swimming pool and go to Vilma Bankys parties and all the long years since Joan Crawford in Our Dancing Daughters and Richard Dix and yes the year Metro missed the boat on Dinner at Eight and Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers and Asta rrrrrfffff rrrrrfffff and the andyhardy series and The Best Years of Our Lives and O all the Academy Award dinners yes Disney going about smug with his Oscars the Levant what year was it Gert and I took the cruise there I never miss his TV show and Rhonda Fleming with her hair all red and flaming and Sandra Dee and VistaVision and stereophonic sound cleaning up in the foreign market and Ben Hur and the night TJ asked me what my next project would be when was it yes the night they screened Psycho in Santa Monica eeeeeeeekkk its an Irish story I told him like The Quiet Man or shall we get Rock Hudson I was just thinking of it for the first time yes and I had Sammy give me a five page synopsis and the day in Romanoffs I asked Jerry Wald about it yes Ulysses by James Joyce which it is a highly controversial book and I asked him yes could out of it be created a picture as exciting as Peyton Place and yes he said yes it could yes but on a higher level Yes.

—Thomas Meehan



• •

NEXT DOOR

The home for the aged opens its windows in May,
And the stale voices of winter-long
Flap from their dusty curtains toward our wood
That now with robin-song

Rouses, and is regaled. Promptly the trees
Break bud and startle into leaf,
Blotting the old from sight, while all the birds
Repeal the winter's grief

Pitilessly, resolving every sigh
Or quaver to a chipper trill,
And snaring the sick cough within the rapt
Beat of the flicker's bill.

Must we not see or hear these worn and frail?
They are such hearts, for all we know,
As will not cheat the world of their regard,
Even as they let it go.

Seated, perhaps, along a shady porch
In the calm, wicker stalls of age,
Old crones and played-out cronies, they project
Upon a cloudy stage

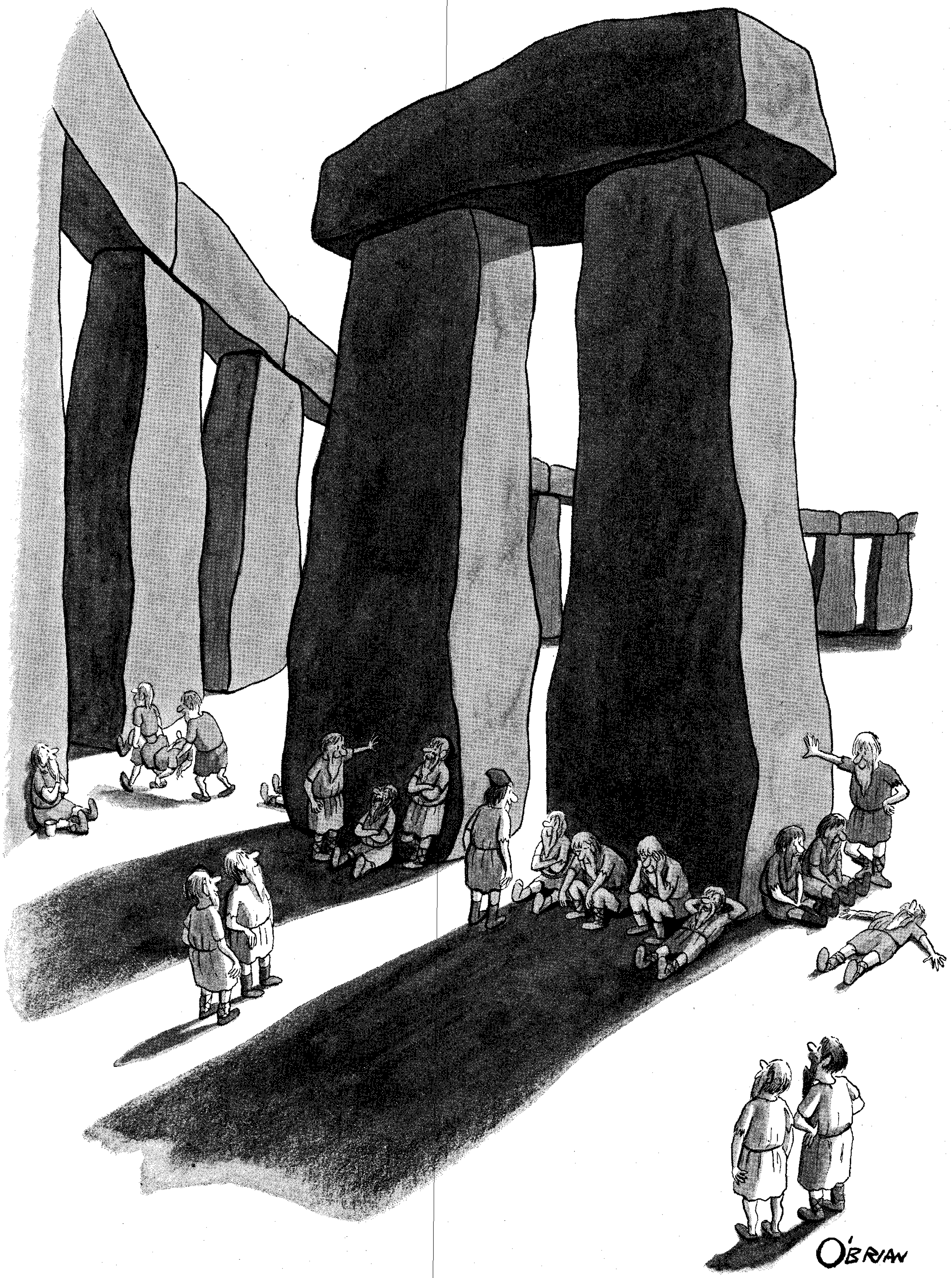
Gossip of strong-man, dancer, priest, and all
They knew who had the gift of life,
Artisan, lover, soldier, orator,
Wild bitch and happy wife,

Lying the more as recollection fails
Until for their enchanted souls
The players are forgotten, and they see
Only such naked roles

As David was, or Helen, and invent
Out of their fabulous memories
Alcestis climbing home again, with big
Death-bullying Heracles.

Is it like this? We have no way to know.
Our lawn is loud with girls and boys.
The leaves are full and busy with the sun.
The birds make too much noise.

—Richard Wilbur



"Well, we've done it, but don't ask me how."

A JOURNEY TO THE SEVEN STREAMS

MY father, the heavens be his bed, was a terrible man for telling you about the places he had been and for bringing you there, if he could, and displaying them to you with a mild and gentle air of proprietorship. He couldn't do the showmanship so well in the case of Spion Kop, where he and the fortunate ones who hadn't been ordered up the hill in the ignorant night had spent a sad morning crouching on African earth and listening to the deadly Boer guns that, high above the plain, slaughtered their hapless comrades. The great Glen of Aherlow, too, which he had helped to chain for His Majesty's Ordnance Survey, was placed inconveniently far to the south, in the mystic land of Tipperary. But townlands like Corraheskin, Drumlish, Cornavara, Dooish, the Minnieburns, and Claramore, and small towns like Drumquin and Dromore, were all within a ten-mile radius of our town, and something of moment or something amusing had happened in every one of them.

The reiterated music of their names worked on him like a charm. They would, he said, draw fairy tunes out of the stone fiddle of Castle Caldwell, and, indeed, the night he decided to hire a hackney car—a rare and daring thing to do in those days—and bring the seven of us out to see, in one round trip, those most adjacent places of his memories and dreams was the night that he told us the story of the stone fiddle and the drowned fiddler, and recited for us the inscription carved on the fiddle in memory of the fiddler.

"In the year 1770 it happened," he said. "The landlord at the time was Sir James Caldwell, Baronet. He was also called the Count of Milan; why, I never found anybody to tell me. The fiddler's name was Denis McCabe, and by tradition the McCabes were always musicians and jesters to the Caldwells. There was festivity at the big house by Lough Erne shore, and gentry there from near and far, and out they went to drink and dance on a raft on the lake, and wasn't the poor fiddler so drunk he fiddled himself into the water and drowned."

"Couldn't somebody have pulled him out, Da?" I asked.

"They were all as drunk as he was. The tradition has it that he was still sawing away with the bow when he came up for the third time. The party cheered him until every island in Lough Erne echoed, and it was only when they sobered up that they realized they had lost the fiddler. So the Baronet and Count of Milan had a stone fiddle, taller than a man, made to stand at the estate gate, as a monument to Denis McCabe and as a warning forever to fiddlers either to stay sober or to stay on dry land. 'Ye fiddlers beware,' " my father recited, " 'ye fiddler's fate. Don't attempt the deep lest ye repent too late. Keep to the land when wind and storm blow, but scorn the deep if it with whiskey flow. On firm land only exercise your skill; there you may play and safely drink your fill.' "

Travelling by train from our town to the seaside, you went for miles along the green and glistening Erne shore, but the train didn't stop by the stone fiddle, nor yet at the Boa Island for the crossroads dances. (Always when my father told us about those dances, his right foot rhythmically tapped the polished-steel fireside fender, which had "Home, Sweet Home" lettered out on an oval central panel.) Only the magic motor could bring us to the fiddle or the crowded crossroads. "Next Sunday, then," he said, "as certain as the sun sets and rises, we'll hire Hookey and Peter and the machine, and head for Lough Erne."

"Will it hold us all?" my mother asked. "Seven of us, and Peter's big feet, and the length of Hookey's legs?"

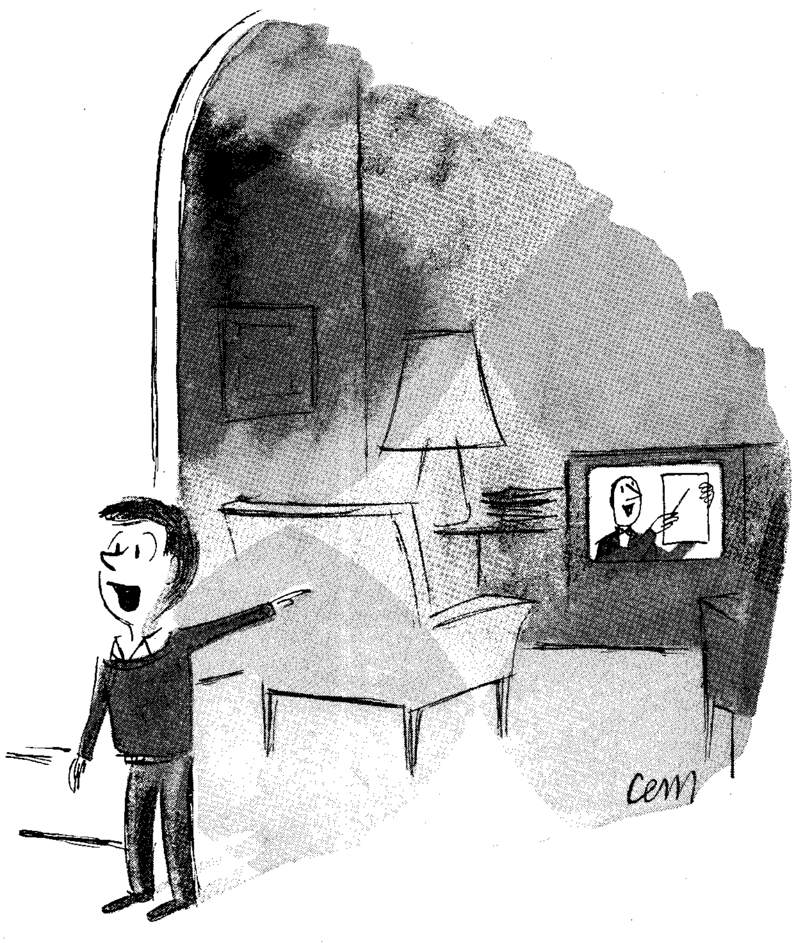
"That machine," he said, "would hold the Twelve Apostles, the Connaught Rangers, and the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. It's the size of a hearse."

"Which is just what it looks like," said the youngest of my three sisters, who had a name for the tartness of her tongue. She was a thin, dark girl.

"Regardless of appearance," he said, "it'll carry us to the stone fiddle, and on the way we'll circumnavigate the globe—Clanabogan and Cavanacaw, Pigeon Top Mountain, and Corraduine, where the barefooted priest said Mass at the rock in the penal days, and Corraheskin, where the Muldoons live . . ."

"Them," said the third sister.

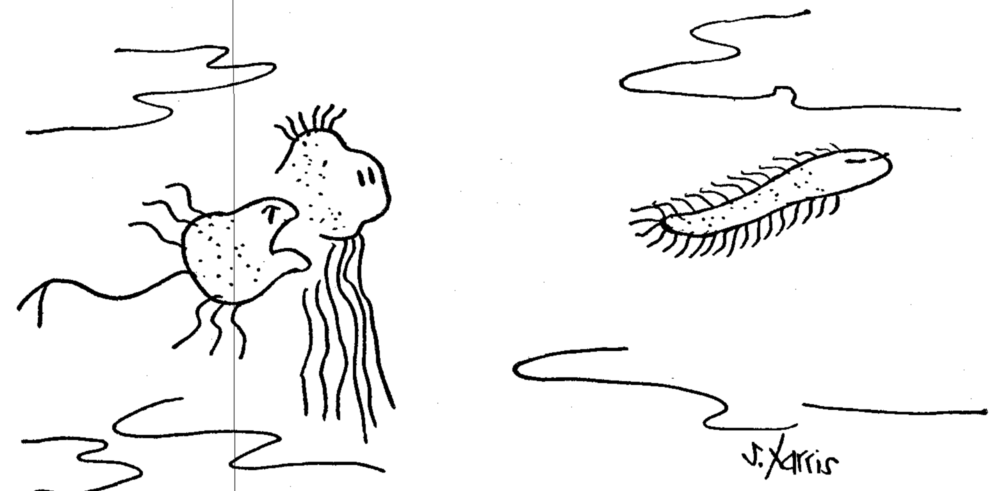
"And Cornavara," he said, "and Dooish, and Carrick Valley, and your Uncle Owen, and the two McCannys, the pipers, and Claramore, where there are so many Gormleys every family has to have its own nickname, and Drumquin, where I met your mother, and Dromore, where you"—he pointed to me—"were born and where the mail train was held up by the I.R.A. and where the three poor lads were murdered by the Specials when you were a year old, and the Minnieburns, where the seven streams meet to make the headwaters of the big river. Hookey and Peter and the ma-



"Mom, Dad, quick! The man is going to show a drop of perspiration magnified a thousand times!"

chine will take us to all those places."

"Like a magic carpet," said my mother—with just a little dusting of the iron filings of doubt in her voice.



"I can't stand his more-contagious-than-thou attitude."

THOSE were the days, and not so long ago, when cars were rare and every car—not just every make of car—had a personality of its own. In our town, with its population of five thousand, not counting the soldiers in the barracks, there were only three cars for hire, and one of them belonged to Hookey Baxter. He was a long hangle of a young fellow, two-thirds of him made up of legs, and night and day he was whistling. He was as forward-looking as Lindbergh, and he dressed like Lindbergh, for the air, in goggles, helmet, and leather jacket—an appropriate costume, possibly, considering Hookey's own height and the altitude of the driver's seat in his machine. The one real love of his young heart was the love of the born tinkerer for that hybrid car, the fruit of days spent, deep in grease, giving new life and shape to a wreck he had bought at a sale in Belfast. The original manufacturers, whoever they had been, would have been hard put to it to recognize their altered offspring.

"She's chuman," Peter Keown would say, patting the sensitive, quivering bonnet. (Peter meant "human." In years to come, his sole recorded comment on the antics of Adolf Hitler was that the man wasn't chuman.) "She's as nervous," he would say, "as a thoroughbred." Peter was Hookey's stoker, grease monkey, and errand boy, and the truth was he was somewhat in awe of the tall, rangy metal animal. Yet, wherever the car went, with the goggled pilot at the wheel, there the pilot's diminutive mate was also sure to go. What living Peter earned he earned by digging holes in the street, as a laboring man for the town council's official plumber, so that, except on Sundays and when he motored with Hookey, nobody in the town ever saw much of him but the top of his cloth cap or his upturned face when he'd look out from a hole in the ground to ask a passerby the time of day. Regularly, once a year, he spent a corrective month in Derry Jail, because his opportunities as a municipal employee and his weakness as a kleptomaniac meant that good boards, lengths of piping, coils of electric wire, monkey wrenches, spades, and other movable properties faded too frequently into thin air.

"A wonderful man, poor Peter," my father would say. "That cloth cap with the turned-up peak. And the thick-lensed spectacles—he's half blind—and the old tweed jacket too tight for him, and the old oxford bag trousers too big for him, and his waddle of a walk that makes him look like a duck about to apologize for laying a hen egg. How he survives is a miracle of God's grace. He can resist the appeal of nothing that's portable."

"He's a dream," the third sister said, "and the feet are the biggest part of him."

"The last time he went to Derry," my brother said, "all the old women from Brook Street were at the top of the Courthouse Hill to cheer him as he passed."

"And why not?" my mother said. "They're fond of him, and they say he's well liked in the jail. His heart's as big as his feet. Everything he steals he gives away."

"Robin Hood," said the third sister. "Robbing the town council to pay Brook Street."

"The council wouldn't sack him if he stole the town," my eldest sister said.

"At the ready!" my father roared. "Prepare to receive cavalry!"

In the street below the house, there was a puffing, grinding commotion.

"God bless us, look at Peter!" my father said. "Aloft with Hookey like a crown prince beside a king. Are we all ready? Have you got the sandwiches and the flasks of tea and the lemonade?"

A lovelier Sunday morning never shone. With the yellow canvas hood down and reclining in voluminous ballooning folds, and the high canary-yellow body glistening after its Saturday wash and polish, and the radiator gently steaming, Hookey and Peter had drawn the car up at the foot of the seven steps that led down from our door. There was something of the Citroën in the hood and the broad back seat that could hold five fair-sized people. But, to judge by the radiator, the absence of gears, and the high, fragile-spoked wheels, Citroën blood had been crossed with that of the Model T.

The stragglers coming home from early Mass, and the devout setting off early for late Mass, paused to witness our embarkation. Led by my father, and in single file, we descended the seven steps and ascended nearly as high again to take our places in the machine. There was Hookey at the wheel, then my brother and father, and Peter on the outside left, where he could leap in and out to perform the menial duties of assistant engineer, and, in the wide and windy acres of the back seat, my mother, myself, and my three sisters.

High above the town, the church bell rang. It was the bell to warn the worshippers still on their way that in ten minutes the vested priest would be on the altar, but it could have been a quayside bell ringing farewell to a ship nosing out across the water toward the rim of vision. Peter leaped to the ground and removed the two stones that, placed before the front wheels, acted as auxiliaries for the hand brake. Hookey released the brake. The car was gathering speed when Peter scrambled aboard, settled himself, and slammed the yellow door behind him. Sparing fuel, we glided down the slope, backfired twice loudly, ascended a hill, swung left along John Street, and cleared the town without incident. The sound of the bell died away behind us. My mother expressed the hope that the priest would remember us at the offertory. Peter assured her that we were all as safe as if we were at home in bed. God's good green Sunday countryside was softly all around us.

Squat to the earth and travelling at seventy, you see nothing from cars nowadays, but to go with Hookey was to be above all but the highest walls and hedges, to be among the morning birds.

"Twenty-seven em-pee-haitch," Hookey said.

"Four miles covered already," said Peter.

"The Gortin Mountains over there," my father said. "And the two mountains to the north are Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, so named by the Hamiltons of Baronscourt, the Duke of Abercorn's people, after a fancied resemblance to two hills in Stirlingshire, Scotland. The two hills in Stirlingshire are so called after two ladies of the Scottish court who fled the plague and built their hut in the wildwood and thatched it with rushes. They are mentioned by Thomas Carlyle, in his book on the French Revolution. The dark green on the hills by Gortin Gap is the new government forestry. And in Gortin village, Paddy Ford, the contractor, hasn't gone to Mass since, fifteen years ago, the parish priest gave another man the job of painting the inside of the sacristy."

"Five miles," said Peter. "They're spinning past."

"Running sweet as honey," Hookey said. He adjusted his goggles and whistled back to the Sunday birds.

"Jamie Magee's of the Flush," my father said. He pointed to a long white house on a hill slope and close to a water-falling stream. "Rich as Rockefeller, and too damned mean to marry."

"Six miles," said Peter.

Then, with a blast of backfiring, the wobbling yellow conveyance came to a coughing, miserable halt. The air was suddenly gray and poisoned with fumes.

The two older sisters, tall and long-haired and normally quiet girls, went off into the giggles.

"Isn't it providential," my mother said, "that the cowslips are a glory this year? We'll have something to do, Henry, while you're fixing it." Hookey had been christened Henry, and my mother would never descend to nicknames. She felt that to make use of a nickname was to remind a deformed person of his deformity.

BLUE FLAG

Blue as the blowpipe's petal of flame,
the flag, afloat at the crest of the wave
of its leaves, unfurls an ephemeral crown,
three-tiered, nine-rayed, and girdled with jade.

Sealed, to begin with, in tissue, and stuck
to the stem in a curve like a locust's wing,
it rides into light in this envelope lean
as a leaf, too thin to hold a thing,

it would seem, till it opens and shows a ship-
in-a-bottle surprise: slim as a moth
at birth stands an elegant spindle, sea purple
and patched with gold, that turns, no sloth

so slow, to a lily of chiselled gauze.
In curves as sharp as if carved with scalpels
from paper-thin slices of stone inked in,
pen-fine, with damson lines like the marble's

veins, it spreads its spurs. It shows
its colors in yellow carpets plumed
with plush for the feet of the bee as she feels
her way over azure bridges and perfumed

paths, through tunnels down to the well-hid
wells where the diamond drop of nectar
is. All this to bring, spring
after spring, the seed to the bud to the flower

to the bee, again, again, and again
with undiminished *esprit*, to bear,
once more, the same lambent form as before,
jewel-winged, a weld of blue fire and air.

—DOROTHY DONNELLY

• •

The fields and the roadside margins were bright yellow with blossom. "Gather ye cowslips while ye may," my father said. He handed the ladies down. Peter had already disembarked. Submitting to an impulse that had gnawed at me since we set sail, I dived forward, my head under Hookey's left elbow, and butted with both fists the black rubber punch-ball horn. Out over the fields went the dying groan of an old, pain-ridden ox.

"Mother of God!" my father said. "That's a noise and no mistake. Here, boy, go off and pick flowers." He lifted me down to the ground.

"Screw off the radiator cap, Peter," Hookey said.

"It's scalding hot, Hookey."

"Take these gauntlet gloves, man alive. And stand clear when you screw it off."

A geyser of steam and dirty hot water went heavenward as Peter and my brother, who was always curious about engines, leaped to safety.

"Wonderful, the age we live in," my father said to my brother. "They say that over in England they're queued up steaming by the roadsides, like Iceland or the Yellowstone Park."

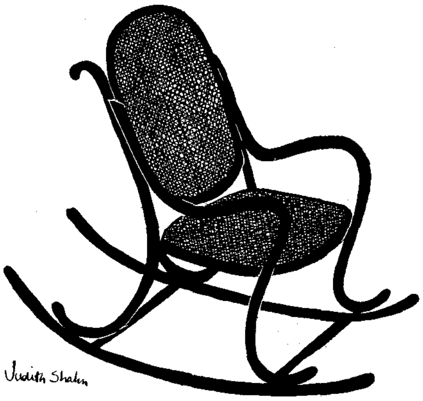
"Just a bit overheated," Hookey said. "We won't be a jiffy."

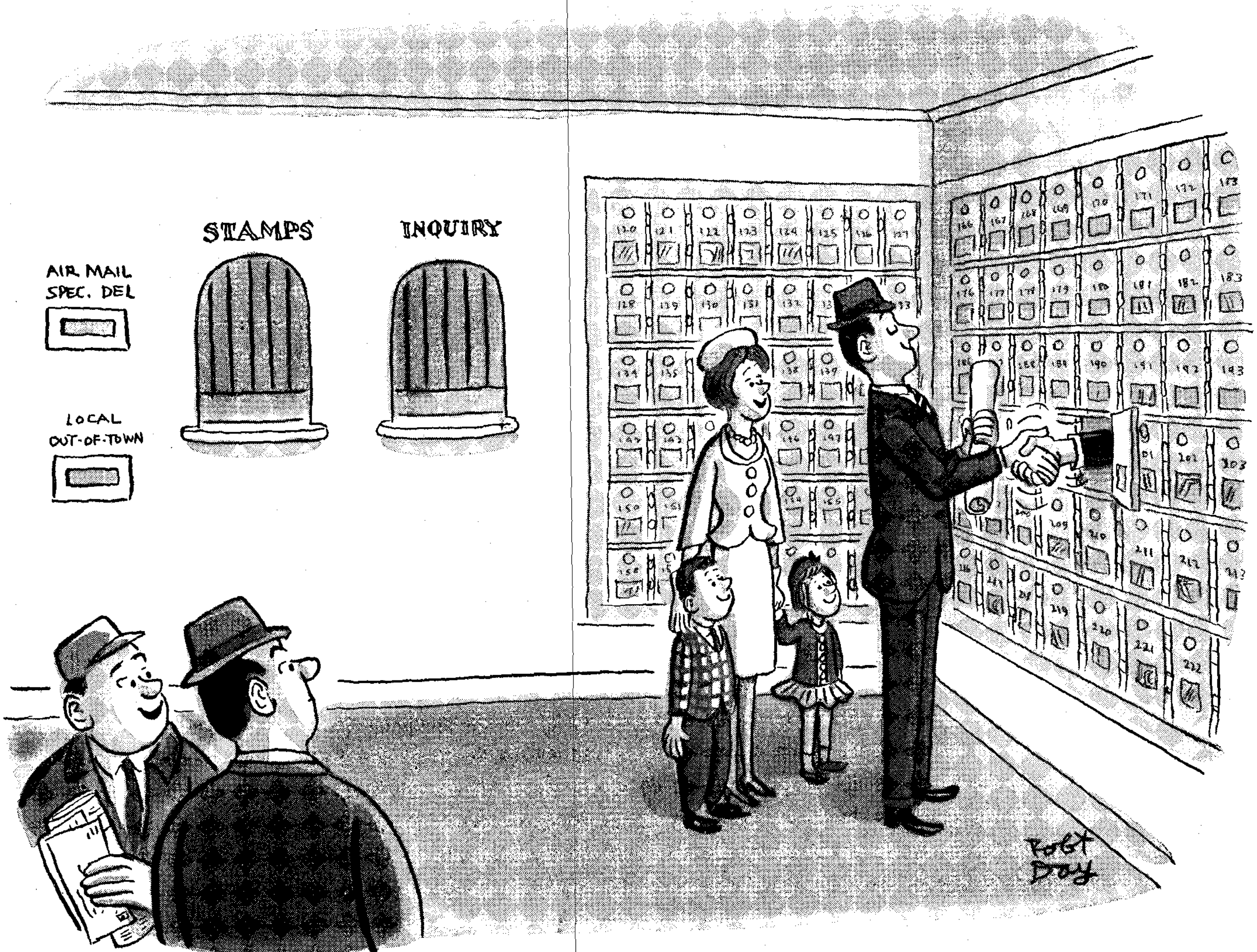
"Does it happen often?" my father asked.

Ignoring the question, descending, and opening the bonnet to peer and poke and tinker, Hookey said, "Do you know a funny thing about this car?"

"She's chuman," said Peter.

"You know the crossroads at Clana-





"Successfully completed a correspondence course is my guess."

• •

bogan churchyard gate," Hookey said, "the story about it?"

"It's haunted," my father said.

"Only at midnight," Peter said.

"Do you know," my father said—adopting, as was his right and nature, the role of raconteur—"that no horse ever passed there at midnight that didn't stop, shivering with fear? The fact is well attested. Something comes down that side road out of the heart of the wood."

Hookey closed over the bonnet, screwed back the radiator cap, and climbed again to the throne. He wiped his hands on a bunch of grass pulled for him and handed to him by Peter. Slowly he drew on his gauntlet gloves.

Bedecked with cowslips and dragging me along with them, the ladies rejoined the gentlemen.

"Well, would you credit this now?" Hookey said. "Peter and myself were coming from Dromore one wet night last week."

"Pouring rain from the heavens," Peter said. "And the top was leaking."

"A temporary defect," Hookey said. "I mended it. Jack up the back axle, Peter, and give her a swing. And would you credit it, exactly at twelve o'clock midnight she stopped dead at the gate of Clanabogan churchyard?"

With an irony that was lost on Hookey, my mother said, "I could well believe it."

"She's chuman," Peter said.

"One good push now and we're away," Hookey said. "Maybe," he said to my father and brother, "you'd lend Peter a hand."

Twenty yards ahead, he waited for the dusty pushers to climb aboard, the engine chug-chugging, little puffs of steam escaping from the right-hand side of the bonnet. My father was thoughtful. He could have been considering the responsibilities of the machine age.

"Contact!" Hookey said.

"Dawn patrol away!" said Peter. He mimicked what he supposed to be the noises of an airplane engine, and with every evidence of jubilation we were once again under way.

It was a day made for jubilation. The fields, all the colors of all the crops, danced toward us and away from us and around us. " 'The lambs on the green hills,' " my father sang, " 'were gazing at me, and many a strawberry grows by the salt sea, and many a ship sails the ocean;' " and the roadside trees bowed down and then gracefully swung their arms up and made music over our heads; and there were more birds and white cottages and fuchsia hedges in the world than you would readily imagine. " 'The bride and bride's party,' " my father sang, " 'to church they did go. The bride she goes foremost, she bears the best show—' "

"They're having sports today at Tatysallagh," Hookey said.

" 'But I followed after, my heart full of woe, for to see my love wed to another.' "

We swept by a crossroads, where people and horses and traps were congregated after last Mass. In a field beside the road, a few tall ashplants bore fluttering pennants in token of the sports to be.

" 'Proceed to Banteer,' " my father sang, " 'to the athletic sporting and hand in your name to the club committee.' That was a favorite song of Pat O'Leary, the Corkman," he said, "who was killed at Spion Kop."

Small country boys in big boots, knickerbockers, stiff celluloid collars that could be cleaned for Sunday by a rub of a wet cloth, and close-cropped heads with fringes like scalping locks above the foreheads, scattered before us to the hedges and grass margins, then closed again and pursued us, cheering, for a hundred yards. One of them, frantic with enthusiasm, sent sailing after us a half-grown turnip.

"In Tattysallagh," my father said, "they were always an uncivilized crowd of gulpins." (He had three terms of contempt: "gulpin," "yob," and, when things became very bad, "yahoo.")

"Cavanacaw," he said, as we drove along, "and that lovely trout stream the Creevan Burn. It joins the big river at Blacksessiagh. That there's the road up to Pigeon Top Mountain and the Mass rock at Corraduine, but we'll come back that way when we've circumnavigated Dooish and Cornavara."

We came to Clanabogan. "Clanabogan planting," my father said.

The tall trees came around us, and sunlight and shadow flickered, so that you could feel them across eyes and hands and face.

"Martin Murphy, the postman," he said, "who was in the Survey with me in the Glen of Aherlow, worked once at the building of Clanabogan church. And one day the vicar said to him, 'What height do you think the steeple should be?' 'The height of nonsense, like your sermons,' said Martin, and got the sack for his wit. In frosty weather, he used to seal the cracks in his boots with butter, and although he was an abrupt man, he seldom used an impolite word. There's the church and the churchyard and the haunted gate and crossroads," my father said.

We held our breath, but it was no day for ghosts, and, in glory, we sailed by.

"She didn't hesitate," Peter said.

"Wonderful," the third sister said.

It was more wonderful than she imagined, for the haunted gate and crossroads of Clanabogan was one of the few places that day that Hookey's motor machine did not honor with at least some brief delay.

"I'D love to drive," my brother said. "How did you learn to drive, Hookey?"

"I never did. I just sat in and drove. I learned the basic principles on the county-council steam roller in Watson's quarries. Forward and reverse."

"You have to have the natural knack," Peter explained.

"What's the cut potato for, Hookey?" my brother asked.

"For the rainy day. Rub it on the windscreen, and the water runs off the glass."

"It's oily, you see," Peter said.

"Where do you keep the petrol?" my father asked, sniffing.

"Reserve in the tins clipped on the right running board. Current supply in a tank under the front seat. Six gallons. You're sitting on it."

"Twenty miles to the gallon," Peter said. "We're good for more than a hundred miles."

"God Almighty!" my father said. "Provided it isn't a hundred miles straight up. 'Twould be sad to survive a war that was the end of better men and be blown up between Clanabogan and Cornavara. On a quiet Sunday morning."

"Never worry," Hookey said. "It's outside the bounds of possibility."

"You reassure me," my father said. "Twenty miles to the gallon in any direction. At least we'll all go up together. And turn right here for Cornavara," he said. "You'll soon see the hills and the high waterfalls."

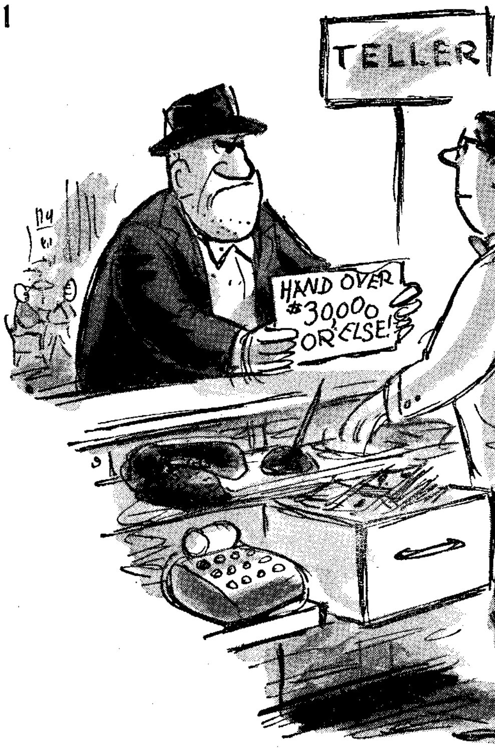
We left the tarred road. White dust rose around us like smoke. We advanced half a mile on the flat, attempted the first steep hill, and, gently, wearily, without angry fumes or backfiring protests, the tremulous car came to rest.

"We'll hold what we have," Hookey said. "Peter—pronto. Get the stones behind the back wheels."

"Do you buy the stones with the car?" the third sister asked.

"We'd be worse off without them," Hookey muttered.

Disguised as he was in helmet and goggles, it was impossible to tell exactly if he was wounded by her hint of mockery, but my mother must have considered that his voice betrayed pain, for she looked reprovingly at the third sister and at the other two, who were again impaled by giggles, and withdrew them out of sight down a boreen toward the sound of a small stream to—as she put it—freshen up.



"Without these stones," Peter said, panting, "we could be as badly off as John MacKenna, and look what happened to him."

"They're a necessary precaution," Hookey said. "Poor John would never use stones. He said the brakes on his car would hold a Zeppelin."

The bonnet was open again and the radiator cap unscrewed, but there was no steam and no geyser—only a cold, sad silence, and Hookey bending and peering and probing with a pincers.

"She's a bit exhausted," Peter said.

"Going at the hill with a full load overstrained her," Hookey said.

"We should walk the bad hills," Peter explained.

"Poor John MacKenna," Hookey said, "was making four fortunes driving crowds to the Passionist monastery at Enniskillen to see the monk that cures people. But he would never use stones, and the only parking place at the monastery is on a sharp slope. One evening, when they were all at devotions, doesn't she run backways and ruin all the flower beds in the place and knock down a statue of our Lord."

"One of the monks attacked him as a heathen that would knock the Lord down," Peter said.

"Ruined the trade for all," Hookey said. "Now the monks won't let a car within a mile of the place."

"Can't say as I blame them," my father said.

Suddenly, mysteriously, responding to Hookey's probing pincers, the machine was again chug-chugging. But, with or without cargo, she could not

2

3

TELLER
THANK YOU
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

or—being weary and chuman—would not assault even the first bastion of Cornavara.

"She won't take off," Hookey said. "That run to Belfast and back took the wind out of her."

"You never made Belfast in this," my father said.

"We did, Tommy," Peter said apologetically.

"Seventy miles there and seventy back," said my father incredulously.

"Bringing a greyhound bitch to running trials for Tommy Mullan, the postman," Hookey said.

"The man who fishes for pearls in the Drumragh River," Peter said.

They were talking hard to cover their humiliation.

"If she won't go at the hills," my father said, "go back to the main road and we'll go on and picnic at the seven streams at the Minnieburns. It's mostly on the flat."

So we reversed slowly the dusty half mile to the main road.

"One night in John Street," Peter said, "she started going backways and wouldn't go forwards."

"A simple defect," Hookey said. "I remedied it."

"She stopped when she knocked down the school-children-crossing sign at the bottom of Church Hill," Peter said. "Nipped it off an inch from the ground, as neat as you ever saw. We hid it up a laneway and it was gone in the morning."

My father looked doubtfully at Peter. "The wood of the post would always make firewood," he said.

Peter agreed. "You can trust nobody."

Hurriedly trying to cut in on Peter's eloquence, Hookey said, "In fact, the name of Tommy Mullan's bitch was Drumragh Pearl. Not that that did her any good at the trials."

"She came a bad last," the irrepressible Peter burst out. "And to make it worse, we lost her on the way back from Belfast."

"You what?" said my father.

"Lost her in the dark, where the road twists around Ballymacilroy Mountain."

"You lost the man's greyhound!" my mother said, awed. "You're a right pair of boys to send on an errand."

" 'Twas the way we stepped out of the car to take the air," Hookey said. By the husky note in his voice you could guess how he suffered at Peter's shameless confessions. "And Peter looked at the animal, Ma'am, and said maybe she'd like a turn in the air, too. So we took her out and tied her lead to the left front wheel. And while we were standing there, talking, didn't the biggest brute of a hare you ever saw sit out as cool as sixpence in the light of the car. Off like a shot, with the bitch after."

"If the lead hadn't snapped," Peter said, "she'd have taken the wheel off the car or the car off the road."

"We should have brought a greyhound along with us to pull," my father said.

"We whistled and called for hours, but all in vain," Peter said.

"The hare ate her," said the third sister.

"Left up the slope there," my father said, "is the belt of trees I planted in my spare time to act as a windbreaker for Drumlish schoolhouse. Paddy Hamish, the laboring man, gave me a hand. He died last year in Canada."

"You'd have pitied the children on a winter's day," my mother said, "standing in the playground at lunchtime taking the fresh air in a hilltop wind that would sift and clean corn. Eating soda bread and washing it down with buttermilk. On a rough day, the wind from Lough Erne would break the panes of the windows."

"As a matter of curiosity," my father asked, "what did Tommy Mullan say?"

"At two in the morning in Bridge Lane he was waiting for us," Peter said. "We weren't too happy about it. But when we told him she was last in the trials, he said the bloody bitch could stay in Ballymacilroy."

"Hasn't he always the pearls in the river," my mother said.

So we came to have tea and sandwiches and lemonade in a meadow by the crossroads in the exact center of the wide saucer of land where seven streams from the surrounding hills came down to meet. The grass was polished with sunshine. That plain seemed to me then as vast as the prairies, or Siberia. White cottages far away on the lower slopes of Dooish could have been in another country. The chief stream came for a long way through soft, deep meadowland. It was slow, quiet, unobtrusive, perturbed only by the movements of waterfowl or trout. Two streams met under the arch of a bridge, and you could go out under the bridge along a sandy promontory to paddle in clear water on a bottom as smooth as Bundoran strand. Three streams came together in a magic hazelwood, where the tiny green unripe nuts were already clustered on the branches. Then the seven, made into one, went away from us with a shout and a song toward Shaneragh, Blacksessiagh, Drumragh, and Crevenagh, under the humpy crooked King's Bridge, where James Stuart had passed on his way from Derry to the fatal, brackish Boyne, and on through the town we came from.

"All the things we could see," my father said, "if this spavined brute of a so-called automobile could only be persuaded to climb the high hills. The deep lakes of Claramore. The far view of Mount Errigal, the Cock of the North, by the Donegal Sea. If you were up on the top of Errigal, you could damn near see on a clear day the skyscrapers of New York."

"What matter," said my mother. "The peace of Heaven is here."

FOR that day, that was the last peace we were to experience. The energy the machine didn't have, or wouldn't use, to climb hills or to keep in motion for more than two miles at a stretch she expended in thunderous staccato bursts of backfiring. In slanting evening sunlight, the travelling commotion startled birds and sent horses and cattle racing around pastures. When we came again to the crossroads at Tattysallagh, the majority of the spectators—standing on the road to look over the hedge and thus save the admission fee—lost all interest in the sports, such as they were, and came around us; and, to oblige them, the right rear tire went flat.

"Peter," Hookey said, "jack it up and change it on."

We mingled unobtrusively with the gulpins.

"A neat, round hole," Peter said.

"Paste a patch on it."

The patch was deftly pasted on.

"Take the foot pump and blow her up," Hookey said.

There was a long silence while Peter, lines of worry on his little puckered face, inspected the tube. Finally, he said, "I can't find the valve."

"Show it to me," Hookey said. He ungoggled himself, descended, and surveyed the ailing member. "Peter," he said, "you're a prize. The valve's gone and you put a patch on the hole it left behind it."

The crowd around us was increasing, and highly appreciative.

"Borrow a bicycle, Peter," Hookey said, "and cycle to the town and ask John MacKenna for the loan of a tube."

"To pass the time," my mother said, "we'll look at the sports."

So we left Hookey to mind his car, and, being practically gentry as compared with the rustic throng around us, we walked to the gateway that led into the sports field, where my mother civilly inquired the price of admission of two men who stood behind a wooden table.

"Five shillings a skull, Missus, barring the cub," the younger of the two said. "And half a crown for the cub."

"It seems expensive," my mother said.

"I'd see them all in Hell first, let alone Tattysallagh," my father said. "One pound, twelve shillings, and sixpence to look at six sally rods stuck in a field and four yahoos running round in rings in their sock soles."

We took our places on the roadside with the few who were still looking over the hedge. Four lean youths and one stout one in Sunday shirts and long trousers, with the ends tucked into their socks, were pushing high-framed bicycles round and round the field. We saw two bicycle races and a tug of war.

"Yobs, and the sons of yobs," my father said. He led us back to the car.

Peter, soaked in perspiration, had the new tube on and the wheel ready.

"Leave the jack in and swing her," Hookey said. "She's cold by now."

There was a series of explosions, and the watching crowd drew back in alarm. Peter screwed out the jack. We scrambled aboard. Exploding, we departed, and when we were a safe distance away the watchers raised a dubious cheer.

"In God's name, Henry," my father said, "get close to the town before you blow us all up. I wouldn't want our neighbors to have to travel as far as Tattysallagh to pick up the bits—the yobs and yahoos here don't know us well enough to be able to piece us together. A pity we didn't make it as far as the stone fiddle," he said. "We might have heard good music. It's a curious thing, but in the townlands around that place the people have always been famed for music and singing. The Tunneys of Castle Caldwell, now, are noted. It could be that the magic of the stone fiddle has something to do with it. Someday," he said, "we'll head for Donegal. When the cars, Henry, are a bit improved."

He told us about the long windings of Mulroy Bay. He explained exactly how and why and in what year the fourth Earl of Leitrim had been assassinated in Cratloe Wood. He spoke as rapidly and distinctly as he could in the lulls of the backfiring.

Then our town was below us in the hollow, and the Gortin Mountains, deep purple with evening, away behind it.

"Here we'll part company, Henry boy," my father said. "'Tisn't that I doubt the ability of Peter and yourself to navigate the iron horse down the hill. But I won't have the town blaming me and my family for having hand, act, or part in the waking of the dead in Drumragh graveyard."

Sedately, we walked down the slope into the town, and talked with the neighbors we met, and asked them had they heard Hookey and Peter passing, and told them of the sports and of the heavenly day it had been out at the seven streams.

MY father died in a seaside town in the County Donegal—forty miles from the town I was reared in. The road his funeral followed, back to the homeplaces, led along the Erne shore, by the stone fiddle and the glistening water, across the Boa Island, where there are no longer crossroads dances—every roadside house has a television aerial. It led by the meadowland saucer of the Minnieburns, where the river still springs from seven magic sources. That brooding place is much as it was, but no longer did it seem to me to be as vast as Siberia. To the left was the low sullen outline of Cornavara and Pigeon Top, the hurdle that our Bucephalus refused to take. To the right was Drumlish. The old schoolhouse was gone, and in its place a white building ten times as large, with drying rooms for wet coats, fine warm lunches for children, and even a gymnasium. But the belt of trees that he and Paddy Hamish planted to break the wind and shelter the children, when they stood in the yard and ate their lunches of soda bread washed down with buttermilk, is still there.

Somebody tells me, too, that the engine of Hookey Baxter's car is still with us, turning a circular saw for a farmer in the vicinity of Clanabogan.

As the Irish proverb says, It's a little thing doesn't last longer than a man.

—BENEDICT KIELY

•

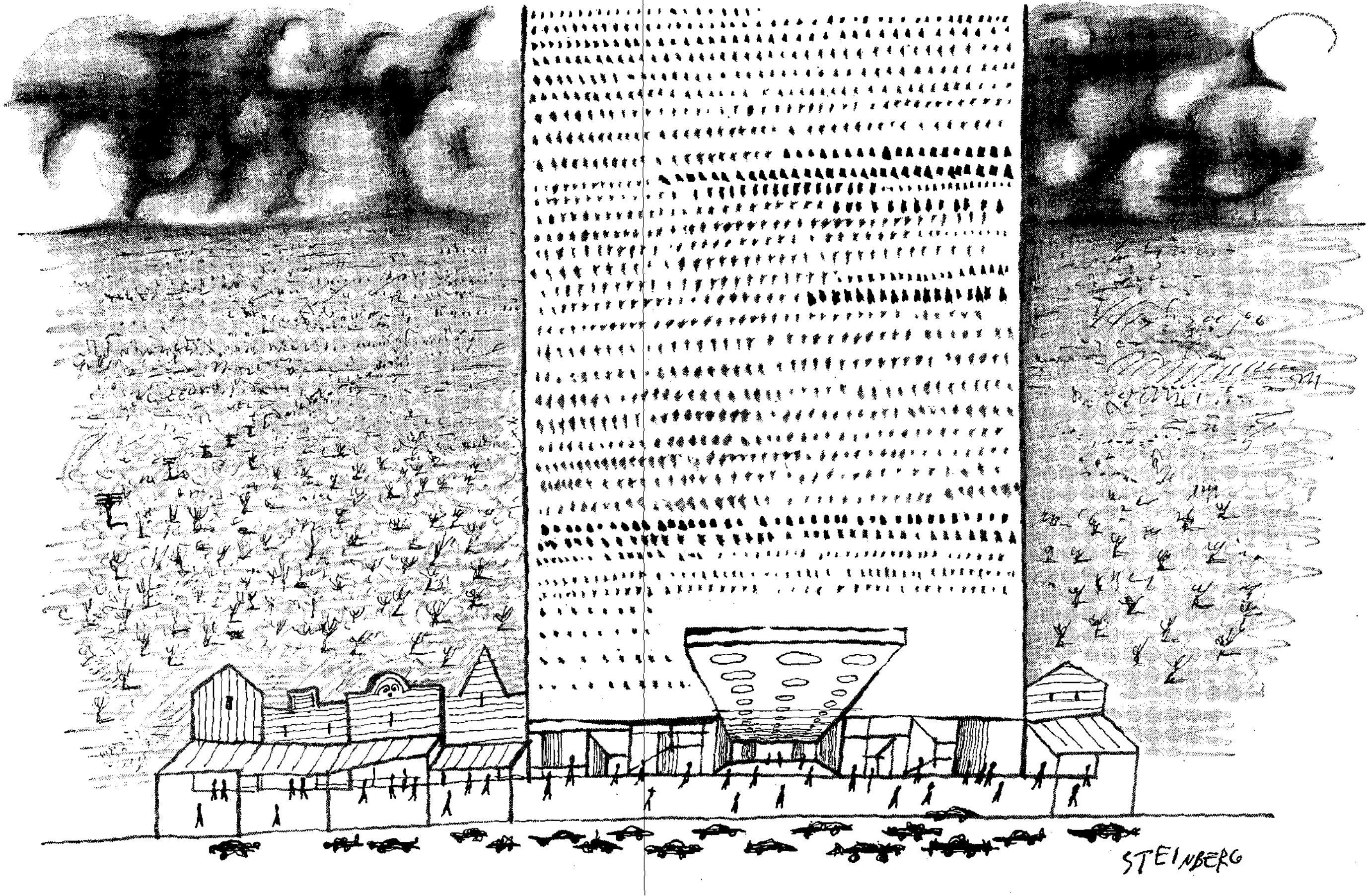
WANTED BY PRIVATE PARTY—Complete set Book of Knowledge, in good cond.; recent edition; also doghouse in good cond. TA 9-7478.—*Adv. in the Washington (D.C.) Star.*

And a tiny reading light?

❀ P R O F I L E S ❀

THE SUPER-AMERICAN STATE

VI—FUN



POOR people take comfort in the thought that, unlike themselves, rich people do not know how to have a good time. "We may not have much money," those without it tell one another in quiet desperation, "but we sure have a lot of fun." The view that fun and money are mutually exclusive has also been sedulously documented by the non-poor. In his masterwork, de Tocqueville, who never had to worry about the rent, flatly declared that in democratic countries like America "the rich do not know how to spend their leisure." The millionaire George Bernard Shaw had one of his characters in "The Millionairess" ask, "Why is it that people who know how to enjoy themselves never have any money, and the people who have money never know how to enjoy themselves?" More recently, Sloan Wilson, the author of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," whose income is now comfortably beyond that of the average man in that uniform, consoled the poor with this contribution to their folklore: "No matter what praises are sung of leisure, those who have the most of it in the United States seem to be the most miserable." If Texas millionaires, who probably have more leisure than any other group in the United States, are miserable, they are devilishly artful at concealing it. Indeed, to observe them not only confutes the opiatic notion that people with money do not know how to enjoy themselves but raises the question of whether they know how not to. Texas millionaires work even harder at having fun than most Americans, who, of course, are famous for wearing themselves out having fun. They can hardly do otherwise, for they are obliged to run faster and faster just trying to stay abreast of their ever-increasing leisure, or "discretionary time," as the sociologists call the hours left over from eating, sleeping, and earning a living. It is the cross we have to bear as the most leisured civilization yet. The average wage earner in this country, according to a recent study, has at his disposal, aside from time to sleep, the awesome equivalent of two hundred and thirty full sixteen-hour days off a year. Texas millionaires are in a more ticklish situation, since they could, if they cared to, dispense with all activity involved in making a living, and wind up with every day off. To avoid this fate, most keep some kind of office hours, ranging from those of Kay Kimbell, who says "I'm passionately devoted to work" and proves it by arriving at his office at seven-thirty in the morning and not leaving it until twelve hours later, to those of E. E. (Buddy) Fogelson, who is interested in the higher things in life and manages to polish off his office chores in about three hours, beginning at five in the afternoon. Even taking into consideration occasional hard days at the office, most Texas millionaires have an extraordinary amount of discretionary time on their hands, and it is a tribute to their energy and ingenuity that they have learned how to use it by steadily expanding ways in which to pleasure themselves. At home and abroad—at Maxim's in Houston or Maxim's in Paris, at the Four Seasons in New York or the Seven Small Houses in Copenhagen, in the Cotton Bowl in Dallas or the Colosseum in Rome, at the Fat Stock Show in Fort Worth or the running of the bulls in Pamplona, at the Fiesta in San Antonio or the Mardi Gras in Milan, on the beach at Corpus Christi or the sand of the Riviera, shooting ducks in the Gulf, elephants in Africa, tigers in India—wherever the most amusing action is, there are Texas millionaires, following the fun.

The gaiety begins at home, where discretionary-time activities, apart from civic undertakings, parties, and the like, are as various as the millionaires who pursue them. Robert Windfohr cultivates orchids; Karl Hoblitzelle collects antique silver and theatrical memorabilia; Clint Murchison studies migratory birds and can talk as knowledgeably about roseate spoonbills as about monthly allowables; R. E. (Bob) Smith takes an interest in planning and financing expeditions to recover cargo from ancient ships sunk off the Yucatan Peninsula. Thomas W. Blake, Jr., an oilman by profession, is an architect by preference. Pursuing his hobby, he bought a thirty-six-room stone cottage in Newport from his wife (she had acquired it before their marriage) for sixty thousand dollars, and spent some thirty thousand more remodelling it into three separate apartments, which he leases for the summer at rents ranging from fifteen hundred dollars to five thousand. Like a great many other Texas millionaires, Blake enjoys his hobby more when it shows a profit; the Newport project, which he undertook four years ago, is now returning about ten per cent on the investment. Backing Broadway shows is currently becoming a chic hobby of Texas millionaires, and though the profit motive also plays a part in these ventures, other considerations, such as the chance to share the glamour of it all, have proved better bait for Texas angels. Among them have been Stanley Marcus and a couple of dozen other Dallas residents, who each put a few thousand into Leonard Bernstein's musical interpretation of "Candide," which closed after a few performances, and Michel Halbouty and several other Houston millionaires, who invested some three hundred and fifty thousand in the doomed musical "Happy Town." "One good thing about this business is that it doesn't take long to know whether you've hit a dry hole," Halbouty remarked to a companion during intermission on opening night. He knew what he'd hit about three hours later. Many other rich Texans have taken up the angel pastime, but none has shown such durability as Harris Masterson, a Houston millionaire who does well in oil, cattle, and art treasures but so far has been unable to cut the mustard in the theatre. Since making his début with his wife, Carroll, as a Broadway producer in 1959, Masterson has been the principal backer of four costly failures, ranging from the serious dramatic work "God and Kate Murphy" to the beatnik musical "Beg, Borrow or Steal." They had an average run of seventeen performances. His fellow-angel Edgar W. Brown, Jr., of Orange, Texas, has had smoother sailing with his substantial investment in the hit musical "Bye Bye Birdie." Brown followed the form expected of Texas angels by flying a couple of dozen friends up from Texas to attend opening night.

"Indeed, I do understand. An insurance broker has fallow periods, too."

In common with angeling,

Carry your beauty—beautifully!

"Spun Gold"

Light and lovely—a joy to carry, this bright new compact filled with Superglow Solid Satin, the beautifying Monteil powder made with "Lumium" to shed new light on your loveliness.

Germaine Monteil

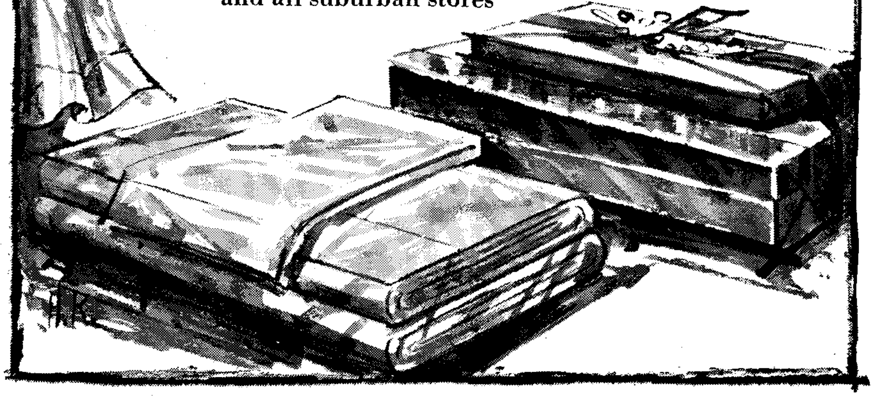
B Altman & Co

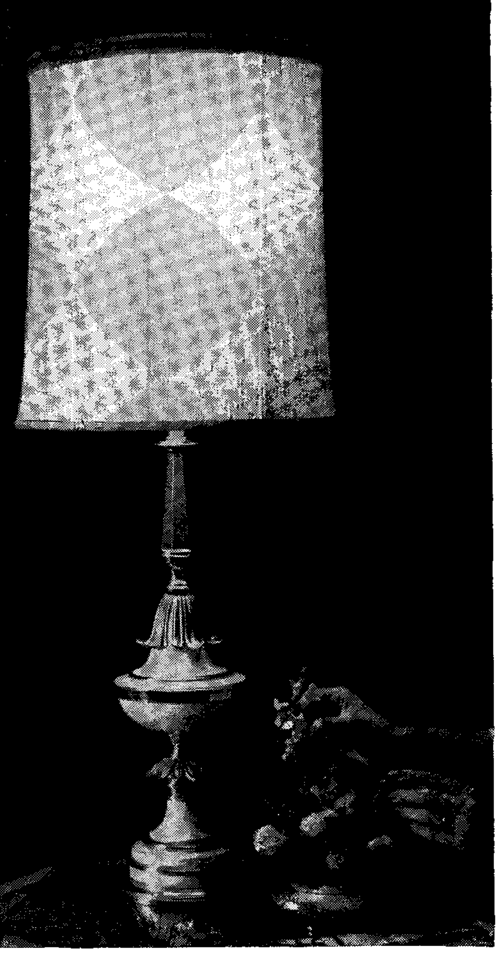
Royal Satin, magnificent gift

Incomparable sheets of gossamer cotton, pink, blue, green, yellow, black, apricot, lilac or white . . . beautifully gift-packed.

Two twin size sheets, two pillowcases,
Set, in white 15.10 in colors 18.90
Two full size sheets, two pillowcases,
Set, in white 19.10 in colors 22.90

Altman sheets, fourth floor
and all suburban stores





STIFFEL
The Royalty of Lamps

STATELY metal Sheraton urn-on-pedestal with foliated clusters and surmounted by hexagonal spear—all in antique ivory-white enamel with soft dusty old gold embellishment. 41" to top of shade. $60.00.* For descriptive literature address The Stiffel Company, Chicago 10, Illinois.

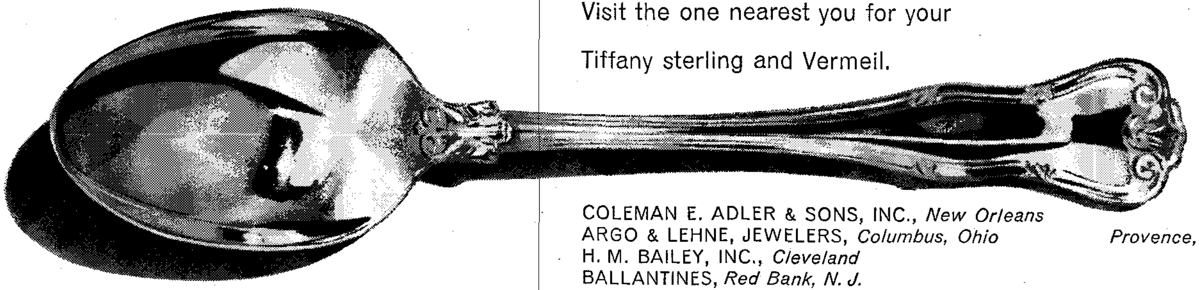
*Slightly higher West and South

the more popular pastimes of Texas millionaires also involve a large element of luck. Of these diversions, none exert more fascination than bridge, poker, and gin rummy. The latter, for many Super-Americans of both sexes, amounts almost to a way of life. Devotees keep on the alert for every chance to pick up an impromptu game. For example, B. G. Byars and Roy Woods took their wives one afternoon to call on a friend; while the women talked, the men slipped into the library for a quick game, and when it was time to leave, about twenty minutes later, Byars had won six hundred dollars. Poker is also played for sums large enough to hold the players' interest. Those who sit in on the games that John Mecom and John Blaffer often organize in Houston feel that they have had an average evening if they win or lose in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars, and a good one if they go home with fifty thousand; when, as happens not infrequently, their winnings amount to twice that much, they know they have been living right. It is no doubt proper that H. L. Hunt, the biggest oilman in Texas—who, according to legend, started his career in a gambling house in El Dorado, Arkansas, and won his first oil well in a poker game—should also have the reputation of being the biggest gambler. Hunt modestly denies the distinction. "If you play a little gin, bridge, or bingo you are about as much a gambler as I am," he said a couple of years ago. With an income estimated at two hundred thousand dollars a day, Hunt can get but rather pale satisfaction from playing cards for conventional stakes; he prefers instead to bet on the horses (the story is that he employs a graduate of M.I.T. as a statistician to figure the odds) and on other sporting events. In the opening game of the 1956 World Series, according to a Dallas friend, Hunt favored the Yankees over the Dodgers—a mistake that cost him three hundred thousand dollars, or a day and a half's income. He customarily has better luck, especially at the race tracks, to most of which he has direct wires from his office. A friend visiting there a while ago suggested that Hunt's gambling pursuits added up to a rather costly pastime. "Well, no," Hunt replied. "I made a million and something out of it last year." Another Texas millionaire who has long been fascinated by the ways of chance is Ralph Lowe. "He'll bet on anything," a friend has remarked. "He'll bet you fifty thousand dollars on whether it's going to rain within the next hour. One way or another, it

Tiffany has manufactured quality sterling for over 100 years. Shown are three of our thirty three current silver patterns.

Tiffany sterling—from tea sets to baby spoons—is available at the fine stores listed below.

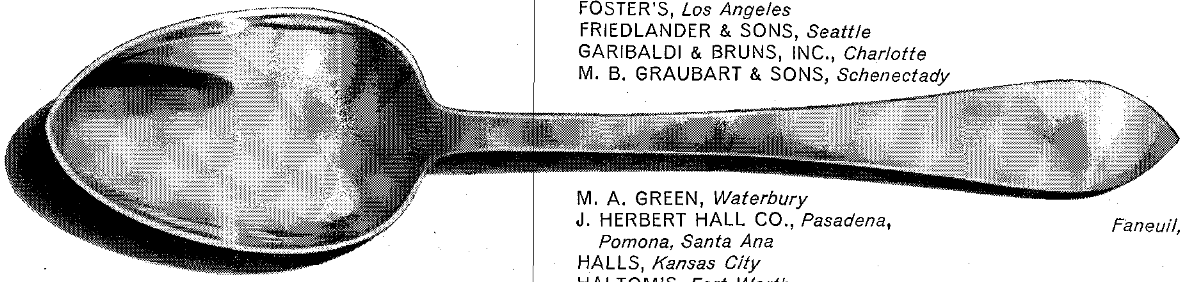
Visit the one nearest you for your Tiffany sterling and Vermeil.



Provence, 60.50

COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, INC., *New Orleans*
ARGO & LEHNE, JEWELERS, *Columbus, Ohio*
H. M. BAILEY, INC., *Cleveland*
BALLANTINES, *Red Bank, N. J.*
BIGELOW, KENNARD CO., INC., *Boston*
BONWIT TELLER, *Chicago, Cleveland*
J. E. CALDWELL & CO., *Philadelphia, Haverford, Wilmington*
CARLTON HOUSE, *Houston*
CARROLL'S JEWELERS, *Coral Gables, Miami*
CORRIGAN, INC. JEWELERS, *Houston*
DESJARDINS & CO., *Manchester, N. H.*
WM. H. DILLER, *West Reading, Pa.*
A. H. FETTING, *Baltimore*
FOSTER'S, *Los Angeles*
FRIEDLANDER & SONS, *Seattle*
GARIBALDI & BRUNS, INC., *Charlotte*
M. B. GRAUBART & SONS, *Schenectady*

Tiffany Sterling



Faneuil, 41.75

M. A. GREEN, *Waterbury*
J. HERBERT HALL CO., *Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Ana*
HALLS, *Kansas City*
HALTOM'S, *Fort Worth*
THE HARDY & HAYES CO., *Pittsburgh*
HENKE'S JEWELERS, INC., *Montclair, N. J.*
HIGHTOWER ASSOCIATES, *Oklahoma City*
B. D. HOWES AND SON, *Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara*
KELLER & GEORGE, *Charlottesville*
KRUCKEMEYER & COHN, *Evansville, Ind.*
M. J. LA VIANO, *Westwood, N. J.*

Shell and Thread, 59.50

LEBAR JEWELERS, *Sarasota*
LINZ, *Dallas*
MARTIN'S, INC., *Washington, D. C.*
MERMOD-JACCARD-KING, *St. Louis, Clayton, Crestwood*
MICHAELS JEWELERS, *New Haven, New Britain*
C. D. PEACOCK, INC., *Chicago, Hubbard Woods, La Grange, Skokie*
PORTOBELLO-TATMAN, *Evanston*
RICH'S, *Atlanta*
ROMM & CO., *Brockton, Quincy, Fall River*
E. J. SCHEER, INC., *Rochester*
SCHWANKE-KASTEN CO., *Milwaukee*
SCHWARZSCHILD BROTHERS, INC., *Richmond*
SHREVE & CO., *San Francisco*
SMITHWICK JEWELERS, *Greenville, S. C.*
THE B. H. STIEF JEWELRY CO., *Nashville*
TIFFANY & CO., *New York City*
TILDEN-THURBER, *Providence, Newport, Watch Hill*
CHARLES W. WARREN & CO., *Detroit*
GEORGE WATTS & SON, INC., *Milwaukee*
W. D. WEBB, *Greenwich, Stamford*
CHARLES WILLIS, *Atlanta, Sea Island*
ZELL BROTHERS, *Portland, Oregon*

Prices for six piece place settings, including federal tax.

Suddenly . . .

It's a Precious Spring

Our distinctive ensemble of spring leaves . . . A subtle display of precious gems, charmingly accented with an elegant setting of twisted 18 kt. gold cords.

Clip; leaves of graduated sapphires and diamonds . . . . $1,500.
Matching earclips . . . . $1,200.
Other gem combinations available.

© Actual size. Prices include Fed. tax.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World-Famous French Jewelers
744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Palm Beach · Paris · London · Monte Carlo · Cannes · Deauville · Caracas · Geneva

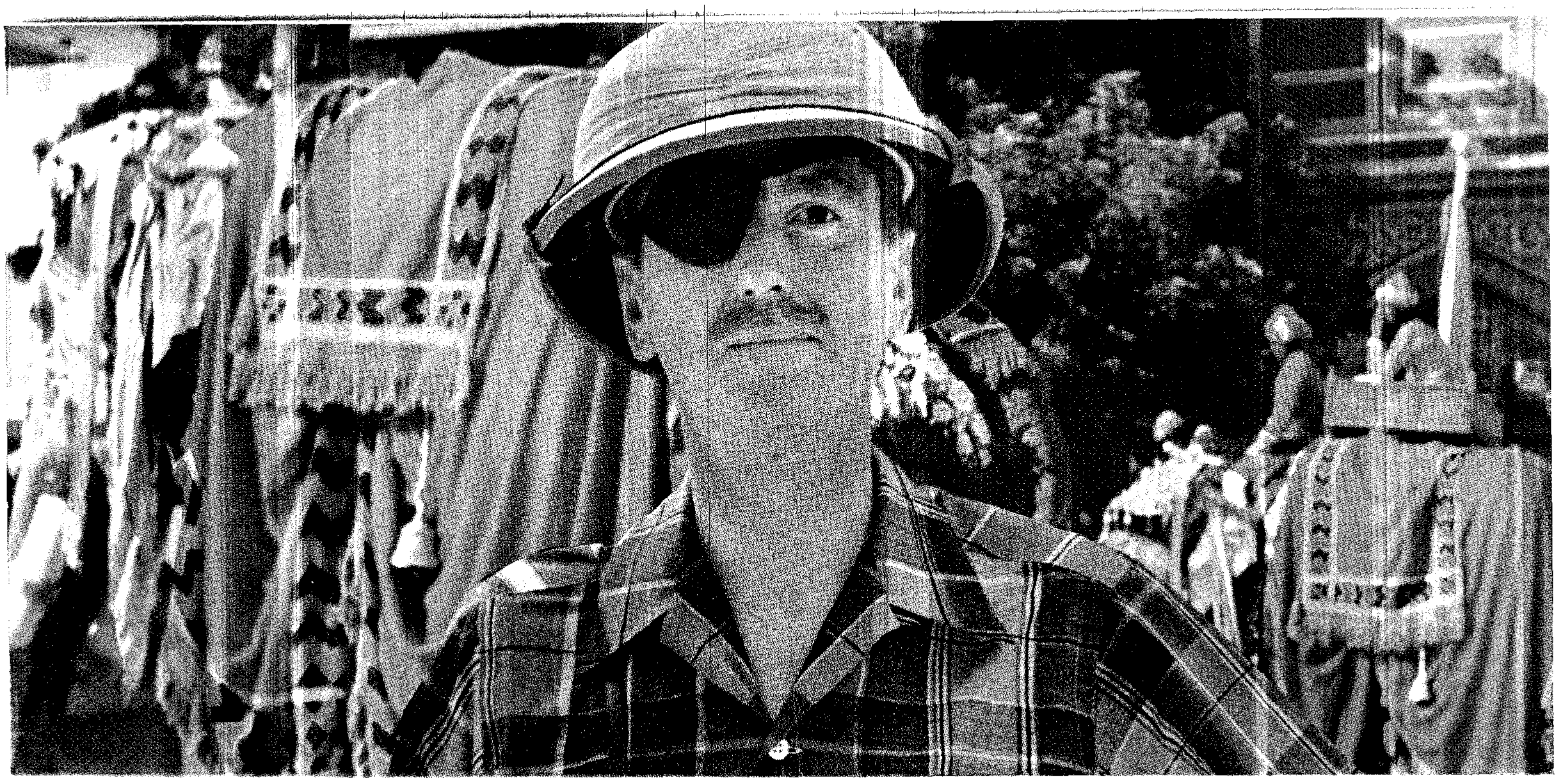
Summer sheath of
Sichel imported linen
accented with
re-embroidered lace—
shaped to flatter—
by Townfield.
White, aqua, beige
or black
8-20 sizes 25.00
Printed
silk scarf 2.00

Doop's
East Orange, N.J.

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio

seems as if his wins and losses average out." Not always, as Lowe acknowledged a few years ago when he was subpoenaed to testify at the trial of a St. Louis bookmaker. "In 1949," Lowe genially told the court, "I placed $248,593 in bets, mostly on horses and ball games, and I got back $107,755. I sort of quieted down after figuring my losses at the end of the year." After figuring his gains from two extraordinary oil strikes in the early fifties, Lowe, livening up, decided to go into big-time racing and spent more than a million dollars buying horses, including (for two hundred and twenty thousand dollars) nine yearlings from the Aly Khan stables. Among them was the colt Gallant Man, whom Lowe entered in the 1957 Kentucky Derby, with Willie Shoemaker up. Gallant Man was neck and neck with Iron Liege going into the stretch; then, about seventy yards from the finish line, Shoemaker, to the consternation of Lowe and a hundred thousand other spectators, stood up in his stirrups and brought Gallant Man off stride. He had mistaken the sixteenth pole for the finish line, and Iron Liege won by a scant nose in the tightest Derby finish in twenty-four years. Though robbed of the top Derby money, Gallant Man went on to increase his earnings to slightly more than half a million dollars by September, 1958, when Lowe sold a three-quarter interest in him to a syndicate headed by Leslie Combs II for an even million. Shortly afterward, the colt developed a foot injury and was retired to the stud at Combs' Spendthrift Farm. "That's the way it is with Lowe," an acquaintance said. "He keeps getting these tough breaks that make people cry every step he takes on the way to the bank."

Because thoroughbred racing is still dominated by Easterners, owning a stable, though an acceptable leisure-time activity among Texas millionaires, retains a slight foreign taint. Owning a ranch, on the other hand, is above suspicion, if not, indeed, a patriotic duty. "The first thing an oilman does after amassing a few million," J. Frank Dobie has remarked, "is buy a ranch where he can get away from oil—and on which he can spend some of his oil money." The casual way in which a Texas millionaire may acquire a ranch is illustrated by the experience of Daniel W. Varel, president of a drilling-equipment manufacturing firm, who for a while owned a spread of fourteen thousand acres. "I don't know why I bought it," Varel said not long ago. "A guy came in one day and said he was going to lose it, couldn't keep up the



"Hathaway's India Madras shirts always fade—evidence that they are the genuine stuff," says Baron Wrangell as he strolls in the noonday sun.

How three trunks of India Madras started Yale University

Heaven knows what Yale's name might have been if Elihu Yale hadn't shipped India Madras to New England in 1718. Hathaway now imports the same hand-woven, hand-dyed fabrics—and offers you genuine India Madras shirts for $10.

WHEN ELIHU YALE was governor of the province of Madras in southern India, he was struck by the unusual cotton fabrics that the Indian cottagers made. He collected a wealth of them.

Later he sent three large trunks of his most valuable Madras cottons to friends in New England—*"to be sold or otherwise improved for the Benefitt of the Collegiate School in New Haven."* The handsome stuff brought enough money to finish the buildings for the new college, which grateful trustees promptly named after Eli Yale.

If you were to visit Madras today, you would see Indian cottagers making their marvelous fabrics exactly as they did in Governor Yale's time.

These are the fabrics that Hathaway imports for genuine India Madras shirts.

"Guaranteed to fade" says Hathaway

Madras is hand-spun and hand-woven. It is also hand-dyed with natural dyestuffs that are never completely colorfast.

Hathaway guarantees that your shirt will fade in the wash and in the sun, and gradually take on the look of mellowed maturity that is one famous hallmark of genuine India Madras. Another hallmark: the patterns seldom if ever repeat. This is because the weavers have only enough room in their cottages to make one short piece of fabric at a time, and they always like to change the pattern before they start a new one. So you will probably never see another Madras shirt that looks exactly like yours.

Hathaway revives the brave and brilliant colors of old India

Unfathomably, some shirtmakers are persuading the Indians to tone down their Madras this year.

"Down with Milquetoasts!" says Hathaway. "Male plumage should be brave and brilliant—just as it has been since the beginning of time."

We've given our weavers the go-ahead to revive the uninhibited shades their ancestors used. Turkey red from the roots of madder plants. Indigo blue from the indigo plant itself. A lively yellow from turmeric, the gingery spice used in making curry powder.

These vivid primary colors are blended into a thousand and one different shades. And the astonishing thing is that they never clash. Your shirt may be bold—but it will never look garish.

$10 for solid colors and patterns

Madras traditionally comes in plaids and stripes. You can now also get genuine Madras solid-color shirts. And Madras prints that date back to the 18th century.

Now for some details of the tailoring. Hathaway uses single-needle stitching—with stitches so small that there are 22 to the inch. This makes the seams strong, flat, and almost invisible.

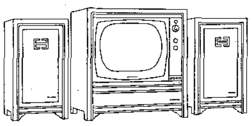
You also get cuffed short sleeves, which look more finished than the kind that just comes to an end. And Hathaway gives you plenty of room through the shoulders and chest and under the arms. Our India Madras shirts cost about $10.

Send for handy dictionary

If you found this advertisement interesting, you will enjoy *Hathaway's Handy Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings*—a 16-page guide to comfort, collars, and curiosa.

We will also tell you which stores in your vicinity sell Hathaway shirts. Write to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Call OXford 7-5566 in New York.

New All-Inclusive "Color Stereo Theatre": stereophonic high fidelity, color TV, FM/AM radio, Imperial automatic record player. In selected fine woods, $1100.—TV only, $699.50.



Enjoy more of the world's finest entertainment in magnificent Magnavox color

No other experience in viewing and listening equals the lasting pleasure that comes from Magnavox entertainment. Magnavox pictures are the biggest, clearest in all TV . . . magnificent in their realism. Magnavox Stereophonic high fidelity is breathtaking in its tonal purity and spectacular dimensional realism! Music becomes magic everywhere in the room, you can literally "see" and locate each instrument in the orchestra. The world's finest automatic record player, the new Magnavox Imperial, eliminates discernible record wear—*your records last a lifetime* of normal use. Shown is the newest Magnavox achievement, the magnificent "Color Stereo Theatre" with perfected color TV. It may also be separated to suit any arrangement. You can buy the TV or Stereo now—add the other later. See your Magnavox dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages. Learn why Magnavox is the finest—and your best buy on *any* basis. Other Stereo Theatres from $339.90.

the magnificent
Magnavox
WORLD LEADER IN STEREOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY AND QUALITY TELEVISION

The Magnavox Company, precision electronic equipment for industry and defense, Fort Wayne, Indiana

payments, so I took it over. As a matter of fact, I never once saw the place in all the time I owned it." In most cases, oilmen go into ranching with somewhat more forethought, if no more experience. "I don't know a thing about it, but we'll make it go," R. E. (Bob) Smith said when he took the customary step a few years back, and he has. So has John Mecom, the most successful of the younger independent oilmen, who has three ranches—in Louisiana, Colorado, and Texas. While it is perhaps not necessary to go that far, it is de rigueur to own at least one, because ranching, the occupation associated with the older families and fortunes, confers status. That consideration is quite incidental to the operation of many of the larger ranches—such as the fifty-one-thousand-acre Lambshead Ranch, the one-and-a-quarter-million-acre King Ranch, and those owned by the Waggoners, the Scharbauers, the Cowdens, the Burnetts, the Armstrongs, and other descendants of old families—which have always been run to confer profits. For the majority of Texas millionaires, however, a ranch is in the nature of a hobby, worthwhile because it enhances social position and also because it provides wonderful relief from tax oppression. "A man with a large outside income," Charles Pettit, who is one of that group, has pointed out, "can make many ranch improvements at literally no cost to himself, because the government allows a charge-off on income tax for ranch development." Pettit, who set out to be a schoolteacher but switched, after oil had been discovered on his property, to a more remunerative line of work, has devoted his time almost exclusively in recent years to transforming some seventeen thousand acres, called Flat Top Ranch, from a virtual wasteland into a show place and a model of scientific ranching. "Of course, the ranch has never made any money," he remarked to a visitor recently as they tooled smoothly along the ranch's hundred and fifty miles of gravelled road in Pettit's chauffeur-driven Chrysler, "but the value I have created here has given me more satisfaction than trying to become a second Standard Oil Company."

Dear though the classic goal of mingling pleasure with profit is to all millionaires, the majority of those in Texas spend their discretionary time just having fun. Among the active sports, golf is the most popular. A few players, including W. E. (Bill) Grace, of Fort Worth, president of the Fruehauf Trailer Company, go around the links

TANNER
of North Carolina
by Dorothy Cox

DIOR JEWELRY

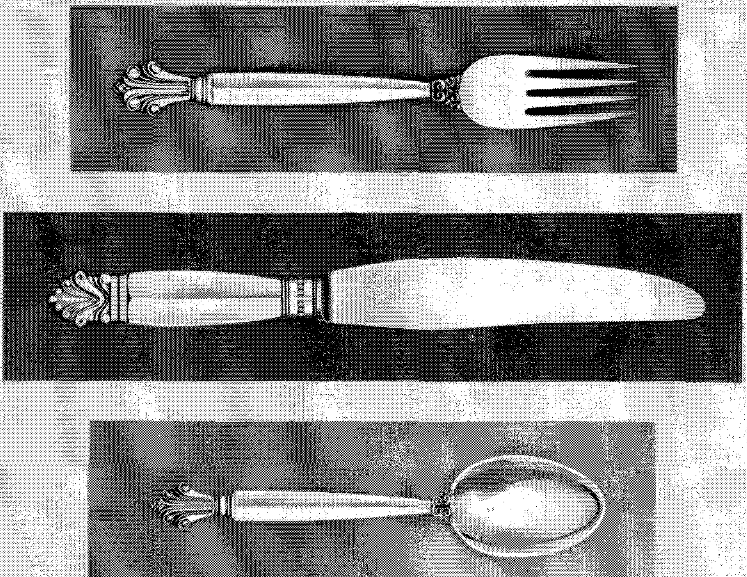
Much Adore Without Much Ado

Dacron* and—flax in the shorts; cotton in the nasturtium blouse and dress, blue, pink, orange. Washing's easy as wishing. Blouse about $10, shorts in many colors $15, sleeveless dress $30.

*polyester

TANNER OF NORTH CAROLINA 530 Seventh Avenue New York 18

Abercrombie & Fitch, New York, Chicago, San Francisco Rettie's, Houston
Julius Garfinckel, Washington Kay Cooley, Birmingham, Michigan



HALLMARK OF HERITAGE AND TRADITION

"Acanthus" pattern of Georg Jensen silver... a superb design by the master silversmiths of Denmark. Six-piece setting, $78. Fed. Tax. Incl.

Please write for illustrated price list.

667 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y. WILMOT RIDGE, SCARSDALE, N.Y.

GEORG JENSEN INC

Don't wait to *inherit* Spode®

GREY FLEUR DE LIS
(Bone China)
Place Setting $28.00

Spode
THE FINE ENGLISH DINNERWARE

Don't deny yourself the civilizing pleasure of owning and using Spode now. This fine English dinnerware is exceptionally sturdy, relatively inexpensive and, of course, too beautiful to do without. See Spode at nearby stores or send for Booklet 71 to help you select the pattern best suited to your taste and needs.

wholesale distributors: COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC. 206 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

carrying a putter with a fourteen-carat-gold head, sold by Tiffany for fourteen hundred and seventy-five dollars, including federal tax. Skiing, perhaps because it is the only sport Texans cannot pursue within the borders of their state, appeals to a sizable and growing number of natives (the Dallas Ski Club has over two hundred members), who fly to Colorado or Switzerland when the slalom mood comes over them. Bowling is also booming in Texas, where two of H. L. Hunt's sons, in association with other sports-minded millionaires, are planning the construction of, naturally, the world's largest bowling center, a five-million-dollar circular structure containing a hundred and thirty-two lanes and some other attractions, such as a swimming pool, a miniature-golf course, a restaurant, a private club, and an ice arena. Cockfighting, though outlawed in Texas, has such a considerable following there that a Texas millionaire named Bobby Manziel, who was one of the country's leading breeders of gamecocks before his death, in 1956, used to say that he was willing to bet that pits for cockfighting outnumbered movie theatres in Texas. To millionaires with a preference for legitimate pastimes like sailing, boating, and fishing, Texas offers more than six hundred miles of tidewater coastline and roughly two and a half million acres of inland-water area. According to the Texas Game and Fish Commission, the state has no fewer than one and three-quarter million fishermen; of these, the élite are the hundred and forty who make up the membership of the Koon Kreek Klub, an organization of millionaire anglers whose private playground is an eight-thousand-acre tract of swampy woodland near Athens, some seventy-five miles east of Dallas. The Klubhouse itself, like everything else connected with the layout, is resolutely unpretentious, being a long, one-story, tan-colored building that has the architectural distinction of a temporary Army barracks. A weekend guest not long ago asked Sam Gladney, an executive of the Sun Oil Company and then president of the Klub, whether he thought it true, as somebody had said, that there would be no trouble raising five billion dollars on short notice from among the Klub members who happened to be there at the time. "Why, I wouldn't want to guess," Gladney replied, "but they say that just two or three of them have a billion or so between them."

If, as Stephen Potter has suggested, "the basic gambit of U.S.Manship . . . is to be just that one degree *more so*,"

FUN WITH MUSIC ARTHUR FIEDLER AND THE BOSTON POPS

...from RCA Victor
6 Brand New Albums
Living Stereo
and Monaural Hi-Fi

LIVING STEREO
RCA VICTOR
BOSTON POPS / FIEDLER
FAMILY FUN with familiar MUSIC

A fresh selection of airy delights as open and friendly as a picture window. Anderson's "Syncopated Clock," Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" overture, the "Scherzo" from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," readily remembered Tchaikovsky and Bach...marching zestfully off to Sousa!

Grieg, Liszt, Tchaikovsky, Brahms...and beer. Pops concerts at Symphony Hall provide them all and, Fiedler submits, they are completely compatible. Exhibits in his defense (in this album) are works of the above composers... and any jury worth its malt will be swept away by these memorable airs and melodies.

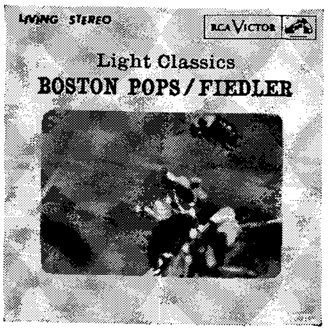
LIVING STEREO
RCA VICTOR
MORE
Classical Music for People Who Hate Classical Music
BOSTON POPS / FIEDLER

LIVING STEREO
RCA VICTOR
MUSIC FROM
GUYS & DOLLS
Greenwillow
THE MOST HAPPY FELLA
Hans Christian Andersen
WHERE'S CHARLEY
COMPOSED BY
FRANK LOESSER
PLAYED BY
ARTHUR FIEDLER
BOSTON POPS

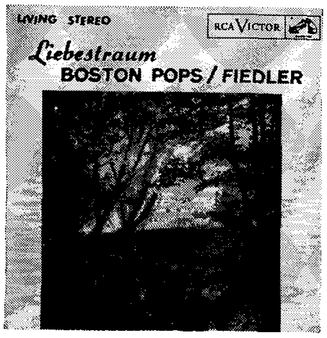
When the Pops plays Loesser, the more the merrier! Fiedler brings the rich sound and substance of the full Boston Pops Orchestra to the hit scores of "Guys & Dolls," "Hans Christian Andersen," "The Most Happy Fella," "Where's Charlie?" and "Greenwillow." And the effect is breathtaking.

A sure sign of spring is Fiedler and the Pops whetting tuning forks and pitching in for their opening concerts. It happens in Boston every year. It can be yours every day. Note here.

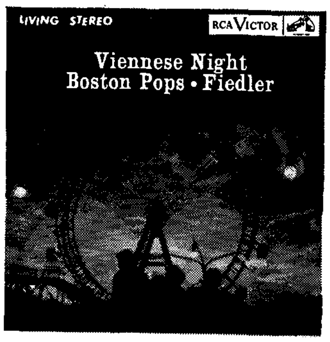
Dormant emotions arise! Thrill to the fire and thunder of slashing hoofbeats with the "Ride of the Valkyries," to the heat and passion of "Ritual Fire Dance," and to the romance and splendor of "Song of India." All are delightfully portrayed by an inspired Maestro leading the Boston Pops.


LIVING STEREO
RCA VICTOR
Light Classics
BOSTON POPS / FIEDLER

A glowing potion filled to the brim with waltz and polka. To be sipped with such as a "Merry Widow" (waltz) followed closely by "Thunder and Lightning" (polka).

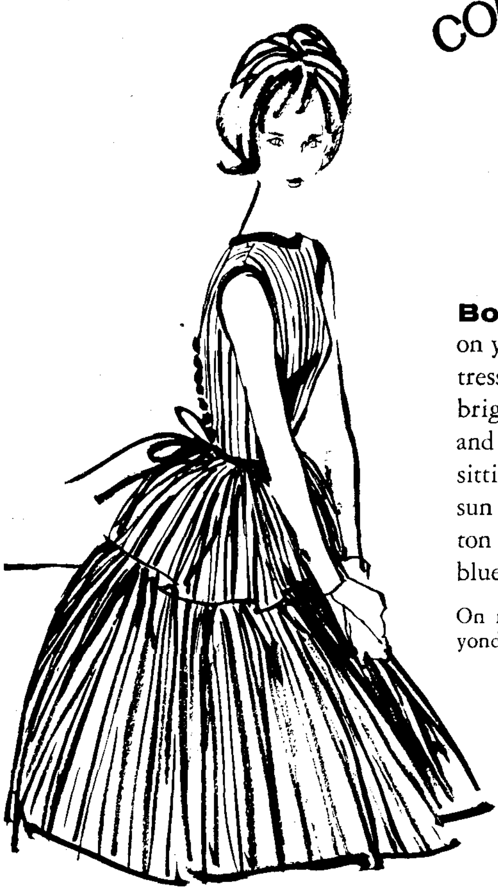

LIVING STEREO
RCA VICTOR
Liebestraum
BOSTON POPS / FIEDLER

If music were to come in colors, this album would be an evening rainbow...softly blended brights and blues artfully cast across the heavens. "Jalousie," "Moonglow" and theme from "Picnic," "Hernando's Hideaway," a medley of dance themes through the years, and a very special golden ending all its own.


LIVING STEREO
RCA VICTOR
Viennese Night
Boston Pops • Fiedler

the world's greatest artists are on ... RCA VICTOR

Tmk(s) ® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



$30 Exclusive

COUNTRY & CASUAL

Bound For Bright Spots on your summer horizon—our "mattress ticking" playdress bound with bright red piping. Flounce-skirted and disarming, it's perfect for patio-sitting or sightseeing wherever the sun shines. By David Crystal of cotton denim ticking striped in red, blue or black on white. 8 to 16. $30.

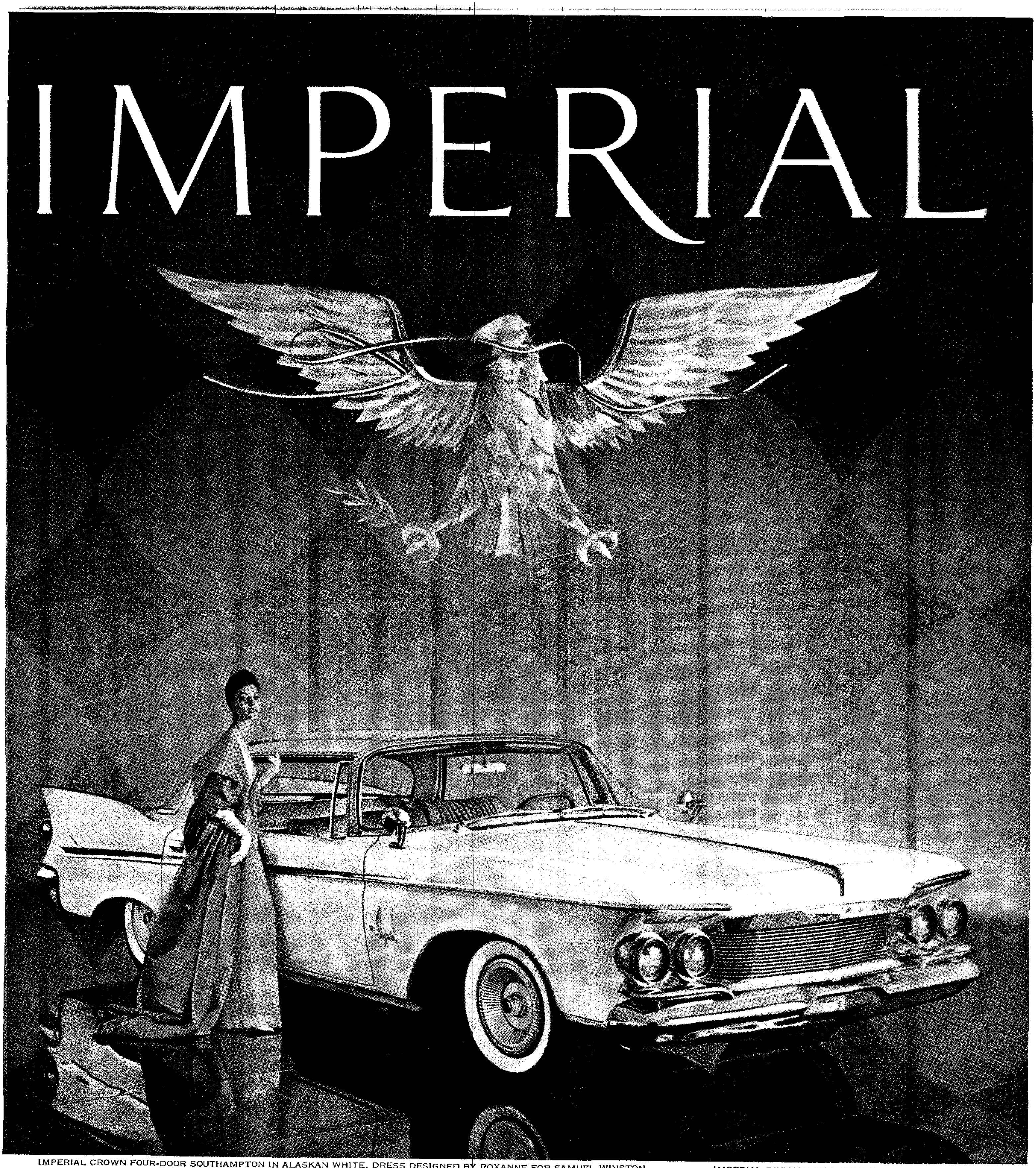
On mail or 'phone orders, add 45¢ beyond delivery area. No C.O.D.'s.

Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

toujours moi?
oui
Toujours Moi CORDAY PARIS FRANCE
The world's most lasting parfum
toujours moi
(ALWAYS ME)
de
CORDAY Paris
created, bottled and sealed in France

the basic gambit of Texmanship, or Super-Americanship, is to be just those two degrees more so. This proposition is demonstrated with Euclidean logic by the game of football, which Americans have made a kind of national ritual, getting so worked up over it as to appear at times quite unhinged. For Super-Americans, of course, this goes double. They are ahead of all other states in number of football players (approximately 120,000), number of teams (roughly 975 in high schools and colleges), cash receipts (in excess of five million dollars a season), and reverence for the game. "Lord," said a minister reciting an invocation before the start of a recent game in Waco between Baylor University and the University of Texas, "we thank You for the many privileges You have bestowed upon us. We thank You, Lord, for the privilege of football." In Super-America, children are taught to handle the pigskin in junior high school, and even in elementary school. Games in the so-called Peewee League are usually played on Wednesday afternoons or nights; this enables the players' parents and other rooters to take in the high-school games, customarily played on Friday nights under lights; junior-college games, on Thursday nights; and major college games, on Saturday afternoons or evenings. The staggered schedule permits a football enthusiast, on an average weekend, to attend three or four games, though meeting the full quota—especially in the sparsely populated sections of West Texas—usually demands a few hundred miles of travel. This is done with pleasure. On weekends, the skies of Texas swarm with planes carrying alumni—or "exes," as they are known—to the big games. The exes, besides giving their moral support through attendance, take an active part in what a Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* editorial referred to straightforwardly as "the recruiting wars." The battles waged among the Texas institutions of higher learning to enroll talented football players are so spirited that many a high-school ace has to consider a dozen deals before picking the one he feels offers the most in scholarship money, summer employment, and other fringe benefits, including educational opportunities. The competition for topnotch football coaches is, if anything, even livelier. When, in 1957, the coach of the University of Houston was lured away by Southern Methodist University, a Houston oilman named Francis Blair dispatched a telegram to the athletic director of the



IMPERIAL CROWN FOUR-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON IN ALASKAN WHITE. DRESS DESIGNED BY ROXANNE FOR SAMUEL WINSTON

IMPERIAL DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Are you one of the taste-makers?

If you prefer individual judgment to comfortable conformity, you very likely are a taste-maker. And if the same good sense guides the selection of your next fine car, you very likely will choose Imperial.

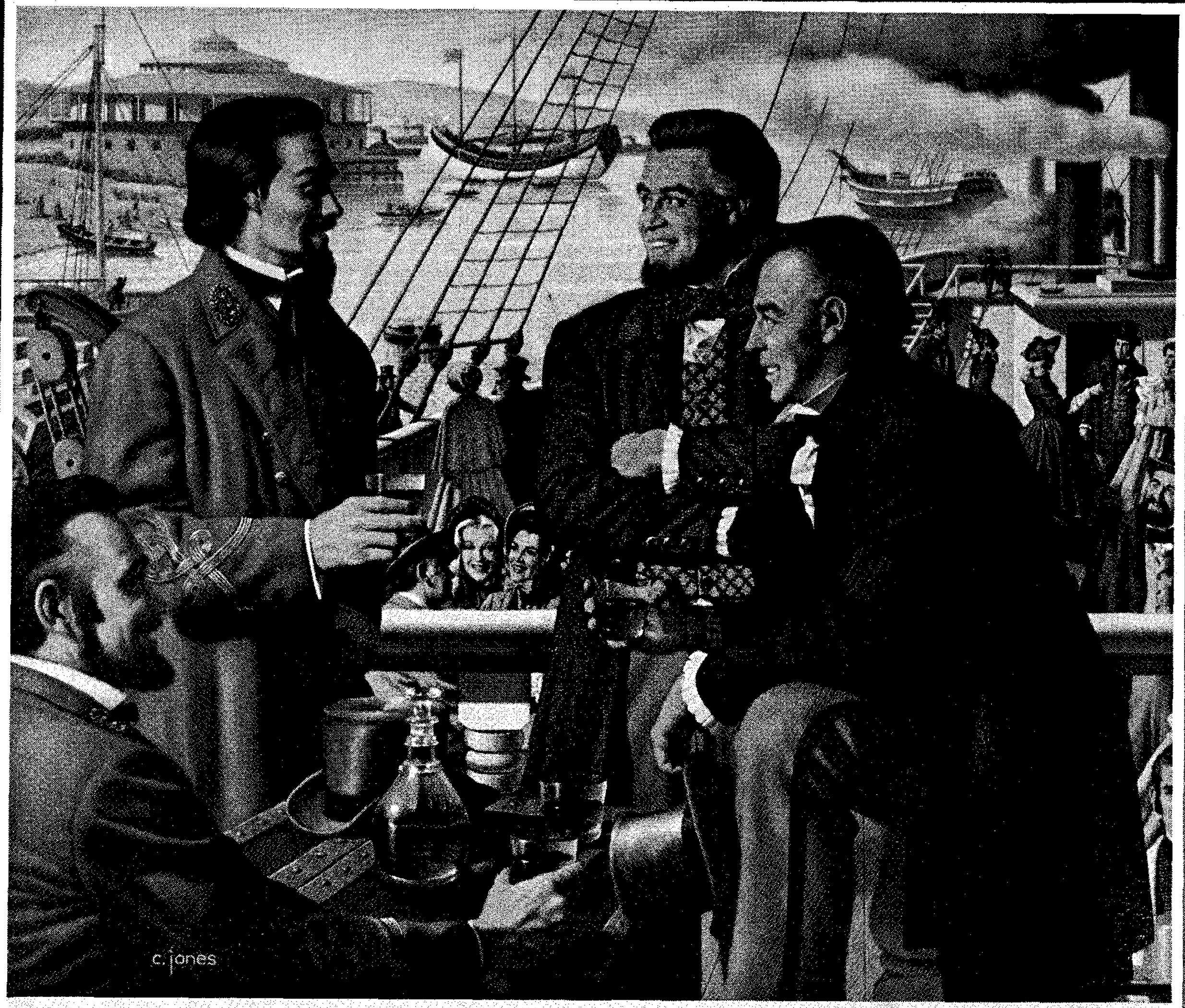
Imperial, of course, is elegant, luxurious, correct, impressive. Some people expect nothing more in a fine car. But the men who build Imperial—as well as the acknowledged leaders who drive and respect it—believe that a fine car's reputation must finally rest upon more substantial merits.

Imperial is what they think a fine car should be—the most powerful, drivable, maneuverable, thoughtfully planned and precisely put-together fine automobile built in America.

Your dealer has one of these magnificent cars ready for you to drive and inspect. He reserves it for taste-makers . . . people to whom individuality and excellence are a way of life.

He'd give *you* the keys, gladly.

AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR



Gen. Basil Duke arrives in New York at the end of the Civil War

General Duke had fought till the last, but now the war was over. Before returning home he visited New York, where friends held a reception in his honor. Old Crow quite naturally would be served, as Duke esteemed it "the most famous ever made in Kentucky."

OLD CROW
86 PROOF
OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
W.A. Gaines

AMERICA'S MOST
PREFERRED BOURBON

Taste the Greatness of
OLD CROW

Light · Mild · 86 Proof Kentucky Bourbon

Bourbon is America's whiskey by birthright, and the people of America prefer it to all other whiskies. Old Crow, finest of the light, mild bourbons of Kentucky, is the most preferred of all. There is 126 years of history behind Old Crow and magnificence in its taste.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY., DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

bereft institution urging him to "get the best coach in the nation." Blair added, "If you will bring Bud Wilkinson [the conspicuously successful coach at the University of Oklahoma] here as coach of Houston University, I will give him an oil well and a seagoing yacht. This offer is made in all sincerity." It failed to move Wilkinson from Oklahoma, which also has oil wells. Because Texas football requires Super-American support on the field as well as in the bursar's office, the art of cheerleading is also taught at an early age. Young people with a desire to improve themselves can study baton-twirling and cheerleading at summer sessions—or clinics, as they are referred to locally—held at Texas Woman's University, Sam Houston State Teachers College, and half a dozen other institutions. The most popular is the five-day Cheerleaders and Twirlers School at Southern Methodist University, which yearly teaches some fifteen hundred high- and junior-high-school students the rudiments of tumbling and twirling and a variety of other useful skills. For students seeking a kind of graduate school, Trinity University provides an annual Music and Baton Camp, conducted by Mrs. Pat Hooker, famed throughout the country as the originator of the Dixie Strut; the Trinity seminar is open only to bona-fide majorettes, who are offered, the announcement states, a "week-long course in intermediate and advanced baton-twirling."

Following their favorite football teams around the country gives Texas millionaires an opportunity to indulge in what is perhaps their chief leisure-time activity—travel. It is, one might say in the words that Taine used of the English, "the occupation of their holidays, a habit, a pleasure, and almost a mania." Born with the wanderlust, Texans exert themselves to the customary extra two degrees in upholding our national reputation as a race of gadabouts. Most Texas millionaires have diversified and scattered holdings and are accordingly obliged to do a great deal of travelling in the line of duty, but even when they could be still they are not. For example, one Saturday morning last fall, three Dallas millionaires and their wives boarded a twin-engine Beechcraft and flew down to Austin, where they had lunch and took in a football game. Returning to Dallas, they changed into evening clothes and flew off again, this time to Wichita Falls for a dinner party and the night; on the way home Sunday afternoon they dropped in at Fort Worth to have cocktails with friends,

SUPERBLY TAILORED FOR ELEGANT RESORT LEISURE

Glen Guard

INDIVIDUALIZED CLOTHES

AT TRADER VIC'S

Glen Guard Individualized Clothes available at the respected stores listed below.

Kolmer-Marcus, New York • **Martini Carl,** Boston • **Tabin & Pearlman Clothes,** New York **Leighton's,** New York • **Fagman,** Chicago • **Cuzzens of Fontainebleau,** Miami Beach **Scholnick's Importers-Clothiers,** Detroit • **D. L. Pincus,** San Antonio • **Porter's,** New Orleans **Norman Davis,** Chicago • **Lou Dramin, Ltd.,** Springfield, Mass. • **Budds,** Jersey City, N. J. **Ollie Steiner's Men's Shop,** Milwaukee • **Schultz,** Atlantic City • **John Zemo,** Stamford, Conn. **Jerome's,** Evanston, Ill. • **Larkey Co.,** Passaic, Newark and Paterson, N. J. • **Shack's, Inc.,** Worcester, Mass. • **Toepfer & Bellack Inc.,** Milwaukee • **Carlton Ltd.,** Miami Beach • **Lunines,** Miami Beach **Andrews Ltd.,** Miami Beach and Hollywood, Fla. • **Father & Son Apparel Shops,** Pikesville, Md.

For free style booklet, write **Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc.,** Dept. F4, 12 E. 14th St., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

Glen Guard
INDIVIDUALIZED CLOTHES

and then flew on to Dallas to wind up a weekend that to them did not seem out of the ordinary. Indeed, Texas millionaires seldom bother to inform anybody but their servants when flying to New York to take in a show or to Paris to buy a dress. However, they do tell their friends when going on a safari; that is good form, for the safari is at present considered the most fashionable gambit in the travel game.

The African hunting trip—which had a large following among Texas millionaires long before attaining its present status as a major industry with such frilly innovations as all-girl safaris and the like—suits Texans to perfection, because it combines travel with hunting, and hunting has always been the favorite outdoor sport of the native males. In his novel "Home from the Hill," William Humphrey, who grew up in Texas, wrote, "For a Texan the names of guns and calibre numbers are magic: Winchester and Colt and Remington and Smith & Wesson; .30-30 and .22, .44 and .45 and .32 and .38-Special. You could speak of a Texas boy's growth and manhood as his .410, his 20, and his 12 gauge years." No gift is more acceptable to the average Texas millionaire than a new firearm to add to his collection; Sid Richardson's wedding present to Clint Murchison and his bride (an expert shot) consisted of a matched set of Remington rifles inlaid with mother-of-pearl. As hunters, probably no Texas millionaires have gone farther out than F. Kirk (Fran) Johnson, of Fort Worth, and Tom Slick, of San Antonio, who have jointly spent considerable time and money in recent years trying to bag a *yeti*, or Abominable Snowman. In 1956, with the assistance of Tensing Norkay, Sir Edmund Hillary's companion in the conquest of Mount Everest, Slick formed a search party consisting of himself as leader; the director of the New Delhi Zoo; a Nepalese-speaking Irish journalist, hunter, and explorer named Peter Byrne; seven Sherpa guides; and some seventy porters. Off they trudged into the wild Himalayas, which they scoured for a month without catching sight of a Snowman. However, after coming out of the mountains Slick told reporters that he considered the expedition a success, because it had discovered three sets of footprints thirteen inches in length and thirty-one in spread; found a clump of black hair believed to have been shed by a Snowman; come upon some droppings; and talked to fifteen Nepalese who claimed to have seen a

Guerlain
Paris
SHALIMAR
Mother!

GUERLAIN • Shalimar Perfume • $6, $10, $18, $25, $50. Prices plus tax.

BEAUTIFUL YEAR-ROUND RESORT

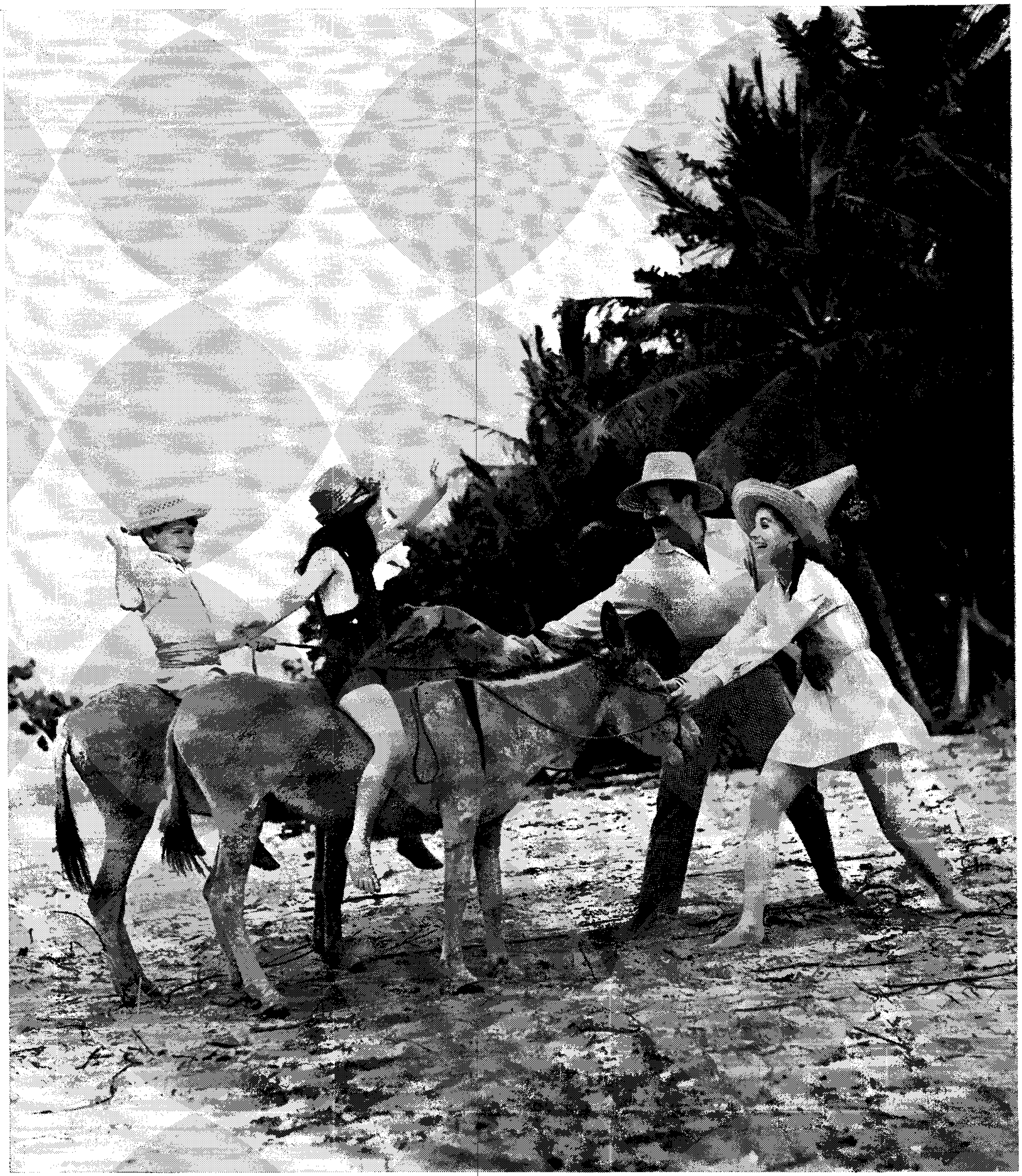
. . . in the lovely Poconos

Magnificent resort estate with every facility for rest and relaxation. 300 fireproof rooms. Excellent meals. Seasonal sports include golf, tennis, riding, swimming, fishing, lawn bowling. Friendly atmosphere. Movies, concerts, bridge, dancing and other interesting entertainment.

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
PENNSYLVANIA

ONLY 3 HOURS FROM NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA

New York Reservation Office:
30 Rockefeller Plaza, CIrcle 5-5620



Meet The Pepperell Family on Cotton Cay — Imaginary Island in the Sun

There's many a hazard in the Cotton Cay Derby

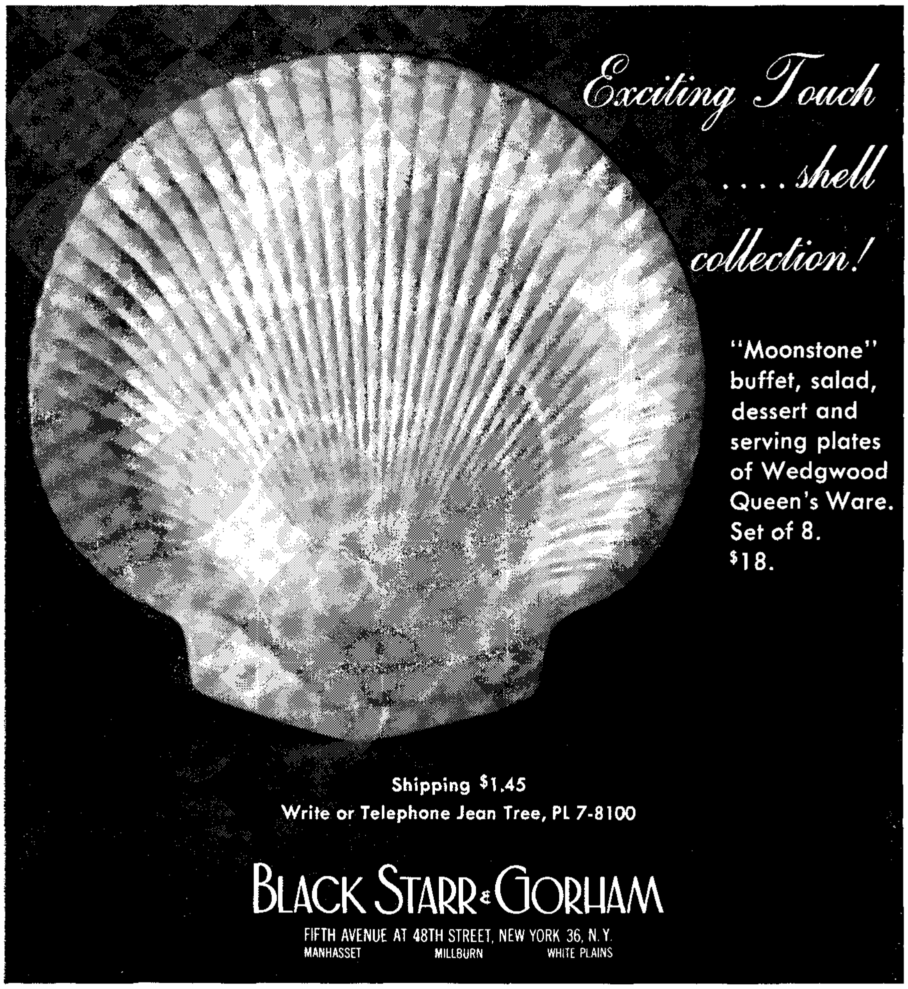
As you can see, anything goes in trying to win this Kentucky Derby. But, according to Goodwife Pepperell, when you're leading the life of a *civilized* beachcomber, there are certain things one never takes chances on. For instance, all the family's sportswear must be tagged Pepperell.

Her reasons? They are many. She knows these wonderful cottons will machine-wash. Won't fade, shrink, wrinkle. Need the merest touch of the iron. And they're 'Sanforized Plus' for good measure.

She knows, too, there's a certain insouciance and flair to these island-inspired colors and textures that make their wearing a real pleasure.

Furthermore, she has utter confidence in Pepperell wash-wear fabrics. For they come from the same famed company that has been making fine Lady Pepperell Sheets for her mother, her grandmother, and even her great *great* grandmother.

Pepperell
wash·wear
cottons
CHARTERED



"Moonstone"
buffet, salad,
dessert and
serving plates
of Wedgwood
Queen's Ware.
Set of 8.
$18.

Shipping $1.45
Write or Telephone Jean Tree, PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

India Madras

The immortal fabric . . . deep, striking
colors of extraordinary density and
richness, handwoven and dyed
according to the ancient processes.
In time, the tones of these bleeding
plaids will mellow into soft
depths . . . but time has no effect
at all on the classic lines of
the Villager shirtdress.
Sizes 8 to 16.

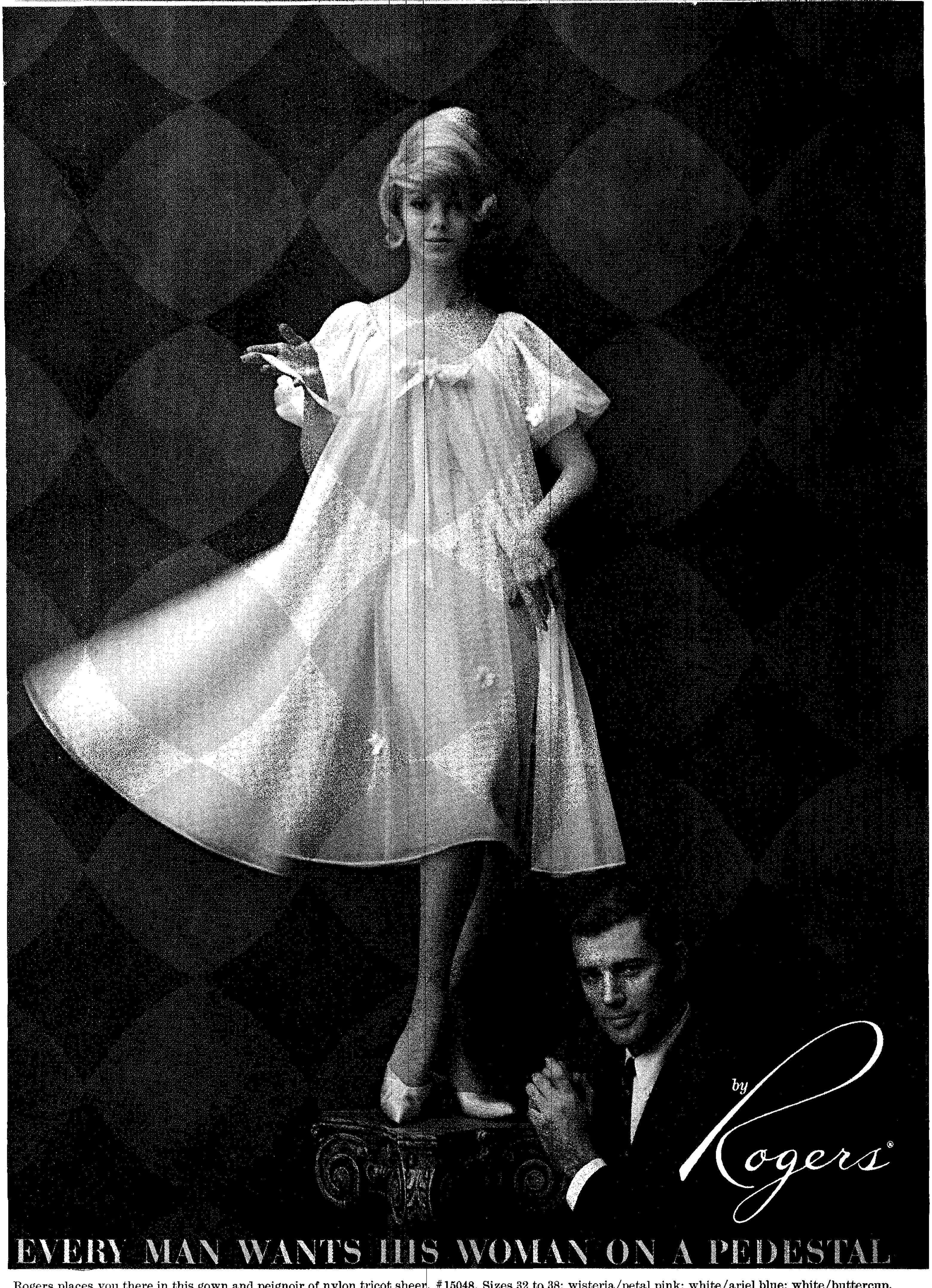
About twenty-six dollars at
good stores and college shops.

The Villager T.M.REG.

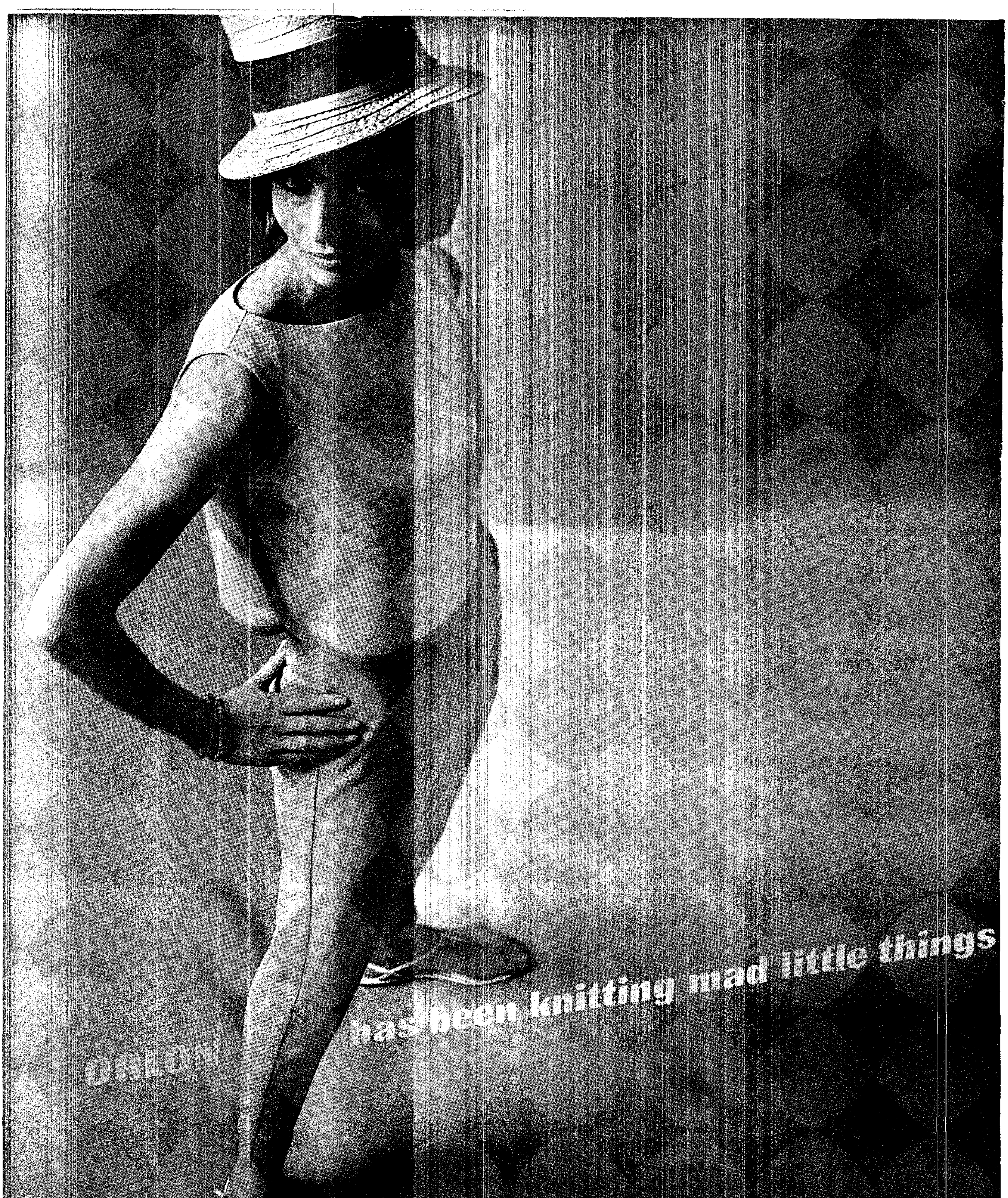
THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York

Snowman. "I'm ninety-five per cent certain that it really exists," Slick said, "but I want to see one before I'm a hundred per cent sure." Back in Texas, Slick found in Johnson a most receptive listener to his Snowman theories and stories, and early in 1958 the two men announced their decision to co-sponsor the Slick-Johnson Nepal Snowman Expedition, which was to be equipped with, among other innovations, a pack of hounds trained as bear and cougar hunters, and an air gun, developed under Slick's direction, that could shoot a bullet containing a temporarily paralyzing but harmless drug. The strategy called for the hounds to corner a Snowman, whereupon it would be immobilized by means of the scientific airborne Mickey Finn. After the searchers had been four months in the field and had again found, in addition to footprints, what they considered promising hair and droppings, Slick cabled instructions to call off the dogs and come home. Far from being disappointed, Slick said that the results strengthened his belief that in time three or more types of Snowman would be found in the Himalayas and in other places, such as Burma and Cambodia. "It may even be found on this continent," he added. "Some very plausible reports have come out of British Columbia."

The existence of the Snowman also seems reasonable to H. W. (Herb) Klein, the most renowned hunter in Texas and, according to his friend and fellow-sportsman Kenneth Foree, "probably the world's greatest." A rugged, amiable independent oilman, Klein has hunted on four continents and has taken, as hunters say, twenty-seven of the twenty-eight North American animals classified as big game by the Boone & Crockett Club, of New York. "What's missing is a lousy caribou," Klein said the other day. "There's nothing to getting one—the caribou is a very stupid animal—but you've got to go to Newfoundland for it, and the season conflicts with all other North American hunting seasons, besides the Asian and African. I've just never wanted to waste the time." When not hunting animals or oil—sometimes in tandem—Klein lives in Dallas in a house that consists primarily of an enormous trophy room containing a hundred and thirty-five exhibits and that accordingly bears a certain resemblance to the Museum of Natural History. To add yet another trophy to his collection, Klein set out a couple of years ago for the kingdom of Hunza, a remote piece of real estate lying in a valley beyond the Himalayas in northern


by Rogers®
EVERY MAN WANTS HIS WOMAN ON A PEDESTAL

Rogers places you there in this gown and peignoir of nylon tricot sheer. #15048. Sizes 32 to 38: wisteria/petal pink; white/ariel blue; white/buttercup. Sizes 7 to 13: white/blue; wisteria/pink. The set $32.95. The best stores carry Rogers. Rogers Lingerie, a Genesco Division, 500 Fifth Ave., New York 36.


ORLON®
ACRYLIC FIBER
has been knitting mad little things

Soft, summery, shaped-to-stay little things by Susan Lauri

—in a knit that's pure bliss because 80% "Orlon"* acrylic fiber has been added to 20% cotto Just another way of saying all that wild color, that m-m-m softness, that smash shape goes and on, even after repeated washings. The little top contrasts aqua with emerald, or yellow with fuchsia, S, M, L, about $4. Little skinny pants, solid emerald or fuchsia, 5 to 15 and 6 to 16, about $9.

DU PONT

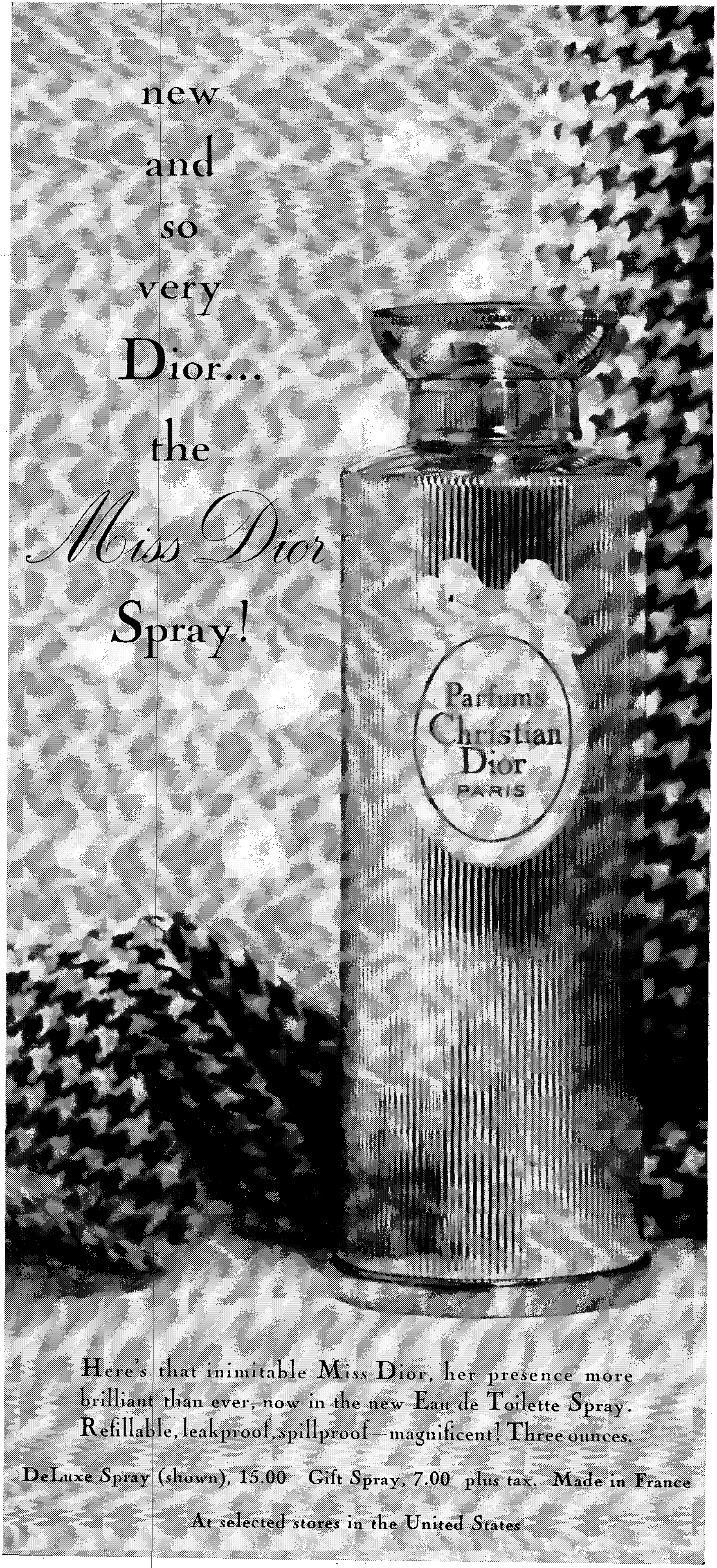
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE YARN OR FASHION SHO

[illegible] own available at: Macy's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chi [illegible] ndianapolis; [illegible] Minneapolis; John Wanamaker, Philadelph

Kashmir—the only habitat, outside Russia, of Marco Polo's sheep, celebrated for the size and spread of their horns. In making what he has described as "the hardest trip I can recall," Klein and two companions trekked through Pakistan deserts in temperatures averaging a hundred and twelve degrees and completed the journey with a hundred-and-seventy-five-mile climb, to an altitude of eighteen thousand feet, over a mountain trail faced with sheer rock on one side and sheer nothing on the other. Hunza is one of the world's two remaining absolute monarchies (the neighboring state of Nagar is the other), and Klein and the king, who is known as the Mir of Hunza and rules over some thirty thousand subjects, hit it off from the start. Tourism has never caught on in Hunza, and the Mir, whom Klein came to regard as "the most humble, the most generous, and the most hospitable man I've ever run across," was so pleased to have visitors that he overwhelmed them with kindness, at times even personally waiting on them at meals while his scouts were out scouring the kingdom for sheep. When sheep had been sighted, Klein and his companions bagged several prize specimens and then packed up for the journey home. Although Klein took his leave of Hunza most reluctantly, he departed with the feeling that he had made at least one contribution to the well-being of the kingdom; he had taught the Mir to play gin rummy.

IN line with Ida Craven's tenet that it is not the quantity but the quality of a society's leisure that largely determines its tone, Texas millionaires, putting aside their guns and their cards, work indefatigably at making culture in Super-America hum. "Texas," William H. Lowe, Jr., a former editor-in-chief of *House & Garden*, was once moved to remark, "may lay an understandable claim to being the most civilized state in the Union today." He went on to say, "And if Texas is not in every respect a microcosm of our national culture, it is at least a most worthy model." This last tribute is an interesting reflection of a current international phenomenon, for just as Lowe and many other Americans have recently taken to singing high about Texas culture, once thought hardly worth serious notice, so have many Europeans lately been giving the nod to American culture, not so long ago considered in the Old World good mainly for laughs. For example, André Maurois recently contributed to the French magazine



Here's that inimitable Miss Dior, her presence more brilliant than ever, now in the new Eau de Toilette Spray. Refillable, leakproof, spillproof—magnificent! Three ounces.

DeLuxe Spray (shown), 15.00 Gift Spray, 7.00 plus tax. Made in France

At selected stores in the United States

Carefree comfort in a new blazer jacket by Palm Beach.® Air-light, practically rumple free, in Galey & Lord Dacron* polyester and cotton.

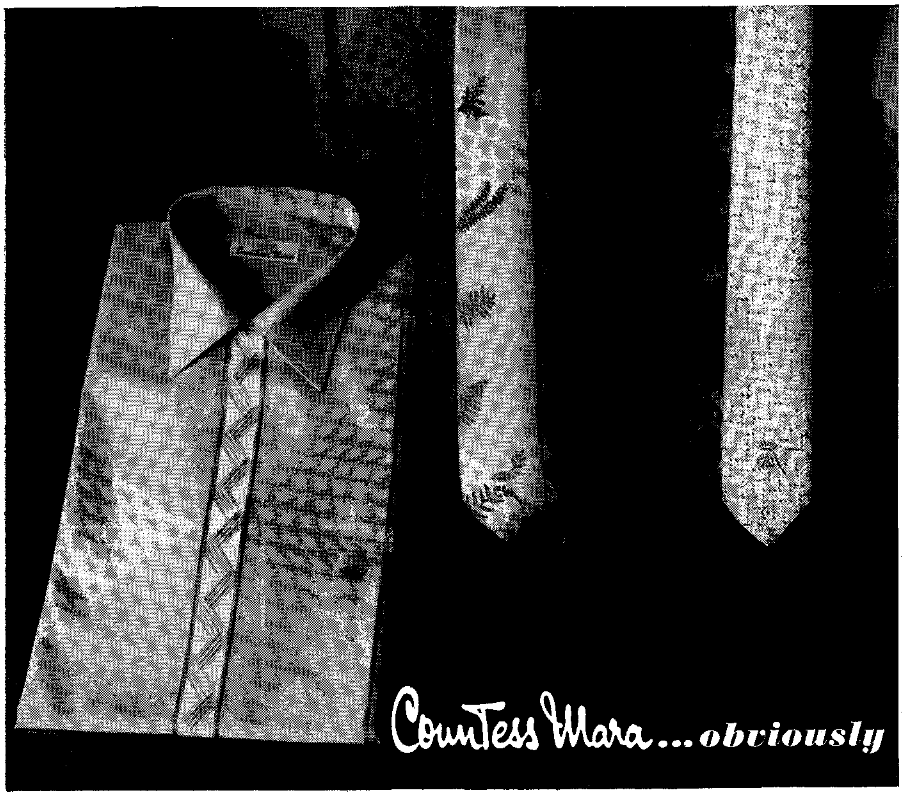
*DU PONT T. M.

Galey & Lord Burlington QUALITY

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

A Division of Burlington Industries

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.



"FERNS" Traditional Silk Tie in gold or Gibraltar, 7.50.
SILK GRENADINE Hand-Woven Tie in light grey, gold, Arno blue or tan, 12.50.
CASUAL SHIRT in French batiste cotton; beige, blue or grey, 20.00.
All carry the distinguished CM coronet.

COUNTESS MARA 110 EAST 57TH ST., AT PARK AVENUE
designs for one man in a million

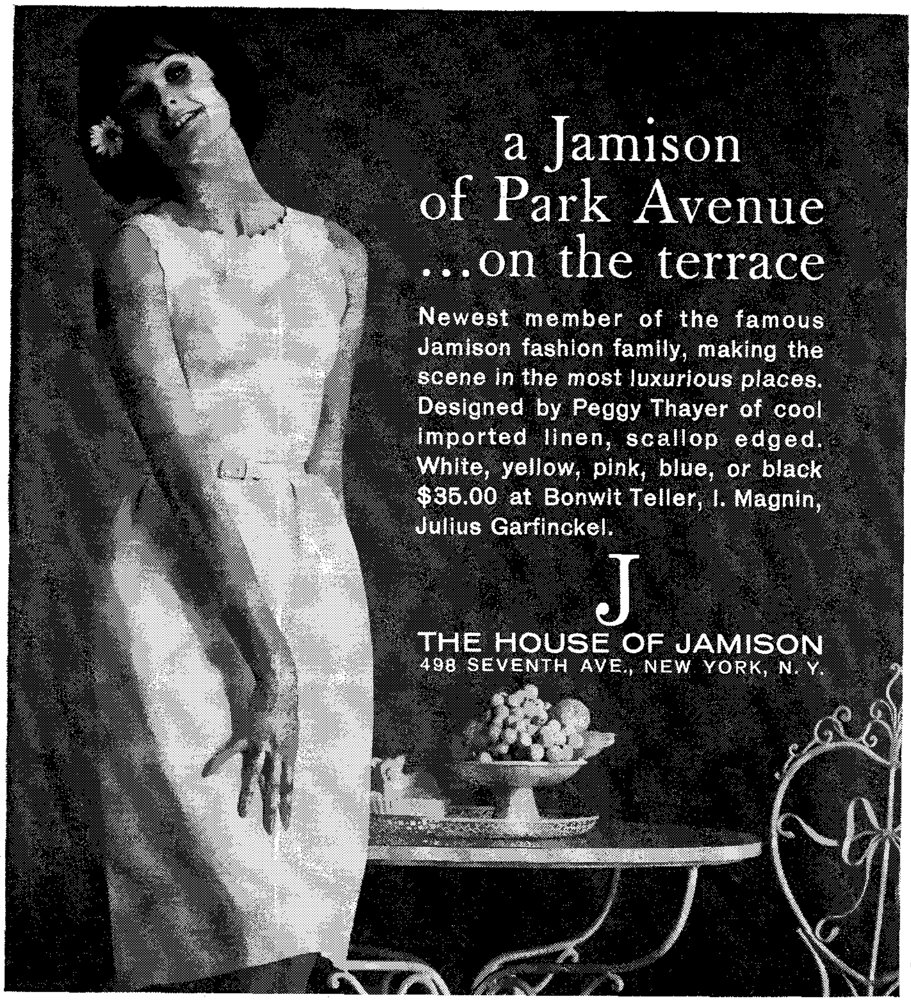
Réalités an open love letter entitled "Why We Like the Americans" ("Because they are kind and generous . . . idealists," and so on). His countryman Father Robert Léopold Bruckberger, after eight years' residence in this country, published his thoughts about it in "Image of America," a heady verbal bouquet ("The American economic and social revolution is the only revolution in modern times to have achieved its aim"). Patrick O'Donovan, for five years the United States correspondent of the London *Observer*, began an appreciative essay in *Vogue* by remarking that "it takes a scholar to write adequately about America," which, he went on to say, "is a far more exacting and genuine democracy than any other in the world." All these kind words, inconceivable fifty years ago, seemed to diminish into little more than grudging, halfhearted compliments when the London *Times Literary Supplement* published, in the fall of 1959, a special thirty-nine-page, three-quarter-pound section titled "The American Imagination—Its Strength and Scope." In the introductory editorial, the *T. L. S.*, which has never been chaffed for indiscriminately approving all American cultural efforts, declared, "We in Europe take the vitality of the arts in America so much for granted that we seldom pause to assess it for the remarkable phenomenon it is . . . but in fact it is true to say that the flowering of the American imagination has been the chief event in the sphere of living art since the end of the First World War."

After collecting a certain number of these European posies, one might begin to think that not knocking American culture had become positively chic. One would have another think coming. While the younger, more daring outriders have commenced sending back favorable reports on the state of American culture, these estimates do not carry much weight with the senior group at headquarters. Generally, the old, forthright downgrading of American culture en bloc has given way to a new, sleight-of-hand approach, which bestows praise while at the same time taking it away. The British writer Kingsley Amis has called this sort of legerdemain "non-overt anti-Americanism." The European detractors of American culture, as André Visson has written, "ask the same questions the Greeks of Athens were asking in the third century B.C., when the rising Roman Empire was imposing its leadership on the peoples living around the

ne isn't right for you; one is perfect. Which?

stick and the roll-on are the great new advances in deodorants. the Yardley Stick and the Yardley Roll-On are as different as ht and day and only one will suit you. ■ If you want the most rough protection a deodorant can give you . . . if you want eodorant with an anti-perspirant in it to keep you *dry* as well ttractively *fresh* . . . if you want to stop worrying about per- ation from here on in . . . buy the new Yardley Roll-On. The newest roll-on, it's a masterwork of small improvements. ■ If, however, you believe (as many men do) that a little light perspiring is a healthy thing . . . if what you really want is absolute assurance of pleasant freshness . . . and you want that assurance in the cleanest, quickest, easiest kind of applicator . . . buy the Yardley Stick. The first stick deodorant to discard the jar container for an automatic applicator . . . it works with just a thumb. Each, $1.

YARDLEY
ROLL-ON
Deodorant
FOR MEN
YARDLEY
Deodorant
FOR MEN



a Jamison
of Park Avenue
...on the terrace

Newest member of the famous Jamison fashion family, making the scene in the most luxurious places. Designed by Peggy Thayer of cool imported linen, scallop edged. White, yellow, pink, blue, or black $35.00 at Bonwit Teller, I. Magnin, Julius Garfinckel.

J
THE HOUSE OF JAMISON
498 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Glamorous as
mexico city
Golden Aztec®
ROLLS ROYCE jet

FROM CHICAGO,
LOS ANGELES,
DALLAS, SAN ANTONIO
MOST JETS
TO MEXICO

MEXICANA, first with Jets from the U.S.A. nonstop to Mexico City. For cuisine, wines and service that are "siempre adelante" (always ahead) go GOLDEN AZTEC, the QUIET Rolls Royce Jet. MEXICANA flies to 25 cities south of the border. For your convenience 35 offices including Acapulco.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
MEXICANA
AIRLINES
PAN AMERICAN affiliate
CHICAGO • DALLAS • LOS ANGELES • SAN ANTONIO • SAN FRANCISCO

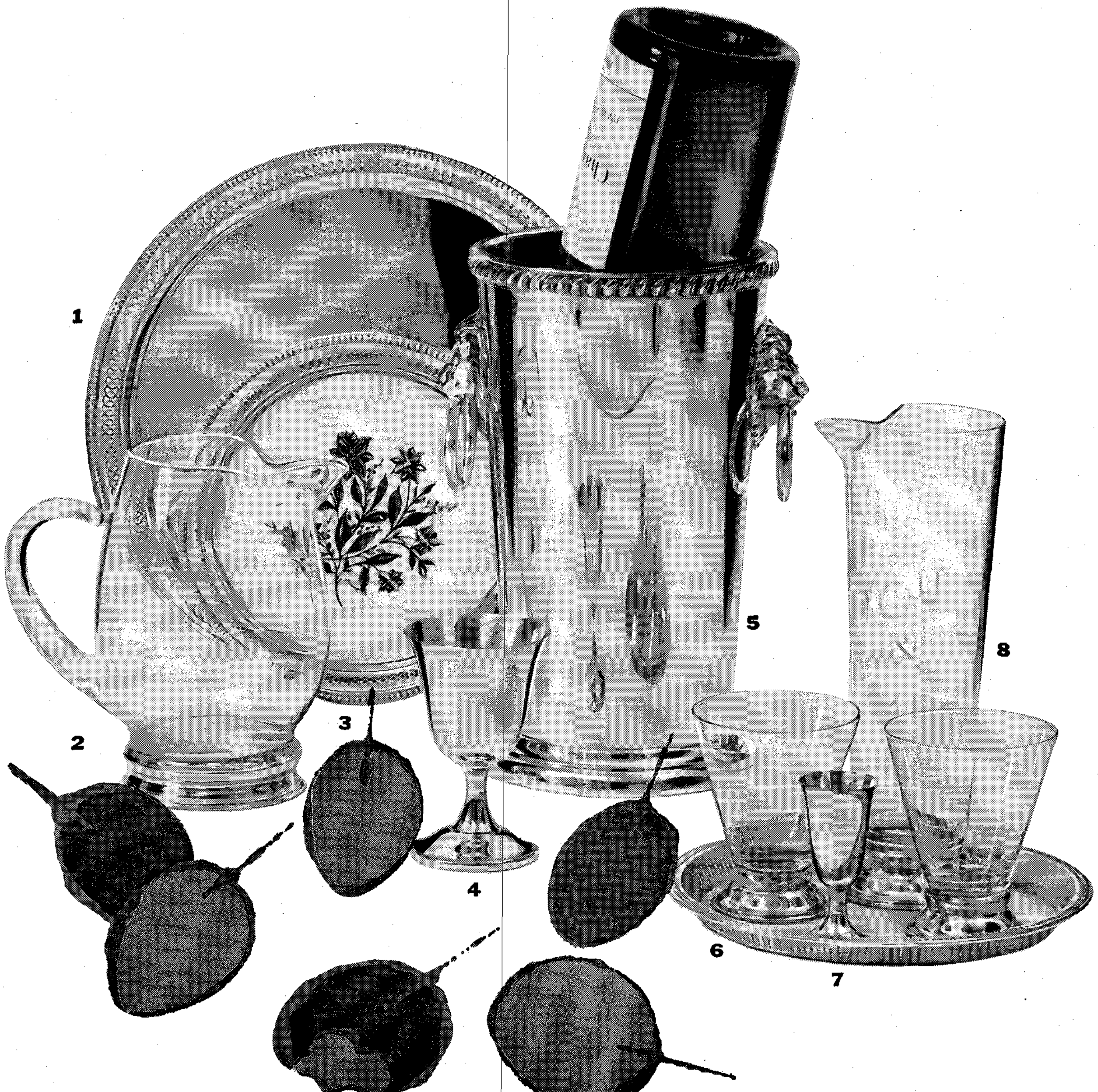
Mediterranean: You say that you have philosophers; but where is your Plato and your Socrates? You say that you have statesmen; but where is your Pericles? You certainly have superiority in military power and you are much wealthier than we are, but all your power and all your wealth cannot take away from us our cultural and intellectual superiority." This, Visson added, became known as "the Athenian complex." The recognition of historical antecedents for European criticisms of our culture, though edifying, does not make such criticisms much more fascinating to Americans, nor is it likely that Texans would be soothed to realize that the Athenian complex plays a large part in the outsiders' view of their culture. In keeping with the present national tendency toward non-overt anti-Texanism, Texas culture is for the most part regarded not with hostility but with levity. Foreigners are inclined to express their opinion of it in terms of anecdotes like the one about the oilman who built a handsome new home-office building, complete with a patio designed to resemble an enormous hanging garden. Upon its completion, an art dealer told the oilman that the beauty of the garden would be enhanced by a piece of sculpture—perhaps, to carry out the garden's floating motif, a statue of Icarus. "Sounds good," said the oilman. "What does Ike Harris get for his stuff?" In covering the field of music, non-overt anti-Texans usually refer to Hugh Roy Cullen and his annual gift of twenty thousand dollars to the Houston Symphony Orchestra, which reciprocated by including in every concert Cullen attended a rendition of his favorite work, "Old Black Joe." As for musical composition, smart-alecky foreigners hold up as a model the former Texas Governor and Senator Wilbert Lee ("Pass the Biscuits, Pappy") O'Daniel, whose vast production of musical numbers includes "Marvelous Mother," "Your Own Sweet Darling Wife," and "The Boy Who Never Gets Too Big to Comb His Mother's Hair." The Neo-Athenians also like to give the impression that O'Daniel stands first among Texas poets, and cite as proof his haunting composition:

A mother is a mother
Wherever you find her
Be she a Queen
Or an organ grinder.

All such frivolous exhibits are naturally resented by Texans, who are even worse than Russians or ordinary Americans in their sensitivity to being thought uncultured. They have yet to

Martini Day

(from the Wallace Silverbook of Likely Gifts for Unlikely Occasions)

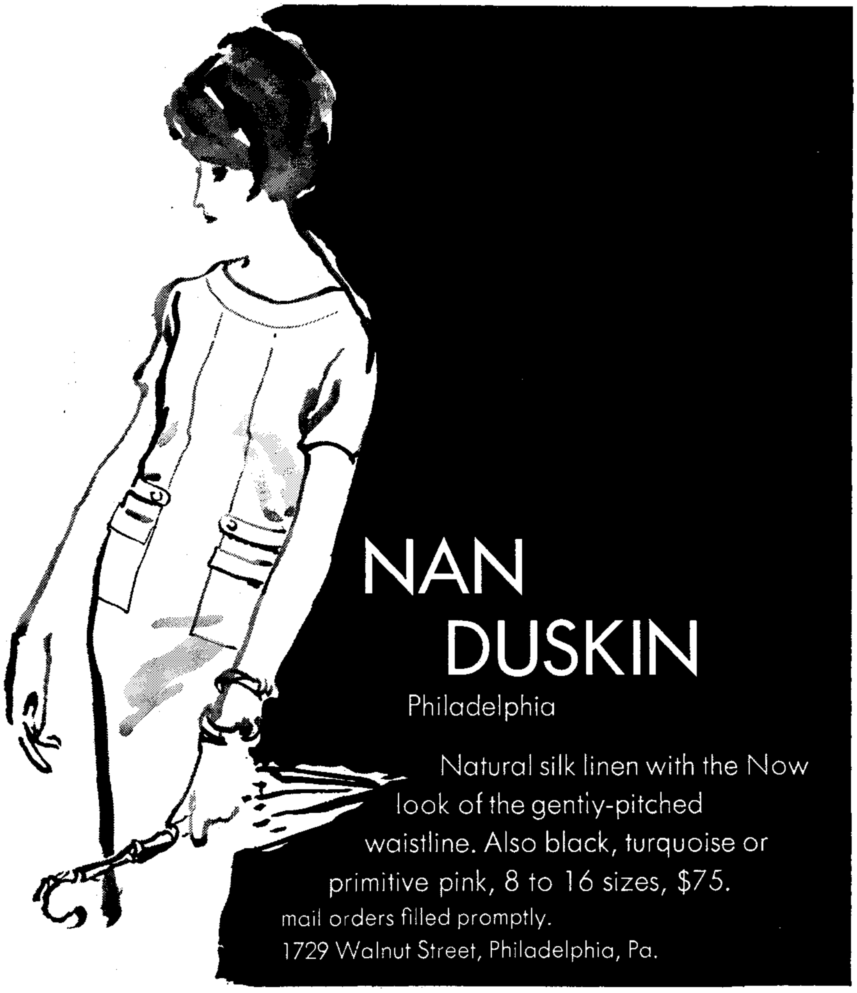


Wallace for anniversaries? You've probably been giving it (and loved for it) for years. But in case you've neglected other equally deserving occasions . . . reform now. Celebrate the day they first married gin to vermouth. Properly. Give Wallace. **1.** Pierced-rim Cocktail Tray, 11⅝" dia. $50.00. **2.** Sterling-based Mixer or Pitcher, 2-pint cap. $6.00. **3.** Sterling rimmed, tile Cocktail Tray, 7½" dia. $12.95. **4.** Silver Wine Goblet, $10.00. **5.** Silverplated Ice Tub, Vase or Wine Cooler, removable glass liner, cap. 2 qts. $32.50. **6.** Canape and Cocktail Tray, 7¼" dia. $13.75. **7.** Gift box of 4 Cordial Goblets, $15.75. **8.** You & Me Cocktail Set, Sterling-based (3-pc.), $10.95. All items listed are Sterling Silver except where otherwise indicated. For address of your nearest Wallace Dealer write Wallace Silversmiths, Dept. C, Wallingford, Conn.

All prices include federal tax.

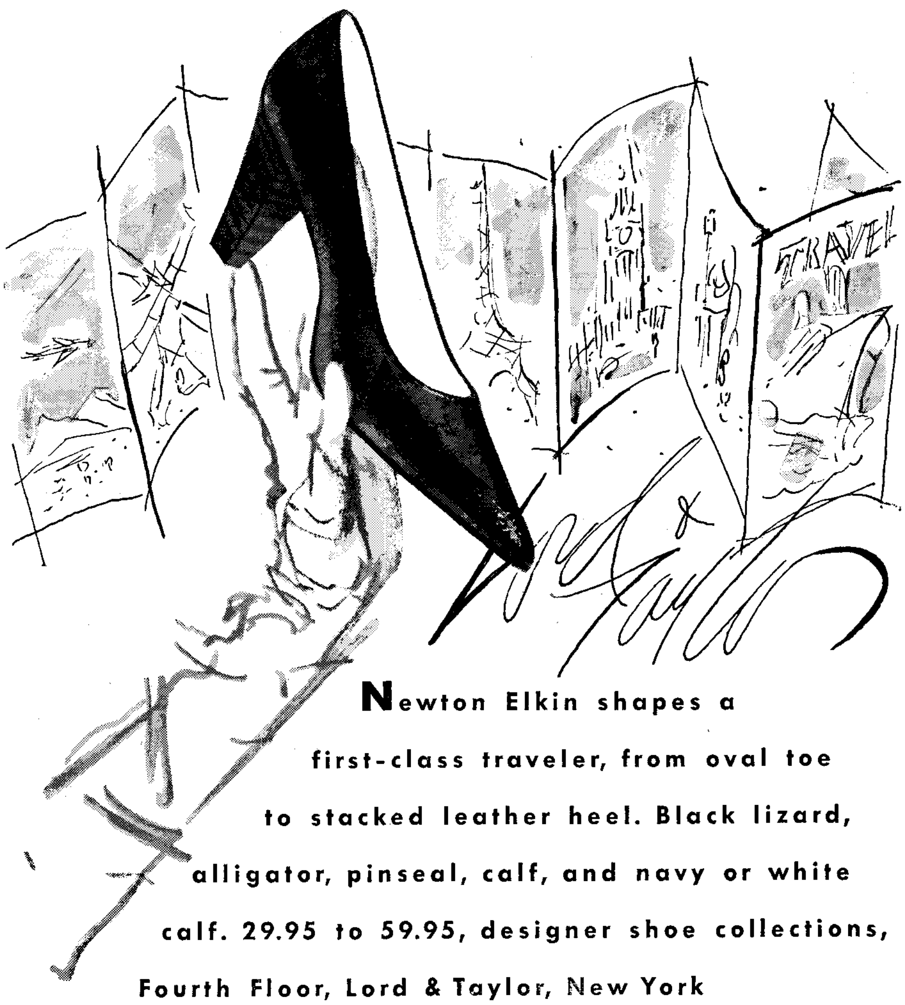
Wallace Silversmiths

(One of the Hamilton Watch Family of Quality Products).



NAN
DUSKIN
Philadelphia

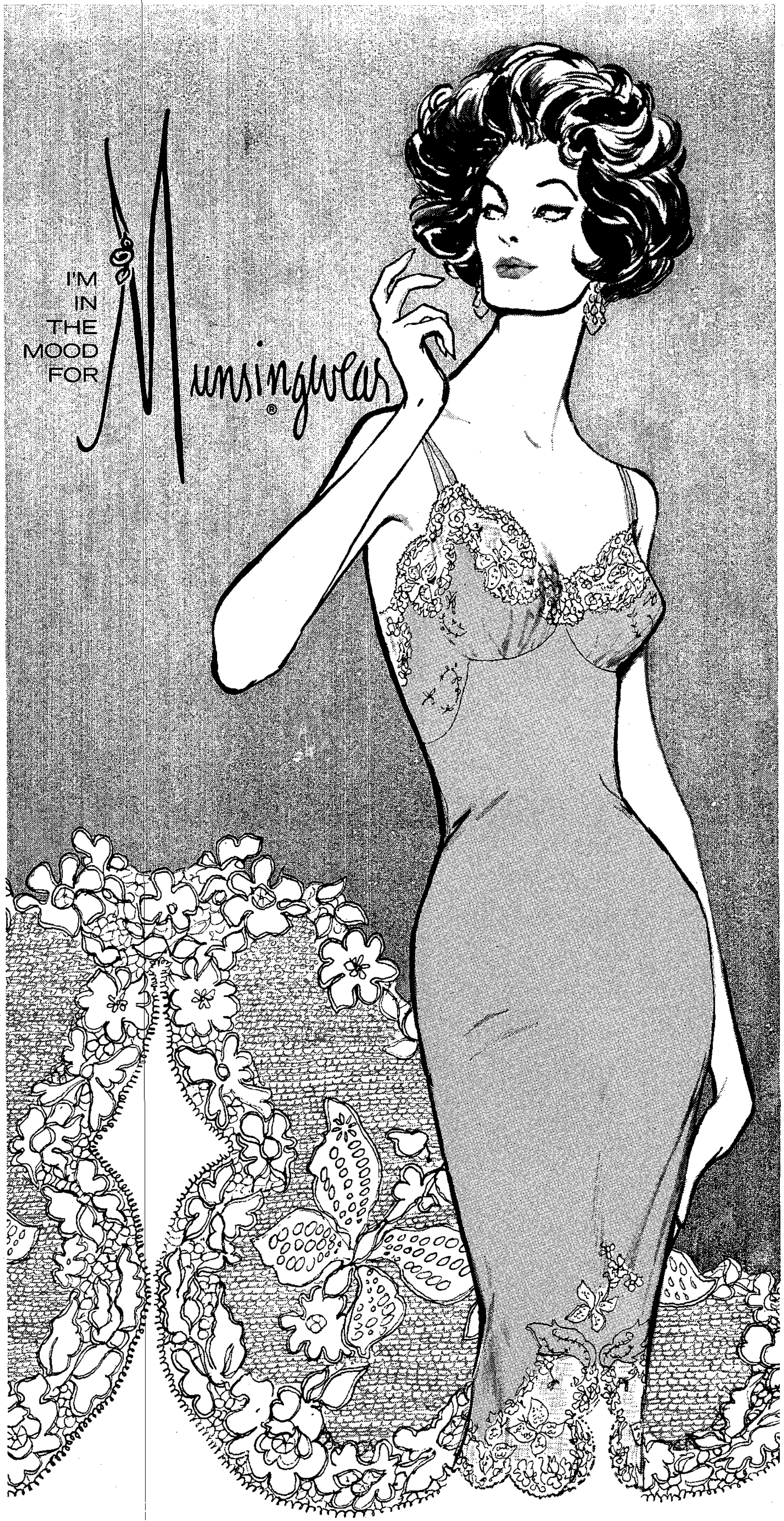
Natural silk linen with the Now look of the gently-pitched waistline. Also black, turquoise or primitive pink, 8 to 16 sizes, $75.
mail orders filled promptly.
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Newton Elkin shapes a first-class traveler, from oval toe to stacked leather heel. Black lizard, alligator, pinseal, calf, and navy or white calf. 29.95 to 59.95, designer shoe collections, Fourth Floor, Lord & Taylor, New York

recover from what they consider the unkindest cut of all—the careless assertion of the character in Edna Ferber's "Giant" who says, "You'll never hear a word of talk about books or music or sculpture or painting in Texas. . . . They never speak of these things. They have a kind of contempt for them." Such assaults on their culture have caused Texans to become almost morbidly preoccupied with it, and, lately, to strike back with vigor. "TEXAS IS, TOO, CIVILIZED," proclaimed the headline over a San Antonio *Express* article written by the paper's art editor. Texans' brags about what is sometimes referred to locally as their cultural setup seem most often to take the form of counting the state's cultural blessings. "We have symphony orchestras operating in nearly twenty cities," writes Jim Mathis in the Houston *Post.* "At least a hundred and fifty Texans can conscientiously be called artists," says the director of the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts. Other native authorities periodically inform their fellow-citizens that they now have this number of museums, that number of theatres, and so on down the cultural line. The Texans' attempt to measure the level of their culture by quantitative standards is thoroughly and joyously American. It is the old cultural numbers game, a national pastime that appraises our cultural attainment according to dollars spent on classical phonograph records, square feet of museum space, and other numerical standards. No matter where one looks, one is apt to see scores of the game. The New York *Times* reports that "as against 600 museums serving the American public in 1932, there are now 2,500," and that "twice as many people played musical instruments in 1957 as in 1938." *Fortune* announces that "Americans are buying some 630 million books a year . . . up from 330 million ten years ago." The *Saturday Review* states that "of two thousand symphony orchestras in the world, fourteen hundred are in the United States. Of the twenty-three with annual budgets in excess of a quarter of a million dollars, we have fourteen." As these various scores prove, we have been going great guns in the cultural numbers game. The indications are that we are about to do even better, for, as *Look* recently pointed out, "America has gone culture-crazy. We have sculpture in our shopping centers, concerts in our banks. . . . Music is even piped underwater in swimming pools. . . . Bookworms read some $2 billion worth of paperbacks a year. . . . Painting exhibits are now held in banks, supermarkets, political clubs, and department stores. . . . Two new apartment houses are named the Van Gogh and the Picasso. . . . Extra kicks for bibulous art lovers: liquor bottles packaged in prints of paintings by Gauguin, Renoir, Cézanne, and other famous artists." Along with tippling art lovers living in the Picasso, there are, inevitably, a few spoilsports, like Joseph Wood Krutch, who not only have not been rocked by the recent cultural explosion but even go around taking the fun out of the cultural numbers game. "To prove that ours is the most cultured nation which ever existed will constitute a barren victory if we must, to prove our point, use nothing but quantitative standards and reconcile ourselves to the common denominator as a measure of excellence," Krutch has written. Another unreconstructed observer, Ralph Barton Perry, showed his colors by remarking, "When men are encouraged to believe that the great and good things of life are within the reach of all, they are inclined to invert the principle and to believe what lies within the reach of all is great and good." Texas also has to put up with a few people, like the Dallas lawyer Thomas Knight, who are given to saying things that make their cultural patriotism suspect. "I don't think half a dozen people in Texas would buy the Sistine Madonna if it were up for sale at a bargain-basement price," Knight once remarked. "They'd think there was some wop propaganda behind it." However, such rude noises disturb the cultural scene more rarely in Texas than in America as a whole. Thus, while a certain number of Americans may fret about our cultural homogenization, the advent of *Kitsch*, and allied woes, Texans are able to remain, culturally speaking, serene.

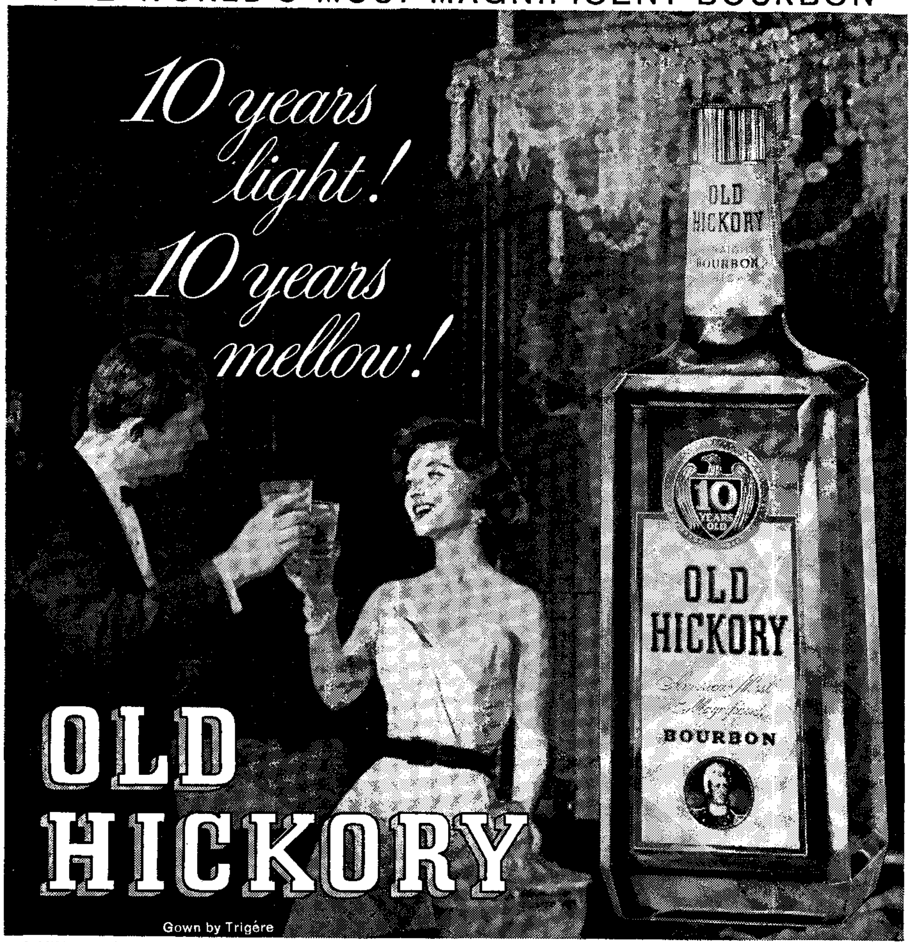
IN its once-over of American culture, the *Times Literary Supplement* took a look at education in this country, and found amusing what it called our "childish infatuation" with the subject. "A cynic," said the *T. L. S.*, "may suggest that a constitutional amendment making all American citizens A.B.s at birth would meet the case." The fact that we do indeed believe a college education to be every American's birthright could hardly fail to strike the British (though scarcely less than other Europeans) as somewhat comic, considering their centuries-old conviction that it is preposterous to maintain that everybody is equipped to benefit from higher education. While we are sometimes willing to acknowledge that our novel educa-


I'M IN THE MOOD FOR Munsingwear®

Flight of the butterfly . . . captured in the delicacy of a lace pattern created in Calais, France exclusively for Munsingwear. And see to what beautiful use it is put, as trim and exquisite applique on the "Papillon" nylon tricot slip accented ever so softly with tone-on-tone embroidery. Pure white lace on capriblue, eggshell or white, 32-38, 14.95 *Fashioning the Future 75th year*

MUNSINGWEAR, INC.—WOMEN'S AND GIRLS' LINGERIE, SLEEPSTYLES, SPORTSWEAR/WOMEN'S HOSIERY/HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE® BRAS, GIRDLES/261 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

THE WORLD'S MOST MAGNIFICENT BOURBON

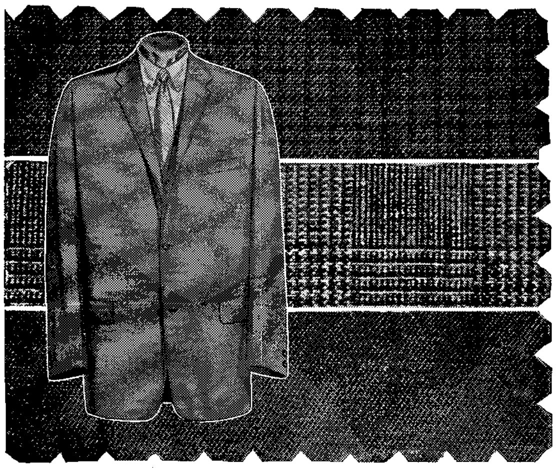


10 YEARS OLD • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

J.PRESS INC.

WORSTED WEAVE WASHABLE SUITS

EXCEPTIONAL WASHABLE suits for all hot weather wear commended by the weightless comfort, great serviceability and fine appearance of synthetic blends woven and tailored in the best worsted tradition.



- Olive and Black Gun Club Check of Dacron*/Orlon* —can be washed and dried automatically. $55
- Dark Gray Glen Plaid with Blue overcheck in Dacron/Orlon. 'Automatic Wash and dry'. $55
- Khaki and Putty shades in Gabardine with superfine finish. Dacron/Cotton, wash and drip-dry-fast. $55

Tailored 3-button with lapped edges and seams, hook vent and plain front trousers.

Mail Orders Filled. Submit height, weight, chest and waist measures. Trousers sent uncuffed. Include 75c mailing cost. Swatches and Color Brochure sent upon request.

**DuPont's fibers*

CURRENT EXHIBITS

Cincinnati
Netherland-Hilton Hotel
May 10th & 11th
Dallas
Adolphus Hotel
May 8th & 9th
Detroit
Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel
May 8th & 9th
Houston
Rice Hotel
May 10th, 11th & 12th

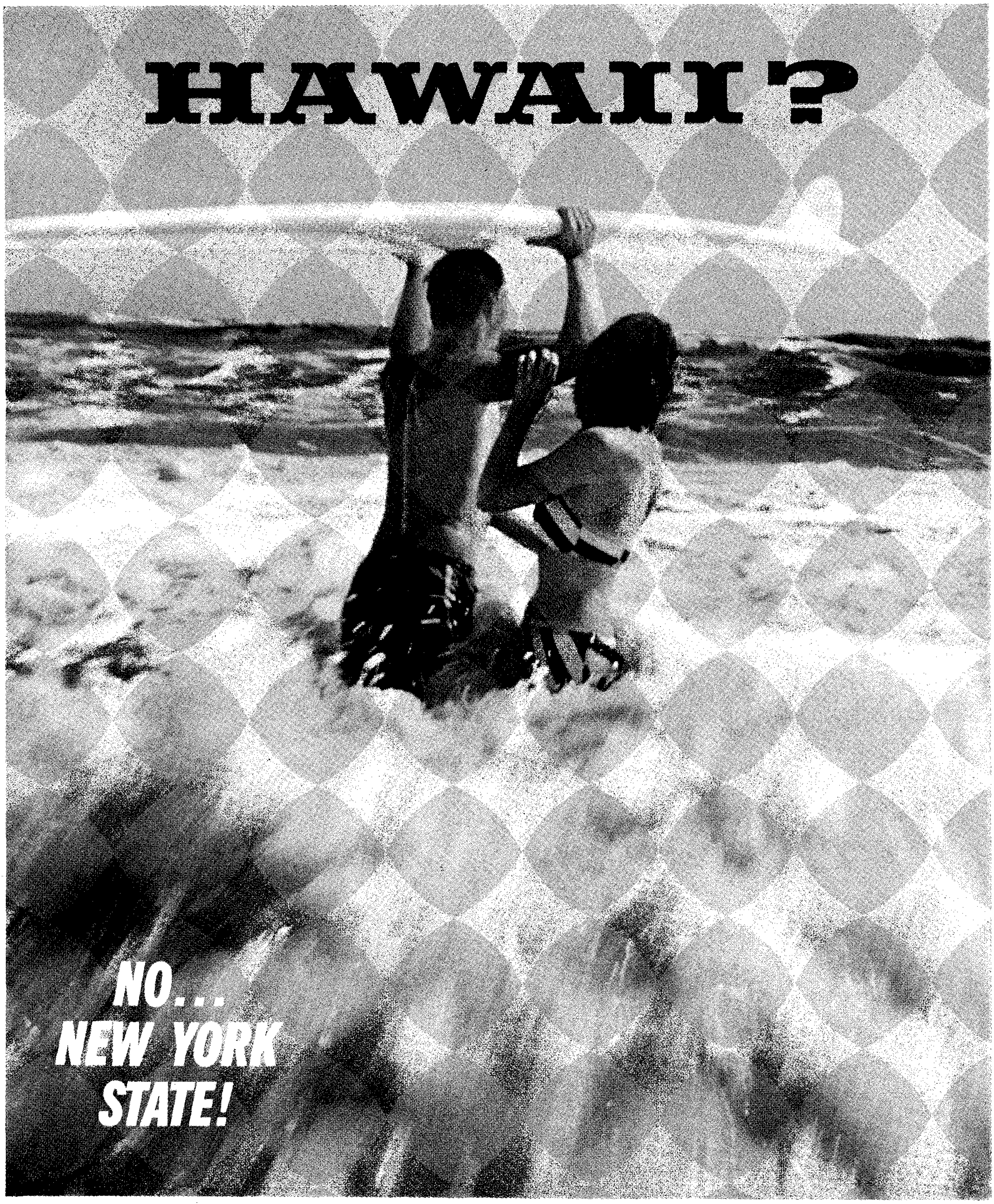
New Orleans
Roosevelt Hotel
May 11th & 12th
St. Louis
Bel Air Motel
May 12th & 13th
San Antonio
Gunter Hotel
May 15th & 16th

Exhibit Dates for 31 Other Cities on Request.

Since 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK *
J.PRESS INC.

262 York St. New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. New York
Coast to Coast Travel Exhibits

tional experiment may perhaps have a few defects, we would much rather talk about the fact that no society has ever spent as much money on schooling as ours. This kindles in the national bosom a warm glow of self-satisfaction. The situation reaches its acme, of course, in Texas, where the verbal worship of education is rampant. In spite of that, Texas stands thirty-second among the states in spending per pupil in the public schools. Gifts to local colleges and universities are a favorite philanthropy of Texas millionaires, but even with this largess Texas, according to a recent study of twenty-one states comparable in population and income, ranks next to the bottom in the average amount spent per student in state-supported institutions of higher learning. In education, as in other areas of life in Texas, the conservative spirit reigns. "Texans approve of education so long as it consists of handsome buildings, vast endowments, and hosts of bright-eyed, sturdy youths studying such harmless subjects as trigonometry and Chaucer," Green Peyton has written. "But if education means the development of free minds, equipped to examine the strange forces let loose in the world, they are against it." A classic example of the Texas distrust of anything that resembles free inquiry is the Board of Education in Houston, which, under the domination of an extreme right-wing faction led by a lady vigilante, has for the past dozen years been firing teachers and administrators on charges of being "controversial," banning textbooks it considers "anti-capitalistic," and engaging in other antics of similar design. "God, it's still the funniest thing in town," remarked the magazine *Houston Town* in 1958. (There may be less of this kind of comedy in the future, some Houstonians feel, because of the resignation last fall of the board's star performer, after a revolver she was holding accidentally went off and shot her husband.) Dallas, on the other hand, has well-regarded public schools, especially in the prosperous residential section, Highland Park. During the past three years, approximately ninety-seven per cent of the Highland Park High School graduates have gone on to college, and last year two of its alumni—Ensign Alton Thompson and Second Lieutenant Charles Otstott—led their classes at Annapolis and West Point, not only as president in each case but in both academic and military standing. This unprecedented event stirred up local chauvinism. Neiman-Marcus took a half-page newspaper ad showing pic-


HAWAII?
NO...
NEW YORK
STATE!

Gordon Linn, native-born Hawaiian, first set foot on a surfboard when he was two years old at Waikiki. He has been surfing ever since, most recently on Long Island in New York. "It's almost like being back home," he says, after a 500-foot ride on a wave. You don't have to ride the surf to enjoy Long Island. Over a hundred miles of ocean front offer some of the world's best swimming, boating and fishing. Nearby are quaint villages, two-century-old windmills and seafood restaurants *extraordinaire*. And you'll never be more than a few hours from New York City. Then explore upstate New York from the Catskills and Sullivan County to Niagara Falls. Roads are great . . . so are the motels, hotels and inns.

YOU'LL FIND A WORLD OF FUN IN NEW YORK STATE THIS SUMMER!

FREE VACATION GUIDE

The New York State Department of Commerce
P.O. Box 1350, Albany 1, N.Y.

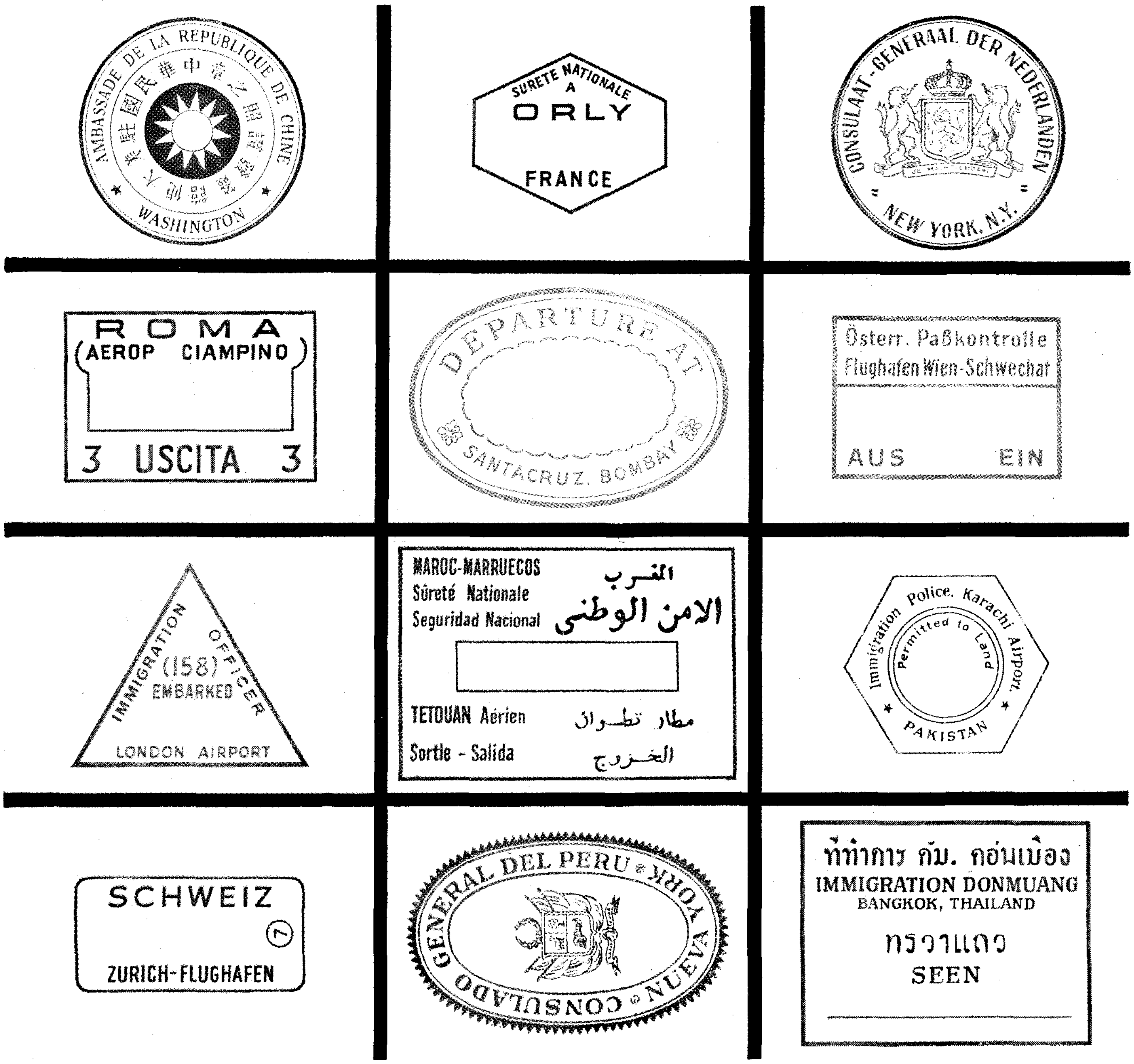
NEW
YORK
STATE
1961
VACATIONLANDS

Please send me the free 196-page "New York State Vacationlands" guide beautifully illustrated in full color. Y-4

Name____________________________

Address____________________________

City____________Zone____State______


AMBASSADE DE LA REPUBLIQUE DE CHINE
WASHINGTON
SURETE NATIONALE
A
ORLY
FRANCE
CONSULAAT-GENERAAL DER NEDERLANDEN
NEW YORK, N.Y.
ROMA
AEROP CIAMPINO
3 USCITA 3
DEPARTURE AT
SANTACRUZ, BOMBAY
Österr. Paßkontrolle
Flughafen Wien-Schwechat
AUS
EIN
IMMIGRATION OFFICER
(158)
EMBARKED
LONDON AIRPORT
MAROC-MARRUECOS
Sûreté Nationale
Seguridad Nacional
المغرب
الامن الوطني
TETOUAN Aérien
Sortie - Salida
مطار تطوان
الخروج
Police. Karachi Airport.
Immigration
Permitted to Land
PAKISTAN
SCHWEIZ
7
ZURICH-FLUGHAFEN
CONSULADO GENERAL DEL PERU
NUEVA YORK
IMMIGRATION DONMUANG
BANGKOK, THAILAND
SEEN

FINANCIAL "PASSPORT" FOR BANKERS AND BUSINESSMEN—

Home and abroad... the Irving offers complete worldwide services for Business, Banks, and Individuals... everywhere

IRVING TRUST COMPANY

One Wall Street, New York 15, N.Y.

Capital Funds over $150,000,000 *Total Assets over* $1,750,000,000

George A. Murphy, *Chairman of the Board* William E. Petersen, *President*

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

tures of the two men under a headline reading, "TOP THIS, ALASKA!"

While Texas millionaires have increasingly tended to send their sons to Eastern schools and colleges, the vast majority of them prefer to have their scions get their education from Texans in Texas, and there they can choose among a hundred and thirty-five universities and colleges. Eighty-three of these, including three of the largest universities, are privately supported—for the most part by churches. Southern Methodist has fifty-five hundred students, Baylor (Baptist) has over five thousand, and Texas Christian (Disciples of Christ, an offshoot of the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches) has slightly more than six thousand. Rice University—until recently called Rice Institute—the top-ranking institution of higher learning in Texas and among the best in the country, is also privately supported; its income is derived from an endowment established by a Massachusetts grocer who emigrated to Texas in 1837 and prospered. Rice has the distinction of being one of the five universities and colleges in Texas that require applicants to take College Entrance Board examinations; the others are Southern Methodist, Austin College, Trinity University, and, starting this fall, the University of Texas. The generally relaxed entrance standards of Texas colleges have naturally induced a tremendous and—as elsewhere in America—rapidly mounting enrollment, which last fall reached a peak of 165,000 students. Of these, 18,442 were enrolled in the University of Texas, at once the state's largest university and its richest. Its endowment ranks in size after the endowment of Harvard, and is, like many other accumulations of cash in Texas, more the result of good luck than of good management. When the university was established, in 1883, the legislature gave it two million acres of land in West Texas, the grazing rights from which yielded an annual income of approximately five hundred dollars. In 1923, the Big Lake oil field was found on land owned by the university; since then, oil has enriched its endowment by three hundred and fifty-four million dollars. Despite this comfortable nest egg, the university has a hard time making ends meet, since a third of the income from its endowment must be given to Texas A. & M. (enrollment 7,100), which is constitutionally a branch of the university. Once operating expenses have been paid, there is very little money left for the expansion of facilities in order to keep up with the times. To fill this gap, Harvard

FLEISCHMANN'S
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY

In Fine Whiskey...

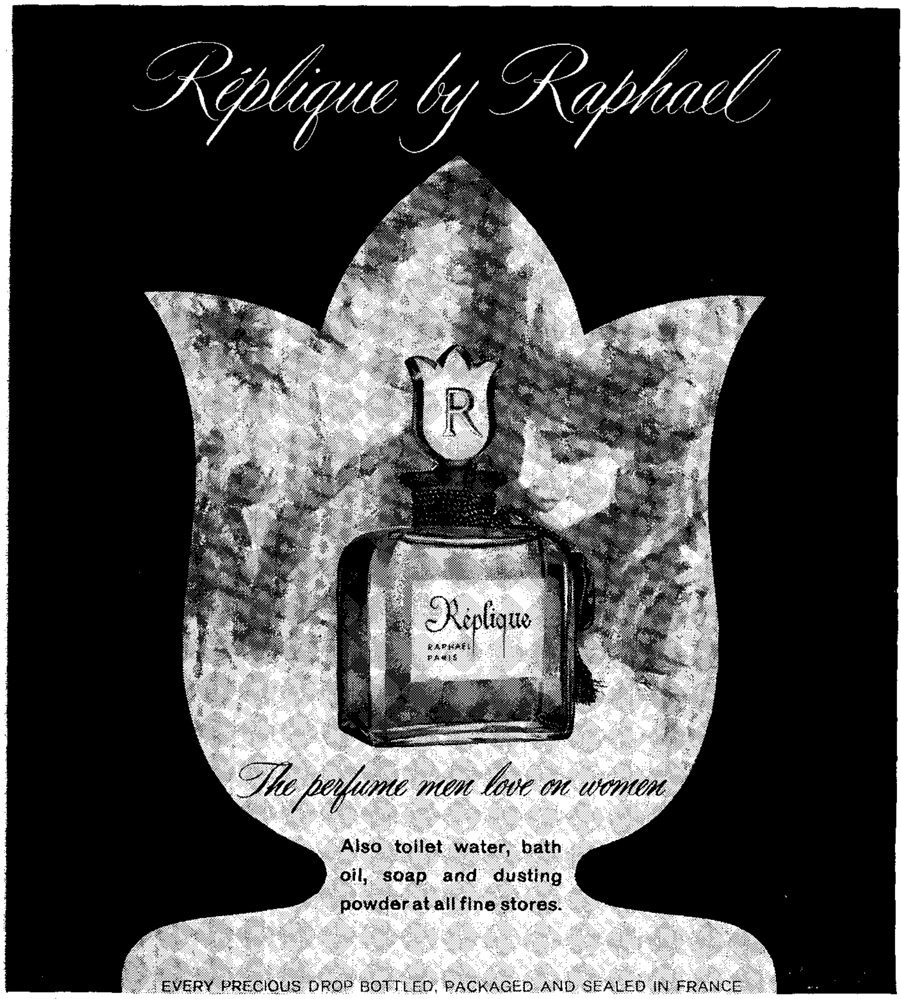
FLEISCHMANN'S

is the BIG buy!

90 Proof is why!

FLEISCHMANN'S
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY

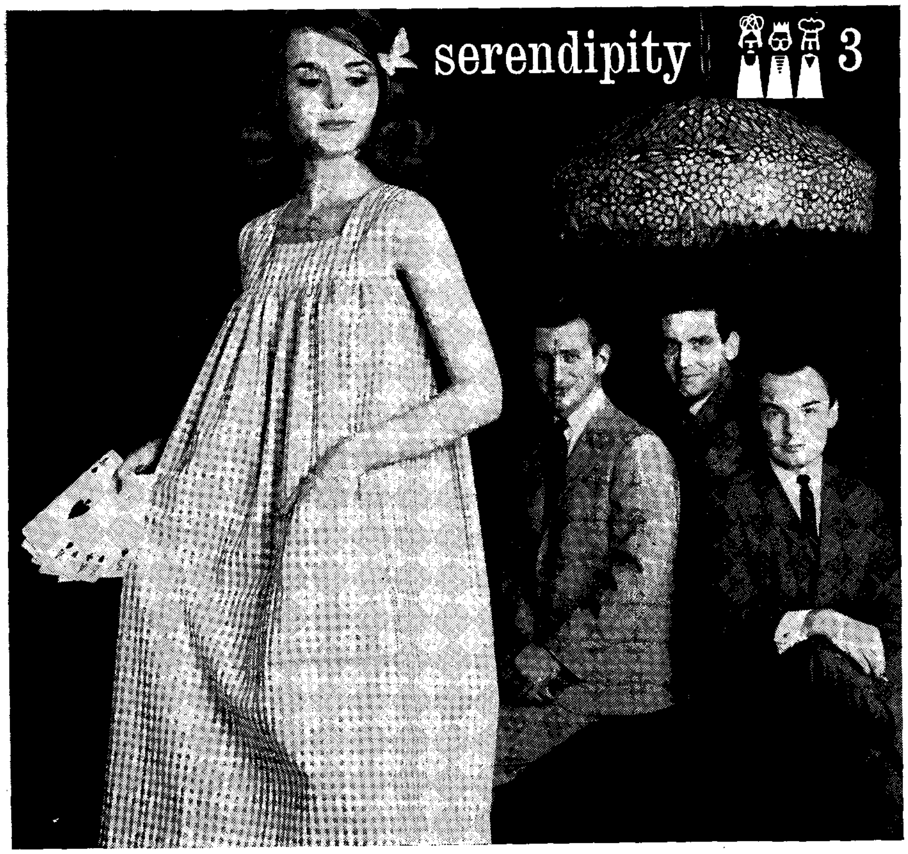
BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY



Also toilet water, bath oil, soap and dusting powder at all fine stores.

EVERY PRECIOUS DROP BOTTLED, PACKAGED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

baby doll! We love you in your darlin' baby doll—muumuu—whatever dress for city or shore. It's gingham. It's pink and white, blue and white or yellow and white. Small, medium and large. $15 ppd . . . Dallas-sized playing cards $5 ppd. from America's most General Store, Serendipity 3, 225 East 60th Street, New York City 22. Lunch 12 to 3. Coffees to 1 a.m.



relies on the generosity of its alumni ($18,981,227 contributed in 1960); the University of Texas, short of generous alumni ($169,389 contributed in 1960), relies on the state legislature, a frail reed indeed, since it is unwilling even to pay the university president's full twenty-five-thousand-dollar salary; of this sum, forty-four hundred comes from a grant bequeathed the university by one of its first alumni. The effects of the legislature's parsimony have not gone unnoticed by Texans less driven by the economy demon. A couple of years ago, a committee appointed to appraise the university and measure its progress toward its original goal—which, as the writers of the Texas Constitution put it, was to establish and maintain a university "of the first class"—reported that the university, far from having reached the point of being first class, ranked as "barely satisfactory." Two years after being given this rather cheerless word, the university's Board of Regents announced a ten-year, eighty-million-dollar plan to upgrade their institution. The project appears to have some chance of success, since it does not place primary reliance on the legislature but plans instead to secure over half of the required funds from private gifts—not necessarily by the alumni.

Whatever happens at the University of Texas in the future, the state's educational system as a whole is at present distinguished by quantity rather than quality—a condition abundantly demonstrated a few months ago by Jim Mathis in the Houston *Post* with a spate of statistics showing, for one thing, the comparatively infinitesimal sums granted for research to educational institu-

I hate Qantas.

I am an Australian. A very sensitive Australian. What I like is peace. And quiet. And ferny places and secret trees. Which is mostly what I've gotten up to now.

But not any more. Now I get coos. And goochy-poos. And cameras that click, right in my face. (And that name they call me: *teddy* bear.)

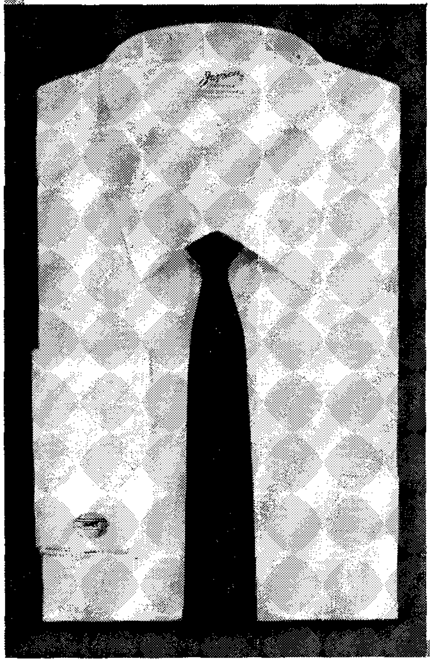
And why? All because of Qantas. All because they fly those jets. Six of them. Every single week. From some place called America.

So go ahead. Like Qantas, if you will. Fly Qantas, if you must. But, speaking for koalas, I find they're making life most difficult to bear. For bears.

SIX QANTAS 707 JETS A WEEK TO SYDNEY from San Francisco; connecting jets from New York. And you can stop in Waikiki, Fiji for a year! Bear down on any travel agent or Qantas in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Vancouver, Honolulu. (Also BOAC, general agent, in major cities.)

QANTAS Australia's Round-the-World Jet Airline

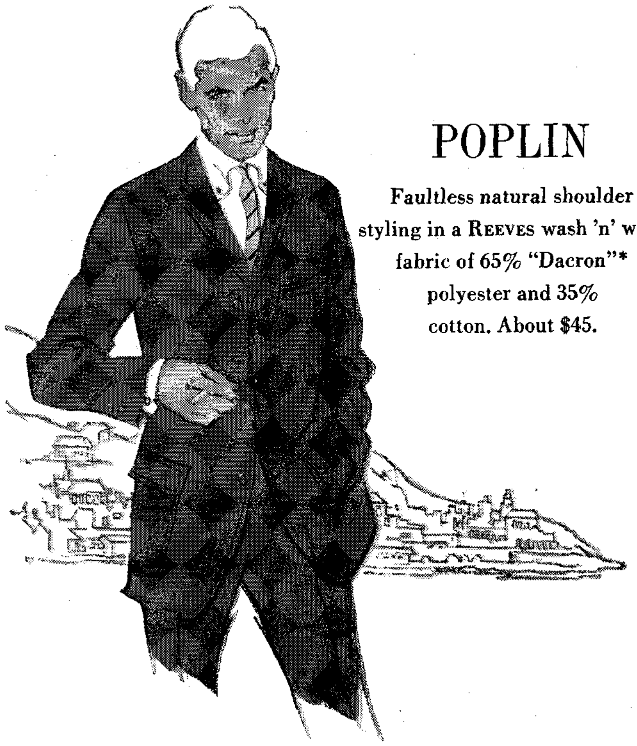
Euripides said:
"Toil is the sire of fame..."
(Licymnius; fragment 477)



And at Jayson, we agree! That's why we toil so hard on our shirts. So they'll be as famous as they deserve—for being the greatest values in men's shirts that this country has ever seen. Values like this one, the Jayson Super Whitehall available in a wide variety of collar styles, $4.50.

JAYSON SHIRTS
"Quoted for Quality"
390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

Deansgate®



POPLIN
Faultless natural shoulder styling in a REEVES wash 'n' wear fabric of 65% "Dacron"* polyester and 35% cotton. About $45.

FAMOUS-STERNBERG, INC.
950 Poeyfarre St., New Orleans, La.

prices slightly higher west of Rockies
**Du Pont trademark*

tions in Texas by the Atomic Energy Commission, the Public Health Service, the Defense Department, and other agencies that demand top-grade standards of scholarship. "By almost any measuring rod you can find," Mathis remarked after finding several more, "the state has a brain-power shortage, and is suffering from the lack." This lack may have been partly explained by Dr. Logan Wilson, until recently chancellor of the University of Texas, when he pointed out that "in no instance has a Texas college or university been categorized as equal to the best of its kind anywhere." Nor is the problem of quality the only one confronting the Texans who are in charge of their state's higher education. In a survey conducted a while ago at the University of Texas, faculty members were asked the single question "What do you regard as the university's most perplexing problem?" The preponderant response was "Parking."

THE reaction of Texans to the 1954 United States Supreme Court decision declaring school segregation unconstitutional has been typically American, and then some. Depending mainly on the section of the state, it has run all the way from anger, resentment, and all-out opposition, through calm detachment and resigned acceptance, to reluctant approval and, here and there, genuine endorsement. In contrast to other Southern states, where the decree was everywhere met with open defiance, sixty-five school districts in Texas voluntarily ended segregation within a year after it became illegal. However, the strong segregational sentiment that predominates in Texas had been stirred up, and in 1957, when sixty-nine additional school districts voluntarily abolished segregation, Governor Price Daniel, to impede further moves in that direction, called a special session of the legislature, which enacted a law providing for the withdrawal of state aid and accreditation from any school district that desegregates without approval of its voters, and for fines of up to a thousand dollars for school-board members who permit desegregation without a local referendum favoring it. Thanks to this disingenuous legislation, attorneys arguing before federal courts on behalf of segregationist Texas school boards were able to present their clients as innocent bystanders caught in a legal crossfire; if they obeyed federal law, they were liable under state law to be penalized personally and also to bring great hardship to their schools by

COPYRIGHT © 1961, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS.

Tune in "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" on ABC-TV each week.

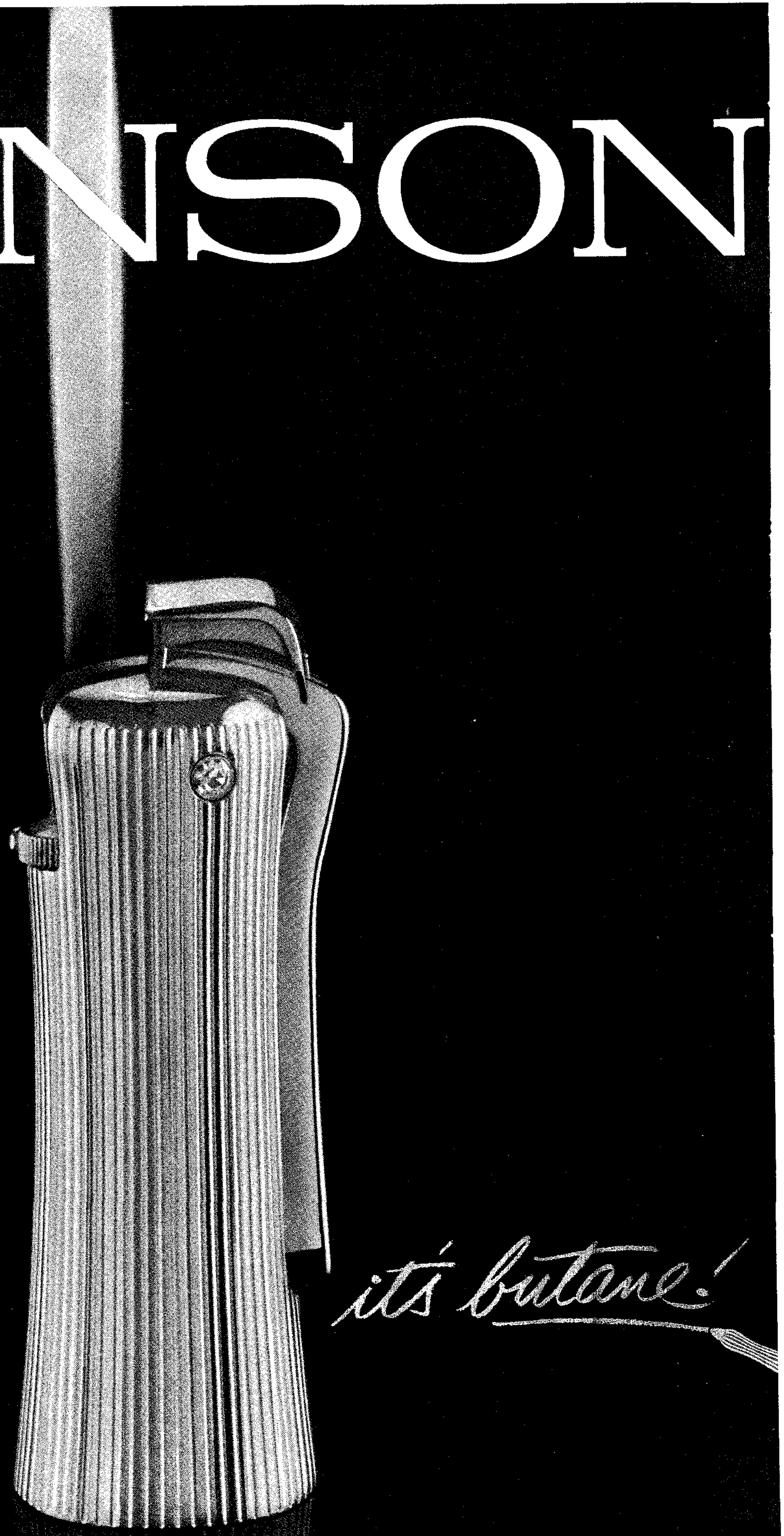
What a REFRESHING NEW FEELING

...what a special zing...you get from Coke! Celebrate with the lively lift and cold crisp taste of sparkling Coca-Cola... Regular or King Size. Remember, Coke refreshes you best!

Coca-Cola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Regular or King Size

RONSON



new Varaflame Ladylite purselighte

New way to light up the night or dazzle the daylights out of everyone in sight . . . Ronson's lipstick-size purselight
Works on butane fuel. Lights for months on one filling. And you can dial the flame to whatever height you prefer. $2

*suggested retail, plus tax; ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA; ©1960 Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N. J., U.S.A.

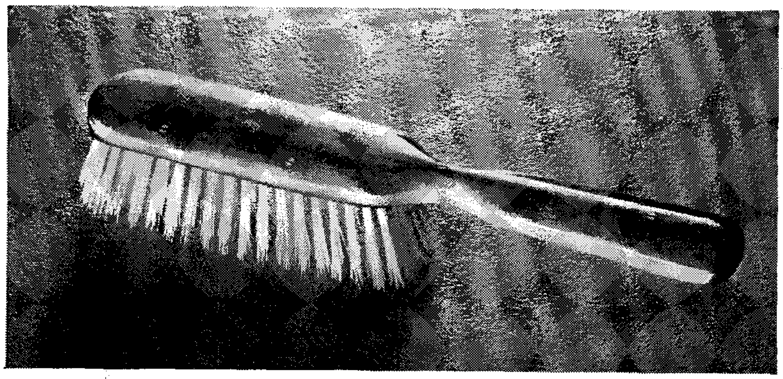
RONSON . . . INTERNATIONAL STANDARD OF EXCELLEN depriving them of state aid. When the attorneys had exhausted their variations on the conflict-of-laws theme, the school boards in Houston and Dallas, where the N.A.A.C.P. has concentrated its pressure, were obliged to draw up and submit to the federal courts actual desegregation plans. Further delays were accomplished, but finally Federal Judge Ben C. Connally ordered the Houston school system, then the largest segregated school district in the country, to integrate its first grade in September, 1960, and to complete the desegregation process by integrating one additional upper grade each year thereafter for eleven years. After making unsuccessful appeals to a higher court and to the Governor to postpone or nullify the court decree, the board agreed to obey it. At the same time, the board announced that a Negro child, to be eligible for acceptance in a white school, would be required to file an application; present a doctor's certificate attesting his good health; be immunized against smallpox and diphtheria; have no brothers or sisters attending an all-Negro elementary school; be six years old; and, if a former kindergarten pupil in a Negro school, obtain a transfer slip from the principal of that school. Altogether, twenty-two such applications were made; twelve were accepted. Thus, six years after the Supreme Court desegregation decision, twelve of Houston's forty-six thousand Negro schoolchildren are benefiting from it. In Dallas, desegregation, even to the limited extent adopted in Houston, will not be undertaken before this fall. In fact, no integration at all has been attempted in East Texas, which prides itself on its strict adherence to the segregation customs of the Old South and contains ninety per cent of the state's Negroes. As for Texas colleges and universities, the majority, including large ones like Texas A. & M., Texas Tech, and the state teachers' colleges, are completely segregated. A few, such as Texas Christian and Southern Methodist, accept Negroes only in their graduate schools; in 1960, Southern Methodist had a dozen Negro graduate students. However, more than forty other Texas colleges and universities—in addition to two state-supported and eight privately financed all-Negro institutions—now accept Negroes as undergraduates. In the desegregated colleges, Negroes, though accepted in the classroom, are still at least partly segregated in housing, in off-campus eating facilities, and in various ways socially. "What we have," a Negro student at the University of

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®

Martini Men
appreciate the
identifiable
excellence
of imported
BEEFEATER GIN

UNEQUALLED SINCE 1820 • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION



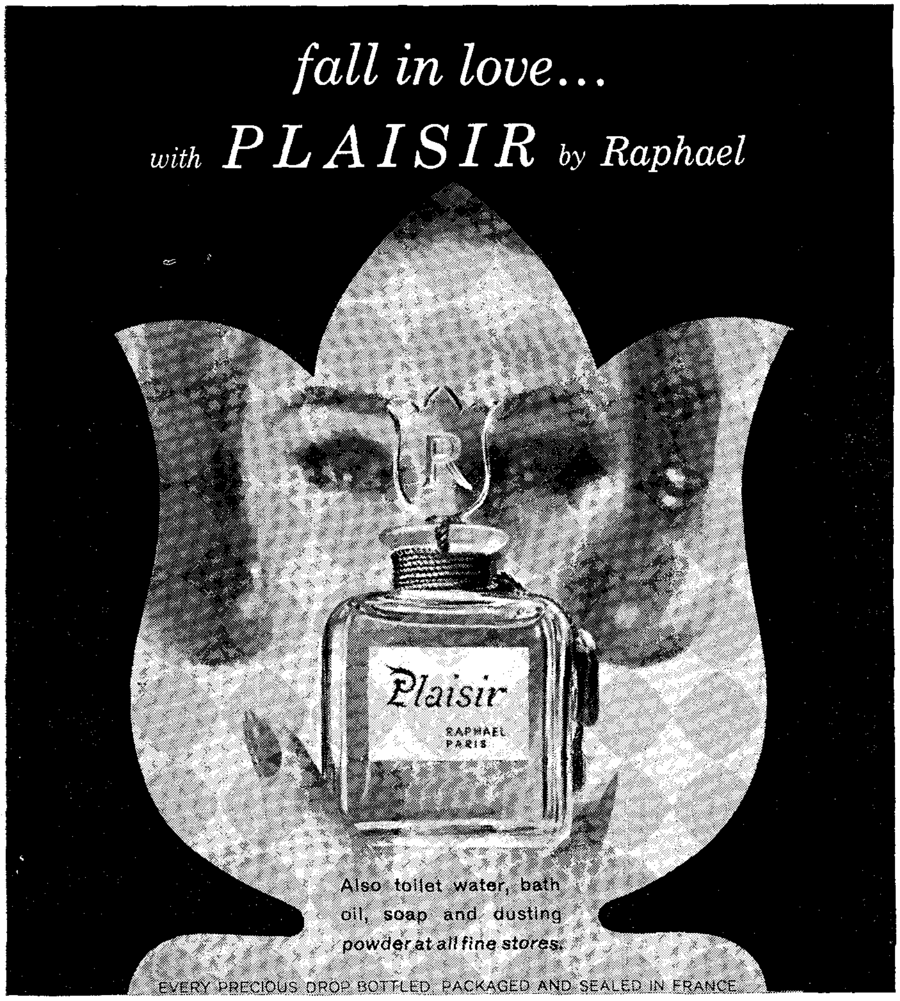
By Appointment To Her Majesty The Queen Brushmakers G. B. Kent & Sons, Ltd.

What makes this Kent hairbrush worth $25.00?

Simply magnificent brushcraft by Kent of London! The highest quality natural bristle in all of boardom, which is, in its own way, as superlative as fine fur. Then jewel-like setting. Each tuft is meticulously hand locked in a back of beautifully grained satinwood that has been hand rubbed to a deep glowing lustre. This Kent is a work of art—of artfulness too, for its quality makes it a lasting investment in hair beauty. (Style LHS3) Other Kent brushes from $6.50 at fine stores.

KENT OF LONDON
Since 1777
630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

THE BEST FROM BRITAIN


fall in love...
with PLAISIR by Raphael
Plaisir
RAPHAEL PARIS
Also toilet water, bath oil, soap and dusting powder at all fine stores.
EVERY PRECIOUS DROP BOTTLED, PACKAGED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

Texas said recently, "is desegregation without integration." Though non-Southerners are given to criticizing Texans for their "ingenious procrastination," desegregation in Texas can perhaps be correctly appraised only in context—in relation, that is, to the other states that made up the old Confederacy. As of the fall of 1960, five of these states—Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisiana—were still flatly refusing to recognize the Supreme Court edict, and in none was a single Negro child attending class with whites. Five other onetime Confederate states—Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas, Florida, and Tennessee—also opposed the law with massive resistance but by the fall of 1960 had accepted desegregation to the extent of permitting a total of 807, of their combined Negro school population of 982,822, to attend mixed classes. At the same time, in Texas, 3,511 Negroes were attending public schools with white students. That was more than four times as many as in all the other former Confederate states together.

"SOMEWHERE in this broad land, many people read books as daily nourishment," wrote Lon Tinkle, book critic of the Dallas *News*. "This must be in the cold climates, where you have to stay indoors, or maybe in the sophisticated cities. If the latter, this leaves Dallas out in the cold, or at least outdoors. In the sophisticated metropolis of New York, for example, thirty-seven per cent (or more than one copy out of three) of the total sales of Boris Pasternak's Nobel Prizer 'Doctor Zhivago' were made. You know what percentage was bought in Texas? Texas, plus the entire South put together, consumed only four per cent of the national total." In this gentle chiding of his compatriots, Tinkle was simply noting one more area in which Texans outdo other Americans—non-reading. The same is true of television; while the majority of Americans spend approximately twenty per cent of their waking hours watching television, forty-two per cent of adult Texans, according to a survey by Belden Associates, spend "most" of their leisure in that pursuit. Television is not, of course, responsible for the unpopularity of books in this country. Before television, it was radio, and before that the phonograph, pinochle, whittling—anything but the comparatively hard discipline of reading. There has been one encouraging sign, however. In 1954, a Gallup Poll found that sixty-one per cent of adult Americans read no books except the Bible, whereas in 1958 the figure dropped to sixty per cent. So there has been improvement, even though we still spend only three times as much on books as we do on chewing gum. How far this new interest in literature has progressed in Texas can be seen, to a certain extent, by contrasting the visit W. H. Auden made to Dallas in 1954 with the one made by T. S. Eliot in 1958. Auden appeared as an attraction of a cultural program called the Community Course, and was introduced by Dallas's cultural attaché, Lon Tinkle. "You would have guessed the audience had never heard a British accent before when Auden got up and started talking," Tinkle said later. "The consternation at hearing a British poet speak the King's English did in a dozen right away. For their money's worth, they heard only one sentence before they were gone. This was a contagion. People got up in packs, as though a posse had been summoned to find Billy the Kid, Jesse James, or Pablo Picasso. Whole rows emptied with the machinelike precision of a Rockette chorus. Finally, only Auden and we and a polite handful were left. Out of twenty-five hundred at the start." Tinkle was also instrumental in bringing T. S. Eliot to Dallas, and in skillfully publicizing his admission-free lecture, given in the nine-thousand-seat Coliseum, at Southern Methodist University. The event, Tinkle noted in one of several newspaper articles he wrote about it, was one in which "the vaunted cultural interest of Big D is put to a severe test." To hear Eliot read for an hour and a half from his works, some seven thousand people turned out in a downpour so heavy that two or three times during the evening Eliot was obliged to stop reading until he could be heard above the noise made by the rain on the roof. The audience not only stayed for the whole performance but, at the end, gave Eliot a standing ovation.

Though one poet does not make a trend, other signs indicate that literature is catching on in Texas, and many of these fires have been lit by Tinkle, a handsome, mustached Dallas native who has been described by the London *Times* as "the arbiter of Texas letters." A product of Southern Methodist University, Columbia, and the Sorbonne, Tinkle, who for many years has been a professor of French and comparative literature at S.M.U., started writing book reviews for the Dallas *News* in 1942. The *News* book page, which appears once a week, usually in the wom-

EUROPE-BOUND?

I'm addressing this only to

THOSE WHO HAVE THE TIME TO SAIL

If you have only two weeks or so of vacation time, I'm afraid you'll have to forego the adventure of sailing across the great Atlantic.

If you have more time than that, join the fortunate. *Sail* to Europe on one of the world famous ships of the Holland-America Line. And – if you've never had the experience – I sincerely suggest that you go *first-class.*

Shall I say there are few opportunities anywhere these days to enjoy such attentive, luxurious service? That sounds immodest. Shall I say our first-class cuisine ranks with the world's most renowned restaurants? That sounds boastful. Shall I say you'll be travelling in distinguished company? That sounds snobbish. Shall I say that although first-class passage is not inexpensive, you'll find it worth twice its price? That sounds commercial.

Then, what shall I say? Perhaps simply this: I think you'll find I'm not overstating when I say you'll have an unforgettable voyage. If you have the time, and you can afford it, you owe yourself the experience. At least once in your lifetime!

"It's good to be on a well-run ship"

FREDERICK R. WIERDSMA
RESIDENT DIRECTOR
AND GENERAL MANAGER

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N.Y.

THE ROTTERDAM, NIEUW AMSTERDAM, STATENDAM AND MAASDAM—CALLING AT IRELAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE, HOLLAND. IDEAL CONNECTIONS FOR GERMANY, SCANDINAVIA, SWITZERLAND AND ALL EUROPE.

WHEN THE outside world is alerted, a riot in the Congo is less likely to flame into full-scale war. ✒ Today, television—the marathon entertainer—serves as a vital intelligence system. Viewers receive warnings on television that are more useful—and *timely*—than monitors of radar may ever detect on either side of the Iron Curtain. A stone thrown at an embassy window can be a warning "blip" on home screens across a continent. ✒ During the past six months, news and special programs have briefed millions of Americans on trouble spots from Cuba to Laos... on interracial tensions and exploding populations... the mounting farm surplus and declining water tables... lagging productivity and the advancing gap between the world's rich and poor—problems that imperil and impoverish life on earth. ✒ People have always had to see danger to believe it. Now we can see and believe while there's still time—often thousands of miles away.

In May . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

Reports on major news developments
(Consult local program listings.)

"The Joke and the Valley"
Thomas Mitchell and Keenan Wynn in a pri
winning drama of ironic justice.
Friday, May 5 (8:30-10 PM)

"The Accused"
Patricia Neway in an original opera.
Sunday, May 7 (11:30 AM-Noon)

"ABC Close-Up!"
Two documentary studies of Kenya.
Tuesday, May 9 (10-10:30 PM) and
Tuesday, May 16 (8:30-9 PM)

"Woodrow Wilson and the Unknown Soldier"
Drama with newly found films of World Wa
Saturday, May 13 (9:30-10 PM)

"Return to the Stone Age"
Primitive life in Northeastern Australia.
Tuesday, May 16 (7-7:30 PM)

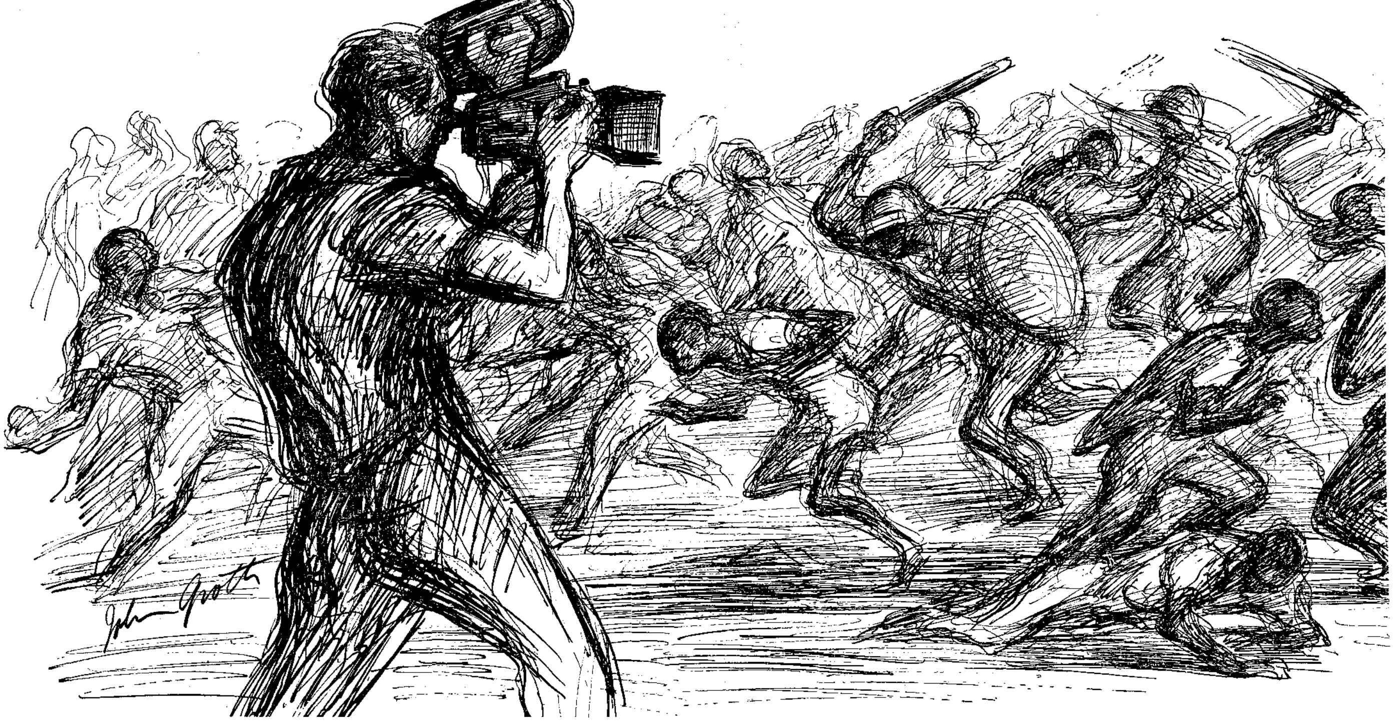
"Emmy Awards"
National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences' annual presentation.
Tuesday, May 16 (10-11:30 PM)

"Wonders of the Water Worlds"
Seas, lakes and rivers and their inhabitan
Sunday, May 21 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"Yalta"
The Big Three plan German occupation a
treatment of war criminals.
Sunday, May 21 (10:30-11 PM)

"NBC White Paper No. 6"
Documentary on the crisis of the railroads.
Tuesday, May 23 (10-11 PM)

EARLY WARNING SYSTEM



"Circle Theatre"
A dramatized report on college admissions.
Wednesday, May 24 (10-11 PM)

"Nobody Here But Us Martians"
An original drama by Rod Serling.
Friday, May 26 (10-10:30 PM)

"Paris in the Twenties"
The Lost Generation in the City of Light.
Sunday, May 28 (6:30-7 PM)

"Not So Long Ago"
Bob Hope narrates highlights of the years 1945 to 1950.
Tuesday, May 30 (10-11 PM)

"Famous"
Eddie Albert stars in an adaptation of Stephen Vincent Benet's story.
Wednesday, May 31 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

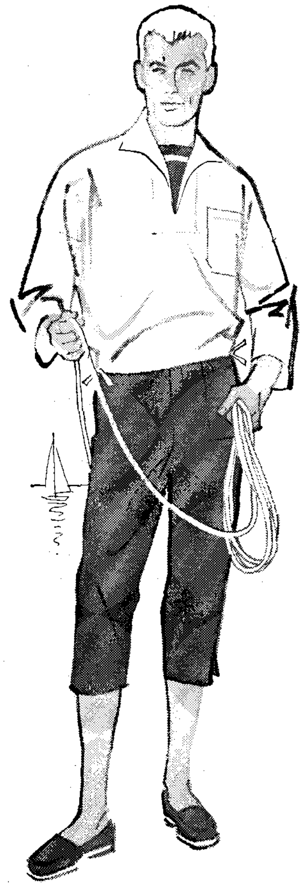
Sundays:	Meet the Professor Washington Conversation Accent Roundup USA Issues and Answers Meet the Press The Twentieth Century Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years
Tuesdays:	Expedition!
Thursdays:	CBS Reports/Face the Nation
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon.-Fri.:	Continental Classroom

NOTE: *All times are EDT. Programs, titles, times, and casts are subject to change. Check local listings for times and programming details.*

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE
666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

en's section of the Sunday edition, has long been considered the most professional exhibit of its kind in the Southwest. Other large Texas newspapers also have book editors—Diana Hobby, of the Houston *Post*, and A. C. Greene, of the Dallas *Times Herald*, are among the better known—and once a week devote space, usually about a page, to reviewing new books. The Fort Worth *Star-Telegram's* Sunday edition carries a page headed "Books and Hobbies," which contains four or five book reviews, a column about coins, one about stamps, and a third titled "Canine Comments." Another harbinger of spring in the state's intellectual life has been the notable success of the *Texas Quarterly*, a venture of the University of Texas Press, launched in 1958. The state now has two literary quarterlies, the other one being the *Southwest Review*, founded in 1915 and published by the Southern Methodist University Press. The *Southwest Review* devotes more space to material of a regional nature than does the *Texas Quarterly*, whose contributors have so far included not only natives like Lyndon B. Johnson and Katherine Anne Porter but such varied outsiders as Robert Graves, Allen W. Dulles, Joyce Cary, Alexander Kerensky, Karl Shapiro, and even Walter Reuther. Though the presses at both universities, as their catalogues reveal, have a predominant interest in works like "Recollections of Early Texas," "The Legumes of Texas," "Texas Range Grasses," and "Tornadoes Over Texas," they are gradually becoming less parochial. The University of Texas Press, for example, is the only American publisher to have printed a complete English version of "Platero and I," the best-known work of the Spanish poet Juan Ramón Jiménez, who was awarded the 1956 Nobel Prize.

Though no Texas author has won a Nobel Prize, or even a Pulitzer Prize or a National Book Award, there is no doubt a winner in the making, for, as Frank Wardlaw, director of the University of Texas Press, has put it, "Texas is bursting with creativity." The most famous writer Texas has produced is J. Frank Dobie, who has been variously—and accurately—described as "a Texas institution, loved by thousands," "both the prophet and the conscience of Texas letters," and "one of the few untamed geniuses still roaming free." A handsome, white-thatched, rugged figure of a man, Dobie was born on a Texas ranch, took up teaching after graduation from Southwestern Uni-



Sail the seas, decked in duck

Rugged cotton sail cloth ship mates are imported from Dynasty of Hong Kong and are designed to go from ship to shore with easy distinction. All are in dyed-to-match coordinating colors. Blue, orange, olive or white.
Sailor shirt, S,M,L. **7.95**
Deck pants, 30-38, **8.95**
Jacket with bamboo closing, (not shown), S,M,L. **9.95**

Mail and phone orders filled

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

New York • Bergen County
Fresh Meadows • New Rochelle
Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

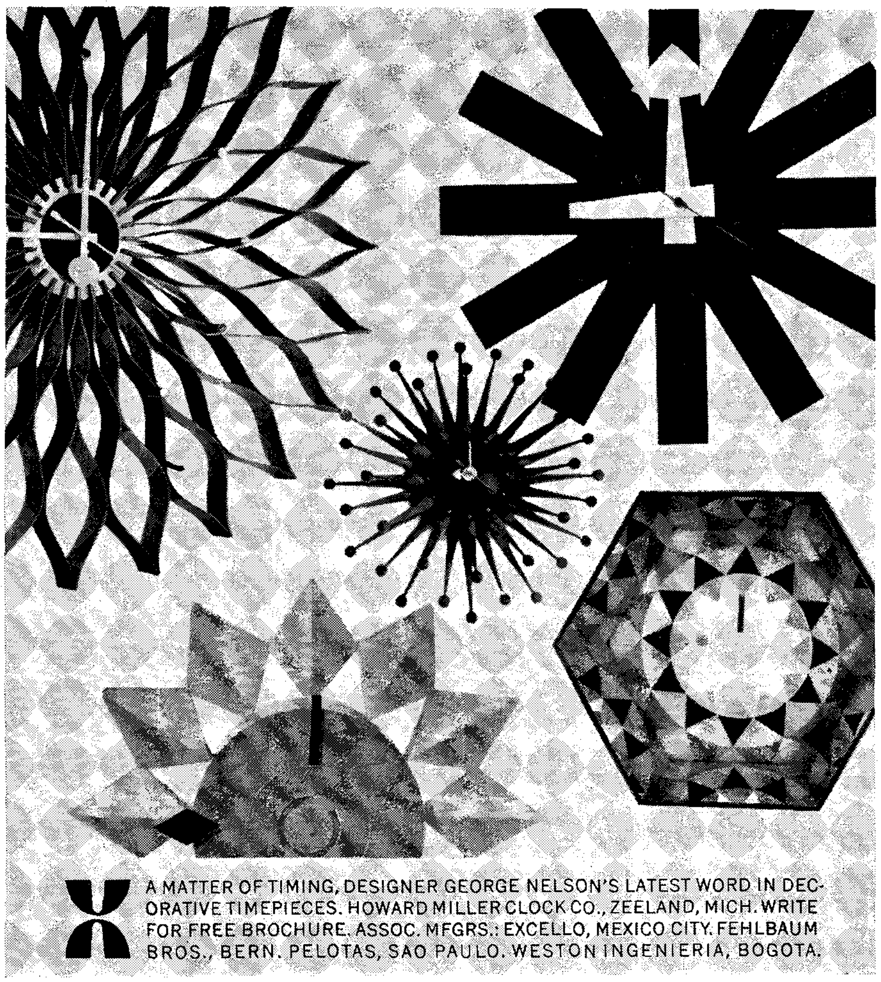
MARTIN'S
V.V.O.
MARTIN'S
ORIGINAL
V.V.O.
BRAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
EXTRA QUALITY
SCOTLAND
K
Q
J
10
9

Martin's V.V.O.—the happiest Scotch straight

WHY? BECAUSE it's the pride of Glenlivet, where the finest of fine Scotch whiskies are happily distilled . . . blended especially for the enjoyment of people who want the best of the better Scotches.

Also: Martin's Fine and Rare (20 years old); Martin's De Luxe (12 years old).

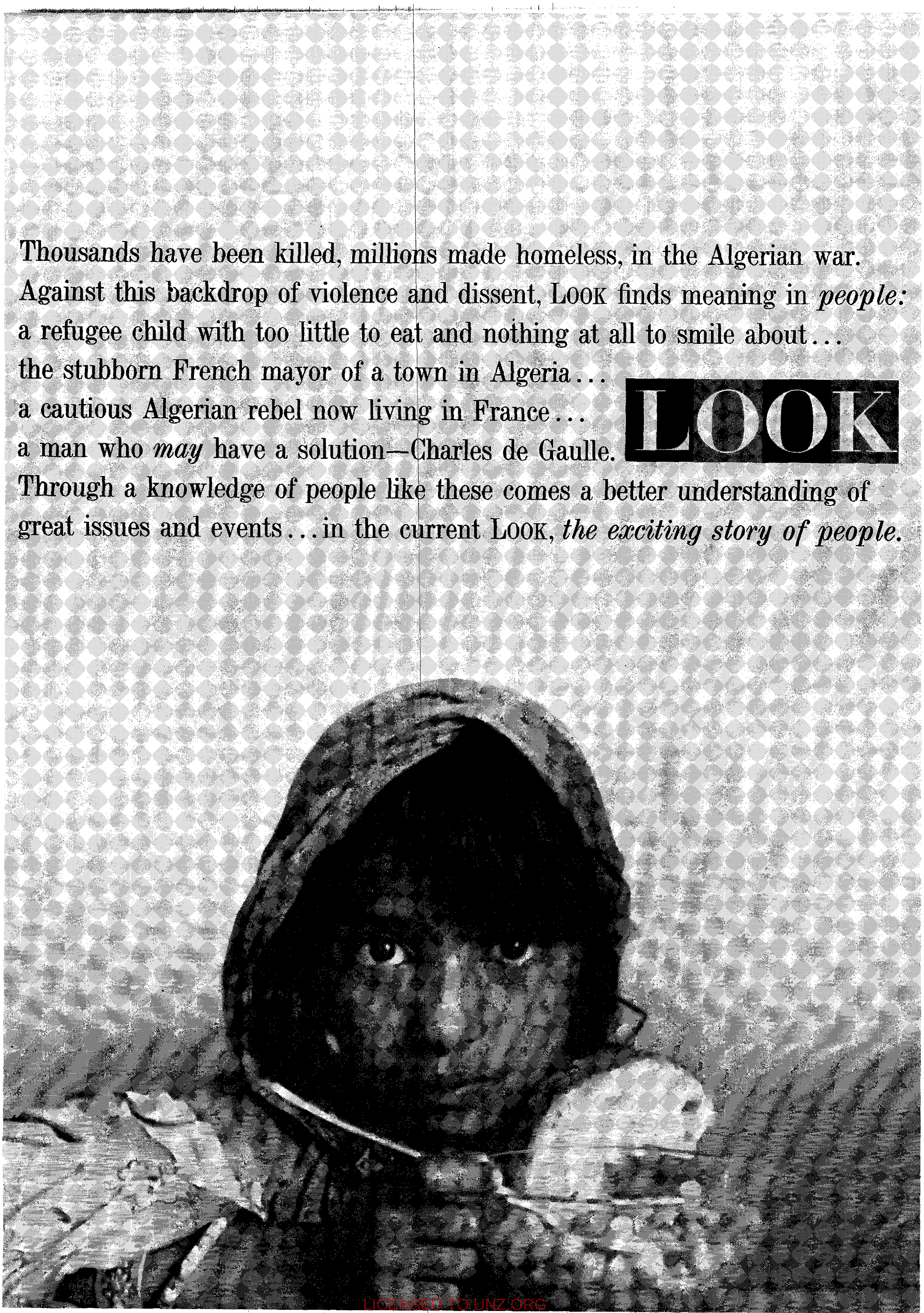
86.8 PROOF, BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©McK&R, 1961



A MATTER OF TIMING. DESIGNER GEORGE NELSON'S LATEST WORD IN DECORATIVE TIMEPIECES. HOWARD MILLER CLOCK CO., ZEELAND, MICH. WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE. ASSOC. MFGRS.: EXCELLO, MEXICO CITY. FEHLBAUM BROS., BERN. PELOTAS, SAO PAULO. WESTON INGENIERIA, BOGOTA.

versity, and wound up as a professor ("*full* professor," he says mockingly) of English at the University of Texas, where he became known as "the best professor who ever got on a horse," and where he had his headquarters for thirty-three years. During a leave of absence in 1943-44, he served as visiting professor of American history at Cambridge. He found the experience, like everything else he encounters, exhilarating, and wrote about it in "A Texan in England." "The dons don't do so bad," he noted, "when they retire from their high table to the combination (club) room and drink port and other wines." After Cambridge, Dobie stayed on leave for three more years, and when he was asked to resume his teaching post, he refused, on the ground that he had hay fever and wanted to finish writing a book. This provided the Board of Regents of the University of Texas with an official reason for dismissing him; in 1944, Dobie, an enemy of sham and a believer in individualism and plain talk, had pungently supported Homer P. Rainey, president of the university, in his losing fight with the regents over having strayed from the straight and narrow path of Texas conservatism. Over the years, Dobie has written close to a score of books and is full of plans for more. Since 1939, he has also written a column published in the Sunday editions of several Texas newspapers, and in this forum has expressed himself on a variety of subjects, including contemporary school textbooks ("stuffed with banal tripe that would bore the brain of a hard-shelled terrapin"), Dwight Eisenhower ("makes no pretense to a cultivated mind"), John Kennedy ("a gentleman"), Richard Nixon ("a blackguard"), Adlai Stevenson ("a great mind"), college departments of education and journalism ("mostly departments of shysterism"), high-toned terminology ("I am so old-fashioned that I still call a memorial park a graveyard"), his superior officer in the First World War ("as common as pig tracks"), and the American Legion ("an organization of petrified minds"). On his seventieth birthday, in 1958, Dobie was asked by a visitor if he cared to comment on the occasion. Opening a bottle of Scotch that a friend had sent in honor of the day, Dobie poured a drink for his visitor and one for himself, and said, "It's a diverting farce, and I'd like to play my little part in it a little while longer."

Another eminent Texas man of letters, the historian Walter Prescott Webb, has been playing his part as long



Thousands have been killed, millions made homeless, in the Algerian war.
Against this backdrop of violence and dissent, Look finds meaning in *people:*
a refugee child with too little to eat and nothing at all to smile about...
the stubborn French mayor of a town in Algeria...
a cautious Algerian rebel now living in France...
a man who *may* have a solution—Charles de Gaulle.
Through a knowledge of people like these comes a better understanding of
great issues and events...in the current Look, *the exciting story of people.*

LOOK

Tuned
To The Tempo
of Our Time

Ours is a demanding age—one that insists on more than quality—that requires styling as well as performance, fashionable appearance as well as functional excellence.

Movado meets those demands, provides trouble-free dependability plus distinguished design. Throughout America, throughout the world, the quality of time bears the name, Movado

Man's: Kingmatic, self-winding, Sub-sea (water resistant) 28 jewels 14K gold $210. Woman's: Circle-in-the-Square, 14K gold watch and bracelet, Syn. Sapphire Crystal $295. Other Kingmatics from $100.

for those whose moments are precious

MOVADO

Sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world.
For jeweler nearest you write: MOVADO, 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
In Canada: 44 King St. West, Toronto

©1960, Movado Watch Agency Inc.

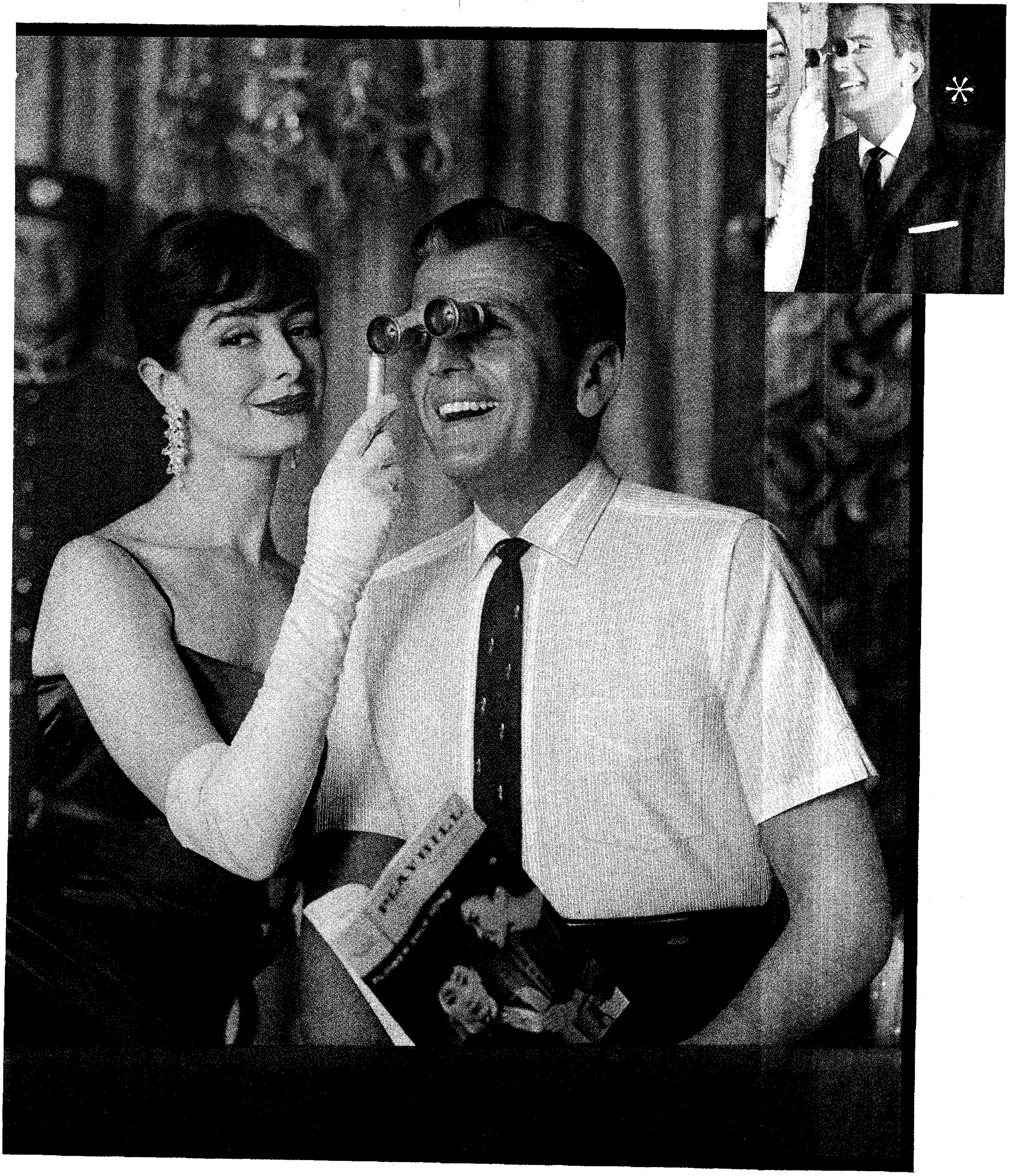
and as notably as Dobie. Not only was Webb born in the same year and on a ranch but he has also spent most of his adult life as a professor at the University of Texas, with leaves to serve as a visiting professor at Oxford and at the University of London. In 1958, Webb, the state's most distinguished scholar and a historian in the tradition of Frederick Jackson Turner, became the first person from west of the Mississippi to be elected president of the American Historical Association. His best-known works, "The Great Plains" and "The Great Frontier," have made him, as *Time* recently noted, "his generation's foremost philosopher of the frontier, and the leading historian of the American West." Small, leathery, and shrewd (he has done very well on the side in real estate), Webb shares Dobie's predilection for straight talk. That and mutual high regard are among the reasons the two men have remained staunch friends for so many years. Perhaps the compliment that Webb, as a Westerner, most appreciates is Dobie's plain remark that Webb is a man who "will do to ride the river with."

A close and deeply respected friend of both Webb and Dobie, the naturalist and philosopher Roy Bedichek was, until his death in 1959, at eighty-one, customarily grouped with them as one of the Big Three of Texas literature. Bedichek, who earned his living as director of a state agency that arranges athletic, debating, and other competitions among the public schools, did not begin his writing career until he was seventy. His literary output was accordingly small, consisting of four volumes. The best known, "Adventures of a Texas Naturalist," besides being a book about Texas flora and fauna, reflects what Dobie once called "the most richly and variously stored mind I have ever associated with." In the course of reviewing Bedichek's last book, an extraordinary work titled "The Sense of Smell," Stanley Walker, for many years one of the author's close friends, said that Bedichek's death was mourned throughout the state and that it had moved an unnamed rancher he knew to remark, "This is the worst loss to civilization Texas has ever received. We could afford to lose our tidelands and a lot of our skyscrapers. We can't afford this." The deliverer of that discerning judgment might well have been Walker himself, a loyal, if non-chauvinistic, Texan who in the course of twenty years spent in New York earned a reputation as one of the country's most prominent and respected

Excello ITALIAN IMPORTATIONS
can be found at these stores:

NEW YORK CITY & VICINITY
Weber & Heilbroner & Branches
ATLANTA, GA. • Muse's
BALTIMORE, MD. • Hecht-May & Branches
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. • J. Blach & Sons, Inc.
BOSTON, MASS. • Wm. Filene Sons Co. & Branches
CHARLOTTE, N. C. • J. B. Ivey & Co.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN. • Hardie & Caudle
CHICAGO, ILL. • Lytton's & Branches
Karoll's
CINCINNATI, OHIO • The Mabley & Carew Co.
Burkhardt's
CLEVELAND, OHIO • The Halle Bros. Co.
& Branches
COLUMBUS, OHIO • The Union Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS • E. M. Kahn & Co., Inc.
The Gano-Downs Co.
Anderson's
DES MOINES, IOWA • Younker's
DETROIT, MICH. • J. L. Hudson Co., Inc. & Branches
EL PASO, TEXAS • The White House
Union Fashion
FORT WORTH, TEXAS • Washer Bros., Inc.
A. Davis, Inc.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. • Paul Steketee & Sons
HOUSTON, TEXAS • Sakowitz Bros.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. • L. S. Ayres & Co., Inc.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA. • Levy's, Inc.
KANSAS CITY, MO. • Palace Clothing Co.
Macy's
LINCOLN, NEB. • Magee's, Inc.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. • Bullock's, Inc. & Branches
LOUISVILLE, KY. • Rodes-Rapier Co.
MILWAUKEE, WISC. • T. A. Chapman
Toepfer & Bellack
Milwaukee Boston Store, Inc.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. • The Dayton Co. 700 Shop
Juster's
Liemandt's, Inc.
NASHVILLE, TENN. • Joseph Frank & Son, Inc.
NEW HAVEN, CONN. • Gentree, Ltd.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. • Maison Blanche Co.
Porter's, Inc.
Rubenstein Bros.
Steven's, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. • Gimbel's & Branches
PITTSBURGH, PA. • Joseph Horne Co.
PHOENIX, ARIZ. • Diamond's
Kenneth J. Flowers
McDougall & Cassou
RICHMOND, VA. • Thalhimer's
Greentree's
ROCHESTER, N. Y. • McFarlin Clothing Co.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH • Arthur Frank
Hibbs Clothing Co.
Z.C.M.I.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. • City of Paris
SEATTLE, WASH. • Bon Marche
Prager's
Leslie Hughes, Inc.
SHREVEPORT, LA. • Selber Bros.
ST. LOUIS, MO. • Famous-Barr Co. & Branches
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
ST. PAUL, MINN. • Hagstrum Bros., Inc.
TULSA, OKLA. • Vandever's
Renberg's
WASHINGTON, D.C. • Bruce Hunt, Inc.
Lansburgh's

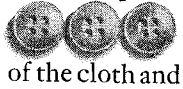
Excello WHITE SHIRTS always available at $5.95, $6.95, $8.95, $10.00 and up.



The short-sleeved dress shirt: *the Italians had a cloth for it.*

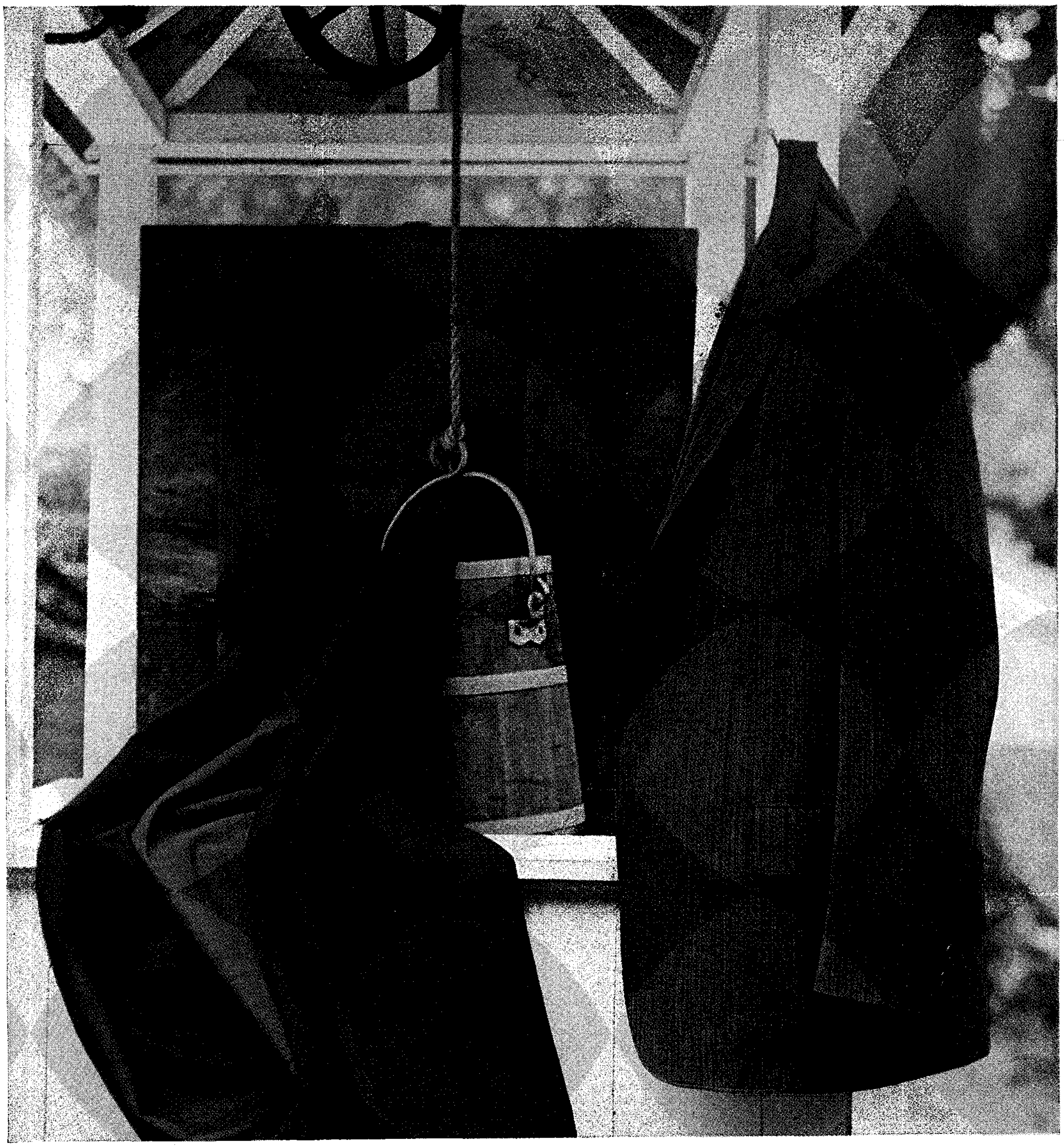
We had to go all the way to Italy to find the cloth that makes this short-sleeved dress shirt possible. It's a fine 100% imported Pima cotton with a striking self-stripe. (So fine, in fact, it would be hard to conceive of it in anything but a dress shirt, no matter what the length of the sleeves.)

* As are all Excello shirts, it's tailored like a jacket. Our way of saying that, among other virtues, the sleeves are set in at an angle like your arms. The yoke curves to conform to the curve of your shoulders. The tails are extra long with a "Bell-front" lap to keep them tucked in your trousers.



And all this excellence is buttoned up with genuine Ocean Pearl buttons (the only kind worthy of the cloth and the tailoring). At stores listed in the adjoining column, for about $8.95. **Excello**

EXCELLO SHIRTS, INC., 390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, New York



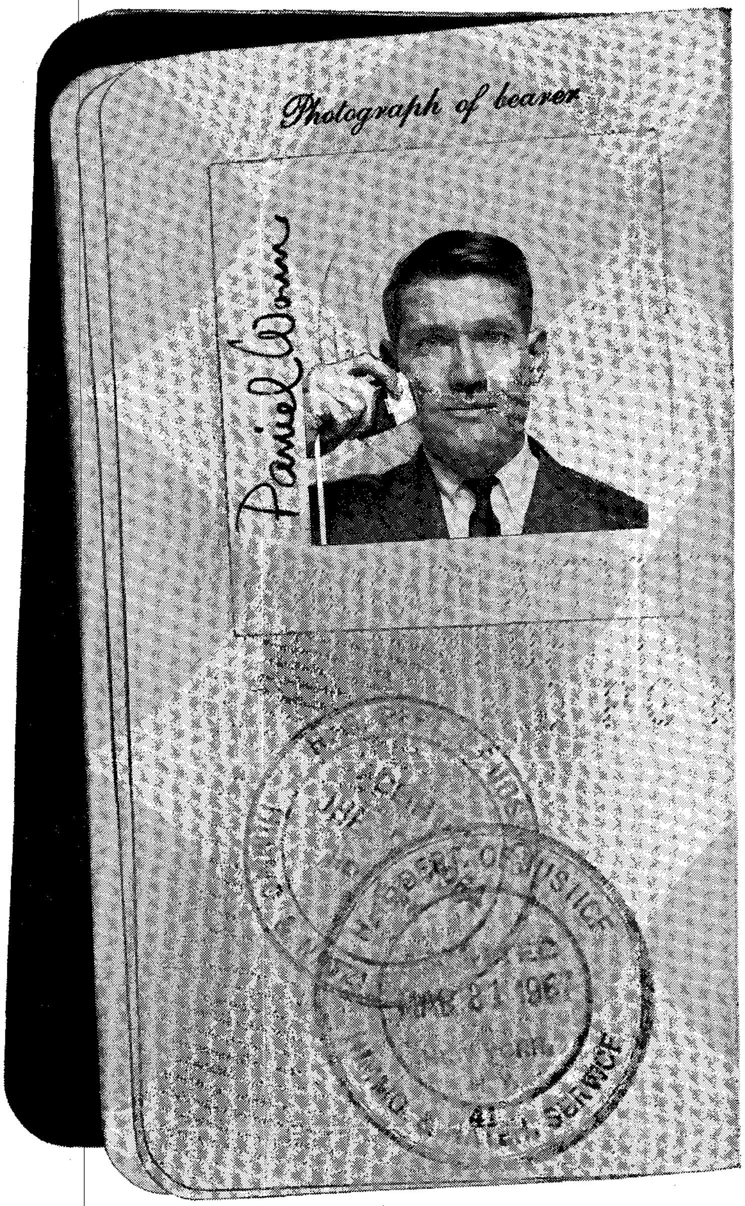
IMPORTANT "DO-IT-YOURSELF" NEWS FROM GORDON-FORD

This Board Meeting Suit is impervious to wrinkles and can be dumped unceremoniously into a washing machine. The tissue-weight Earl-Loom fabric, called Dakar, is 65% Dacron polyester fiber and 35% cotton. It is cool and comfortable even on humid days. This scion of the "do-it-yourself" era has the authoritative air of Bond Street. The unobtrusive cut focuses attention on the wearer rather than the maker—a characteristic of Gordon-Ford Clothes. In Pin stripes, Tick weaves and Hairline stripes. About $45. Sold at fine stores right in your own backyard. For example: De Pinna (University Shop), New York; Morville, Philadelphia; Norton-Ditto, Houston; Arthur L. Johnson, Boston; Mallernee's, Nashville.

GORDON-FORD
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

newspapermen. In 1945, he returned to his native land, and has since made his headquarters at Black Sheep Retreat, in Lampasas County, where he combines ranching and writing with civilized conversation and—as might be expected of a man who does not object to being called "the Brillat-Savarin of the Plains"—good eating. Besides Walker, other well-known Texas writers include Tom Lea, Fred Gipson, the late George Sessions Perry, and a dozen or so younger men, who have made their reputations since the Second World War, among them John Graves, a teacher of creative writing at Texas Christian University (his first book, "Goodbye to a River," published last year, was likened by Lewis Gannett to the work of a twentieth-century Thoreau), William Humphrey, Walter Clemons, Terry Southern, Lon Tinkle himself, William Goyen, George Fuermann, John Howard Griffin, Frank Tolbert, and Warren Leslie. At thirty-three, Leslie not only has published two successful novels but has risen to a vice-presidency of Neiman-Marcus; the latter intelligence is sometimes included in advertisements in Texas of his written works, thereby inferentially giving them the N.-M. seal of approval.

The direct contribution of Texas millionaires to literature has been less abundant than varied. In 1952, after many years of secret toil, the late Madison Cooper, an eccentric, public-spirited native of Waco, published "Sironia, Texas," a novel distinguished by its length (seventeen hundred and thirty-one pages) and, in the opinion of many residents of Waco, by the similarity of its characters to actual persons, both living and dead. In the field of nonfiction, Michel Halbouty, a Houston oilman, collaborated a few years ago with James A. Clark, a newspaperman and public-relations consultant, in writing "Spindletop," which sold fifteen thousand copies, and they are at present busy with a new book, to be called "The Last Boom." A Houston millionaire who has made a considerably larger mark in letters is Dillon Anderson, a senior partner in the city's oldest law firm and a resolute doer of good works on the national and international scene. Anderson started taking a serious interest in writing after the Second World War, during which he became acquainted with Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic*. In 1948, Weeks received Anderson's first offering, a story about a pair of raffish characters named Clint Hightower and Claudie Hughes,

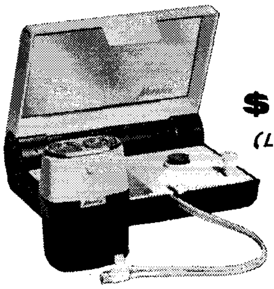


Have whiskers... must travel?

Pack the shaver that packs its own power!

If you love going places, but enjoy clean stay-at-home shaves then pack along the Norelco Sportsman that packs its own power. You get clean, comfortable rotary-blade shaves *miles from the nearest electric socket!* The all-new Norelco Sportsman runs on two flashlight batteries tucked right into the case. Easy 'flip-top' cleaning, too! New pocket-slim case houses quick-recoil cord and mirror in cover. Great to give... great to get. Ask for the all-new Sportsman at your Norelco dealer. Complete with carrying case (batteries not included). Also available: New 'floating-head' Speedshaver, (AC/DC) $29.95; 'flip-top' Speedshaver®, world's largest seller, (AC/DC) $24.95.

the new **Norelco®** **SPORTSMAN**



Only **$19.95** *(Less Batteries)*

North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, New York.
Norelco is known as PhiliShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world.

• FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS •

Fenn-Feinstein OF NEW HAVEN

Two for tee...

Here's a winning twosome that's par for any course. **Zippered Golf Jacket.** Weightless and weather-resistant. Made of natural shade poplin with cotton check poplin lining. Buttoned-over slash pockets. Elasticized woolen cuffs and waist, free you for easy-swing action. Knitted woolen collar, with poplin underside, turns up and buttons high for snug warmth. $22.50.

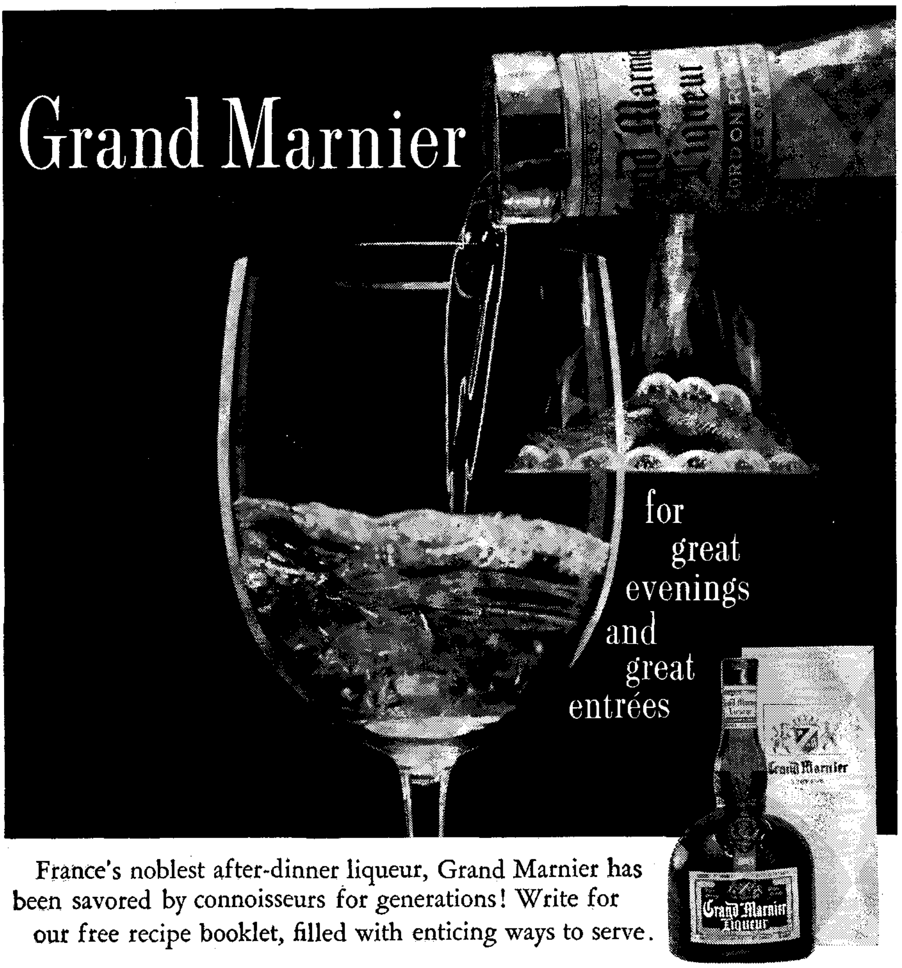
"Champion" Golf Shoes. Rugged as all outdoors—yet dressy, too. White buckskin contrasts handsomely with brown grained calf. Our exclusive "Champion" last affords snug heel fit and firm arch support. Removable spikes. $31.95.

Hat is 'The Golfer'. Natural Byrdcloth with contrasting red and blue band. $6.

By mail or phone if desired—PLaza 9-8630

Frank Brothers
OUTFITTERS TO THE COMPLETE GENTLEMAN
9 East 57th Street, New York • 633 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
264 York Street, New Haven • Worth Avenue and County Road, Palm Beach

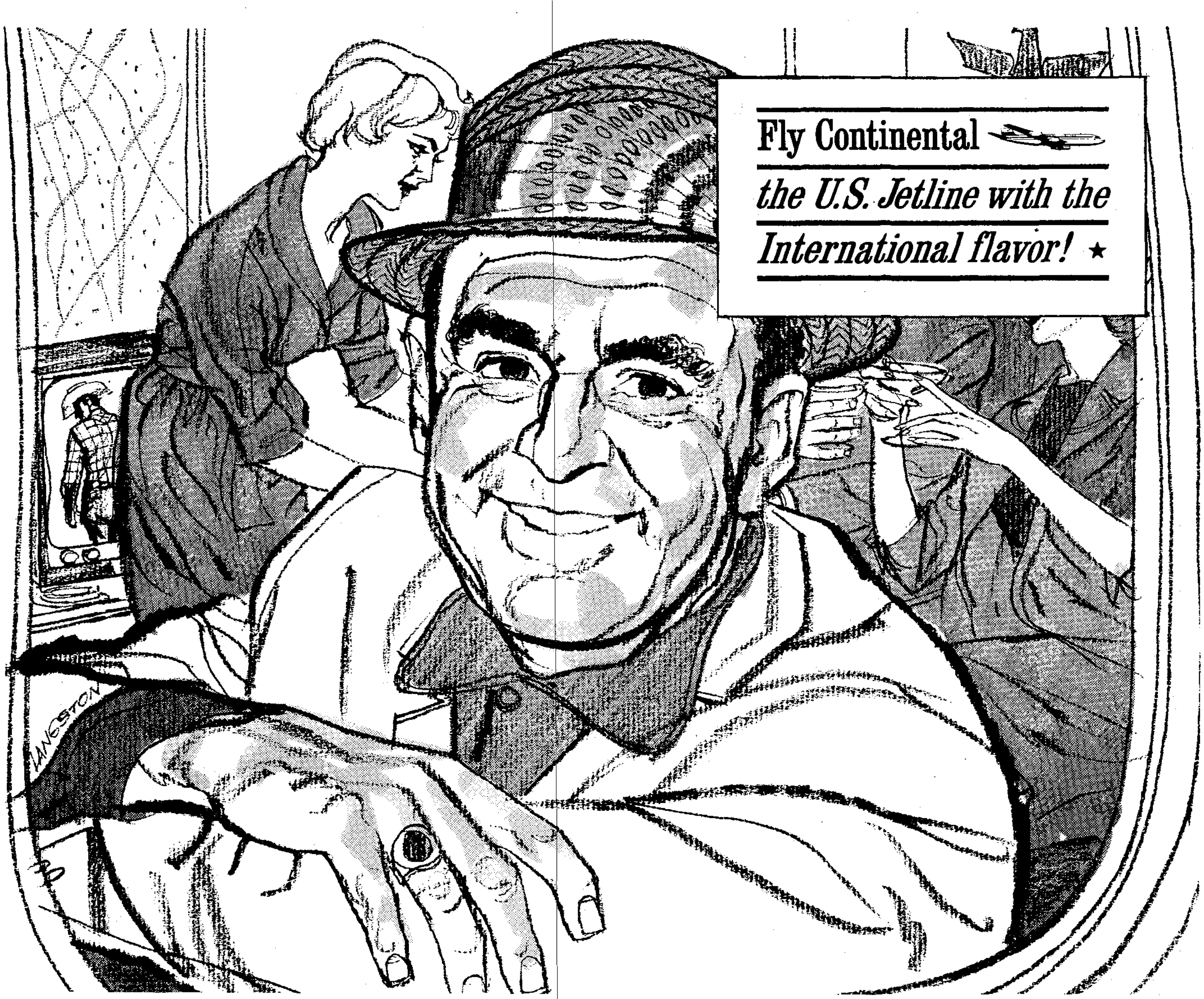
FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS


Grand Marnier
for great evenings and great entrées

France's noblest after-dinner liqueur, Grand Marnier has been savored by connoisseurs for generations! Write for our free recipe booklet, filled with enticing ways to serve.

MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / PRODUCT OF FRANCE / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. Y5, 730 5TH AVE., N.Y.C. 19

and, after sending it back to the author ten times for revision and rewriting, bought and published it. That gave Anderson the encouragement to go on, which he did with such success that in 1959 he was named a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. A somewhat different approach to letters has been taken by the San Antonio millionaire Tom Slick, who has directed his writing efforts less toward entertaining than toward edifying the masses, especially on disarmament and world peace; he has presented his ideas on these topics in two books, "The Last Great Hope" and "Permanent Peace: The Checks and Balances Plan," both earnestly conceived and carefully composed. To improve the world, though along slightly different lines, has also been the abiding ambition of H. L. Hunt, who spent a fortune trying to do it with the now defunct radio-and-publishing enterprise called Facts Forum, and is currently back at the Far Right stand with a similar undertaking called Life Line. To carry his message to an even wider audience, Hunt composed a book titled "Alpaca," which he personally published (the printing was done by a firm that puts out telephone directories) in 1960, in a paperback edition selling for fifty cents. Cast in the form of a love story, the work takes as its title the name of a "little six-province nation" long run by dictators. Its hero is a young Alpacan named Juan Achala, who, after pondering "the troubled past and inscrutable future of his unhappy country," decides to present his people with a new system of government, based on a synthesis of the ideas of wise men all over Europe. It is clear from the way he talks that Juan, whose "proud athletic bearing, his air of inborn courtesy unmarred by hauteur, his flashing eyes beneath shapely brows, and his magnificent even white teeth, accenting a ready smile, exerted a magnetic attraction even upon strangers," is a deep thinker: "It seems to me, sir, that we must begin with the individual before we can benefit society, which consists of individuals. And the crux of all that, I can't help thinking, is the protection of the individual's mind from becoming slanted toward acceptance of totalitarian government and from the great danger of having his mentality arrested or destroyed completely, not only by sly propaganda but by the evil drugs and psychic pressures of unscrupulous despots." Juan's proposed constitution has many enlightened features, such as no trial by jury, a plan whereby the "rank-and-file voters" can


Fly Continental
the U.S. Jetline with the
International flavor! ★
LANGSTON

SLAMMIN' SAM SNEAD, GOLF'S ALL-TIME LEADING MONEY WINNER, SAYS:

"Continental's Golden Jet? I'd call it a country club for air travelers!"

"In the course of my 30-some years as a golf professional, I've flown I don't know how many million miles —both here and abroad. Frankly, traveling is usually no treat to me.

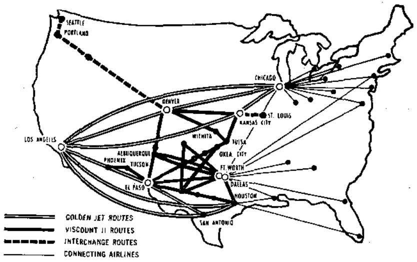
"When I fly, what I want is to be able to sit down in an honest-to-goodness easy chair, have a little peace and quiet, a really good meal and then maybe play some cards or watch a little TV afterwards. There's only one airplane I have ever flown where you can do all that—Continental's Golden Jet.

"Inside, it looks a lot like a good clubhouse. And short of showers and a swimming pool, it's about as well equipped. Continental always has a cabin crew of five on board—and that makes a difference. Their chef is Lucien Dekeyser. I understand he's Belgian and that he's been cooking about as long as I've been swinging a stick. I just wish I could count on my putter the way I can count on his meals."

CONTINENTAL

CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

MOST EXPERIENCED JETLINE IN THE WEST


SEATTLE
PORTLAND
CHICAGO
DENVER
ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
WICHITA
TULSA
ALBUQUERQUE
PHOENIX
TUCSON
OKLA. CITY
FT. WORTH
EL PASO
DALLAS
HOUSTON
SAN ANTONIO
GOLDEN JET ROUTES
VISCOUNT II ROUTES
INTERCHANGE ROUTES
CONNECTING AIRLINES

Fly Golden Jet 707s to
CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
DENVER • KANSAS CITY
HOUSTON • EL PASO
PHOENIX* • SAN ANTONIO*

For reservations call your Travel Agent or local Continental ticket office. *Now* Continental also offers telephone reservations service in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Omaha, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and San Diego. Elsewhere call any other airline to make your Continental reservations.

**Starting June 11*

I. MAGNIN & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO
FRESNO • CARMEL • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

Show your stripes this summer in our full-skirted cotton coat dress, cool and uncollared, with a bright woven lastex belt. This wonderfully fresh, young look, a *Jeune Leigue* by Cherberg . . . in pink-and-white or blue-and-white, 5 to 15 sizes 19.95

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN CO. STORE

delegate their voting power to those better qualified, an income tax limited to twenty-five per cent, and a depletion allowance on natural resources. Perhaps the most arresting idea in the dream constitution is the one giving the most votes to the biggest taxpayers; the ten per cent who pay the largest taxes automatically receive seven extra votes apiece and can buy more by paying poll taxes. Rejecting the notion that this would create a plutocracy, the author explains, "It's like a corporation: the greatest stockholders have the greatest votes." To promote his book, advertised as a work of "permanent importance," Hunt broke his habit of avoiding interviews and public appearances by serving as guest of honor at an autographing party at the Cokesbury Book Store, in Dallas, which, despite bitter-cold weather, was attended by some six hundred book lovers. After the author had briskly signed a couple of hundred copies of his book, he was joined by his second wife, an attractive woman whom he married in 1957, and her two daughters—Helen, eleven, and Sewanee, ten. The girls broke into a song, to the tune of "Doggie in the Window," which began, "How much is that book in the window? The one that says all the smart things. How much is that book in the window? I do hope to learn all it brings." And, four stanzas later, ended, "How much is that book in the window? The one which my Popsy wrote. How much is that book in the window? You can buy it without signing a note." After which, the girls shouted in unison, " 'Alpaca'! Fifty cents!" Asked by a reporter if he expected to make money on his book, Hunt replied, with more candor than most authors, "Certainly. The profit motive is deeply embedded in me. Everything I do, I do for profit."

As a result of the large-scale proliferation of belles-lettrists in Texas, it is somewhat easier to encounter a published author than a first-class bookstore in which his works can be bought. Though the telephone books of all major Texas cities list a dozen or more bookstores, they usually turn out, with a few agreeable exceptions, to be either greeting-card-and-wrapping-paper emporiums or church-supported establishments specializing in religious books. Every large city in Texas has one or more Baptist bookstores, a Presbyterian bookstore, and a Catholic bookstore, and several of the cities have stores supported by other denominations as well. Though the church stores handle some books of a general nature, if whole-

FOR THE LILT
OF YOUR LIFE

•

Sparkling Burgundy

BY MARTEX

•

LUXOR TOWELS
IN FASHION'S
HEADIEST SHADE

Here's a luscious new Martex color to give a new lilt to your life, lend added richness to your bath decor. "Sparkling Burgundy," in everybody's favorite luxury towel, LUXOR. Bath towel about $4.00. Bath sheet about $8.00. Martex bath mats and shower curtains are available in matching or complementary colors. At fine stores everywhere. Martex, 111 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

M
MARTEX®

WEST POINT TEXTILES ®

M
MARTEX®

PHOTO: KELLMAN

The man who will conquer space...

seems to be up a tree at the moment. But his problems obviously don't include his choice of sport shirt . . . it's a Manhattan®. This outstanding scarf print sport shirt is made of cool 100% cotton batiste, completely washable, and boasts an attractive pattern on smart background colors of olive, gold or wine. Perfect for kite flying or what-you-will on week-ends, this British-Look scarf print spo
shirt is only $5.95. Slightly higher in the West. T
Manhattan Shirt Co., 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20.

Manhattan

Quality makers of the finest men's furnishin
sportswear and Lady Manhattan® sportswe

WRITE FOR FREE COPY OF THE MANHATTAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED "THE GREAT STYLISTS OF SPORT" BOOKLET, CONTAINING PICTURES AND INFORMATION ABOUT 30 "ALL-TIME GREATS" OF THE SPORTS WO

some, their stocks as a rule are severely limited by their special interest and bias; a Baptist bookstore once returned to a publisher a landscape-gardening book because it contained a photograph of a monastery garden. A remarkable exception is the Cokesbury Book Store, which is owned by the Methodist Church and devotes the major share of its profits to the care of superannuated ministers. Calling itself the Cultural Department Store, Cokesbury's is the state's largest bookstore, and carries a stock of sufficient range to compare with nearly any in the country. Unlike Houston, which, as J. Frank Dobie has remarked, "is the only city in America claiming a million inhabitants that doesn't have a decent second-hand bookstore," Dallas has the Aldredge Book Store, which does about eighty per cent of its business in second-hand books. The store, which occupies a converted residence a couple of miles from the center of town, has a conspicuously relaxed atmosphere, owing perhaps to the fact that its proprietor, Sawnie Aldredge, who comes from one of the older Texas families, takes a quiet, realistic view of the part that books play in the local culture. "Old Dallas doesn't buy books," Aldredge says. "Some of the new rich do, especially the generation now in their thirties and forties. But if Dallas had as many bookstores, in proportion to the population, as San Francisco does, we'd all starve. This is a boom town. People here are too busy doing other things to have time to read. They prefer to collect pictures instead of books. And there are a couple of good reasons for that. For one thing, it is a simple fact that there is more wall space in Texas than in, for example, New York, and, in the second place, the ownership of a book implies an obligation to know what's in it. It's different with pictures. You buy them and put them up, all your friends see them, and you have proved your interest in culture without putting in too much time on it. When it comes to acquiring a culture rating, pictures are quicker than books."

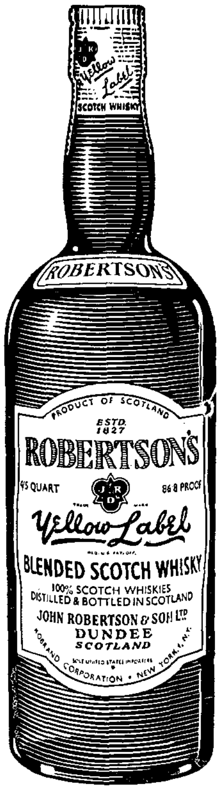
ART collecting is indeed the chief cultural interest of Texas millionaires. It could hardly be anything else. "In America," the London *Times* has flatly declared, "everybody buys art"—a statement that does not seem wide of the mark in the opinion of dealers, who now sell about half of their paintings on the installment plan, and have adopted practically all other mass-merchandising techniques except passing out S. & H. green stamps. As the

The Malt is the Witch!

That's how a Highlander says, "The malt makes the difference." Scottish barley malt, as unique to Scotland as Scotch itself, is the ingredient that imparts the character to every Scotch whisky made and bottled in the Highlands.

We at Robertson's are proud of our Highland traditions—the meticulous selection of the malts—the expert hand of the master distiller—the Scottish water that has coursed through the heather and the mountain glens.

For over 130 years Robertson's Yellow Label Scotch has been made according to the very same methods and formula established by John Robertson, in 1827. Since then, nothing has changed but the increasing favor Robertson's Yellow Label Scotch has found far beyond its Highland origins.



ROBERTSON'S
YELLOW LABEL
SCOTCH
IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE FROM SCOTLAND

86.8 PROOF • 100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES • KOBRAND CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

The University Shop

Our famous short sleeve summer shirts

We advocate these fine cotton classics, made to our own exacting specifications, for cool wear during warmer weather. In our collection: Button-down oxford *batiste;* white, pale blue or ivory, 5.50. Button-down oxford aire; light blue, tan or grey, 6.00. Tab collar batiste; white, pale blue or ivory, 6.00. Sizes 14-16½. Sixth Floor. Mail, phone orders filled.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Springfield
New Haven • Princeton • Ann Arbor • Cambridge
Chicago • Detroit • Beverly Hills • Skokie

eminent New York art authority Sam Salz recently observed, "Collecting art today in America is a sickness," and if that is so, it is in the nature of things that Super-Americans should come down with the worst case of it. The malady, not unexpectedly, is incubated in the endlessly entertaining American tax structure, which encourages millionaires to accumulate art by largely blunting what H. L. Hunt customarily calls the tax bite. If he or one of his art-minded friends buys a work of art and presents it to a museum or other tax-exempt institution, he can enter a delightful deduction on his tax return and yet retain custody of the work during his lifetime. It is possible to reap even greater rewards by buying a painting for, say, two hundred thousand dollars and keeping it for a couple of years, while its value—in the opinion of a hired expert—increases to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; thereupon the art lover donates the painting, keeps it on his wall, and benefits from an even higher tax deduction for being a public-spirited citizen.

The pleasures of art are by no means all pecuniary. Collecting on an important scale today confers a cachet that in other times was awarded for owning a yacht or a string of race horses, or for giving elaborate entertainments. To be a collector is to be marked as not only a man of means but a man of taste and civic virtue, worthy of notice—perhaps even of being taken up—by desirable new friends. "Art has become a social thing," Alvin Romansky, a Houston lawyer and art patron, said a while ago. "For a great many people, the interest is only superficial. When they go to a show, they're really interested only in seeing their friends and meeting people and having drinks. It's not just here. All over the country, people are using art to promote themselves socially." In addition to the social thing, the skyrocketing prices that pictures have recently been fetching have introduced into collecting the always fascinating element of profit-taking possibilities. Discussing his preferences in art, Jack Vaughn, of Dallas, once said, with enthusiasm, "My passion is for the Impressionists, and dollarwise they are also great." One of the most discerning art patrons in Fort Worth was once joshed by his friend William Kittrell, of Dallas, for collecting Picassos. "Those paintings make you a Communist, the way some of our local patriots see it," Kittrell said. "If you come over to Dallas, they'll have your scalp." "Bill," the collector replied, "you can tell those sons

English Leather
ALL-PURPOSE POWDER

English Leather®

after shave . . .
after shower . . .
after hours . . .
. . . the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER $1.50 plus tax
Paired with large bottle of ALL-PURPOSE LOTION $5.00 for the set

MEM COMPANY
67 Irving Place, New York

Fun people. Famed people. Young people. Mature people. Distinguished people. Tired people. People who want to rest & people who want to play. Almost everybody prefers the Caribe Hilton, world's most popular resort hotel. So no wonder it isn't always easy to get a reservation there. The secret? Early does it! Make your reservation now! Enjoy every luxury, every service . . . all water sports, dancing, romancing . . . glamorous island foods and drinks!

EUROPEAN PLAN: Singles from $17, Doubles from $21 from May 15th to December 15th. RESERVATIONS: See your Travel Agent, any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office. Cable: Hiltels San Juan.

Caribe Hilton
SAN JUAN
PUERTO
RICO

of bitches over there that I've made a quarter of a million dollars on these paintings so far. That will shut them up, because that's the kind of language they understand." Besides conferring these benefits, collecting entices the busy millionaire because it requires the least discipline of all cultural pursuits, especially when done under the guidance of an expert. It helps if a collector knows what he likes, but even that is not essential. All that is really required is money. Since money is not in short supply in Texas, and since wealth has always been the handmaiden of the arts, Texas millionaires are just doing what comes naturally in assuming the role of Big Daddies of Culture. Mainly through their largess, established museums in Texas are expanding and new ones are springing up. In Houston, the Museum of Fine Arts recently completed a million-dollar building program, including the addition of a spectacular wing designed by Mies van der Rohe and donated by the daughter of Joseph S. Cullinan, a founder of the Texas Company. In Dallas, the Museum for Contemporary Arts, founded in 1957, now has seventeen hundred members and is established (thanks to a group of local millionaires, including Edward Marcus, Algur Meadows, Waldo Stewart, and Thomas Blake, Jr., and their wives) in a handsome half-million-dollar building. In Fort Worth, the Art Center, opened in 1954, now has more than twelve hundred members, and the Amon G. Carter Museum of Western Art has just taken up quarters in a million-dollar edifice designed by Philip Johnson. Many smaller cities, like Corpus Christi (pop. 150,000) and Beaumont (pop. 100,000), have also recently established their own art museums.

Though all Texas cities, small and large, have partaken of the bounty of their art-oriented millionaires, none has struck it richer than San Antonio, which was willed a museum complete with pictures, building, and endowment by a local millionairess named Marion Koogler McNay. A colorful woman who was divorced a few times and remained throughout her life a devout Catholic and a good friend of the local archbishop, Mrs. McNay came into possession of millions from her father, a physician who had good luck in oil. Her interest in modern art was aroused when she visited the Armory Show in Chicago in 1913; she later studied painting at the Chicago Art Institute, and then began her collection, which she installed, after moving to San Antonio in 1925, in a

SCREEN
OUT
THE
HEAT

(and look as smart as the devil!)

Raeford 2/80's T.M.

RAEFORD 2/80's is that wonderful new fabric found in the lightest fine suits you can buy. A blend of Dacron* polyester with a wool even rarer than cashmere...so fine, few mills can even attempt to weave it. Yet this fantastically lightweight fabric holds its shape firmly. Pouf! Wrinkles vanish! Suits of *RAEFORD 2/80's* cost anywhere from $69.50 to $145, depending on niceties of tailoring; jackets and slacks are priced proportionately. *Screen out substitutes; get RAEFORD 2/80's !*

Burlington QUALITY ®

RAEFORD WORSTED COMPANY, 261 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 16. A DIVISION OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES

*DU PONT T.M.

Only the look is priceless

The flare is the rage. And, Samuel Parnes makes it more so with separates in Folker's slubby sharkskin of Arnel triacetate and rayon. Cool, crease-resistant, easily washed. And, oh what joy, pleats that stay. Mix-match white, citron, orange, blue; sizes 8—18. Skirt (also short lgth.), about $12. Tunic, about $10. B. Altman & Company, all stores.

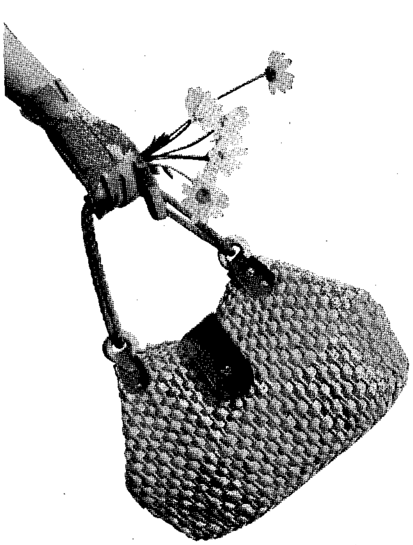
Celanese® Arnel®

Celanese

contemporary fibers

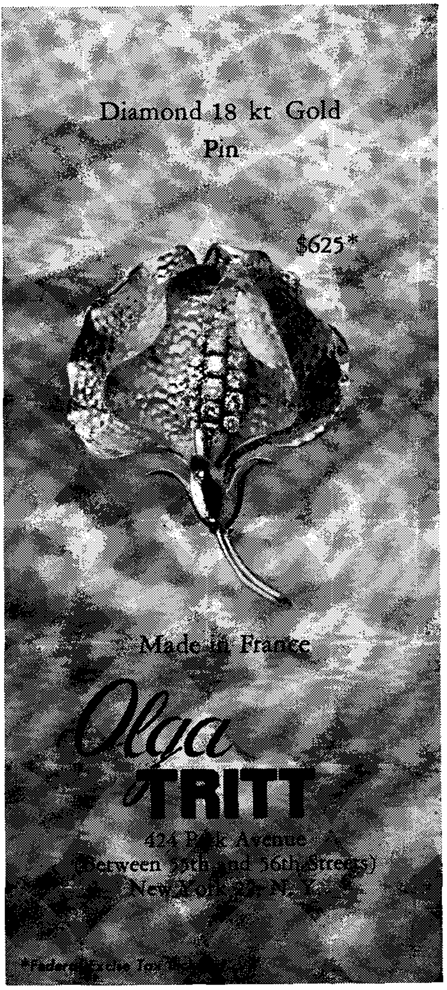
large, rambling Mediterranean-type residence built to her specifications. At her death, in 1950, she had formed what is considered the foremost collection of modern paintings in the Southwest and one of the best in the country; there are major works by the first generation of Post-Impressionists—Gauguin, Cézanne, Redon, van Gogh—to which she added during the last fifteen years of her life, an El Greco "Head of Christ," and a superb group of Dufys. Being also interested in American water colors, she acquired, among others, paintings by Winslow Homer, John Marin, Maurice Prendergast, and Mary Cassatt. All these and more—some three hundred paintings altogether—Mrs. McNay left to what is now the McNay Art Institute, together with funds to convert her residence into a museum and a basic endowment of one million dollars. In addition, she arranged for the museum to receive income from a considerable amount of San Antonio real estate and, more important, the proceeds from what the Institute's director, John Leeper, describes as "about a county" of oil-producing properties, which net the Institute approximately a thousand dollars a day.

As a privately administered organization, the McNay Institute has not been obliged to trim its activities to suit the self-appointed custodians of public morality who are at work in Texas and have been notably successful in protecting the citizens of Dallas from painters whose work is not confined to bluebonnets or geese. In 1956, the Dallas Public Library, housed in a handsome new structure, opened an exhibition of works by a number of modern artists, including Picasso, who was represented by a rug and a painting—but not for long. Complaints started pouring into the library within minutes after the display opened. "This group—I don't know just who it was, but people who were against it—began calling to protest," the librarian, James D. Meeks, said at the time. "Various people called the library, members of the library board, friends of the library, and members of the City Council. I talked to Councilman W. C. Miller, and then we just took the Picasso rug and the picture down, rather than stir up a lot of controversy." The incident passed with little public notice except by John Rosenfield, the acknowledged cultural czar of the Southwest, who began his column in the Dallas *News* a few days later, "This would be as good a time as any for our fair city to arrive at a clear and simple



Etienne Aigner

Hand woven straw and our hand oiled leather about $12.00
A Signed Original
Lord & Taylor, Neiman Marcus and authorized dealers
Etienne Aigner, 22 west 32 street, New York City.

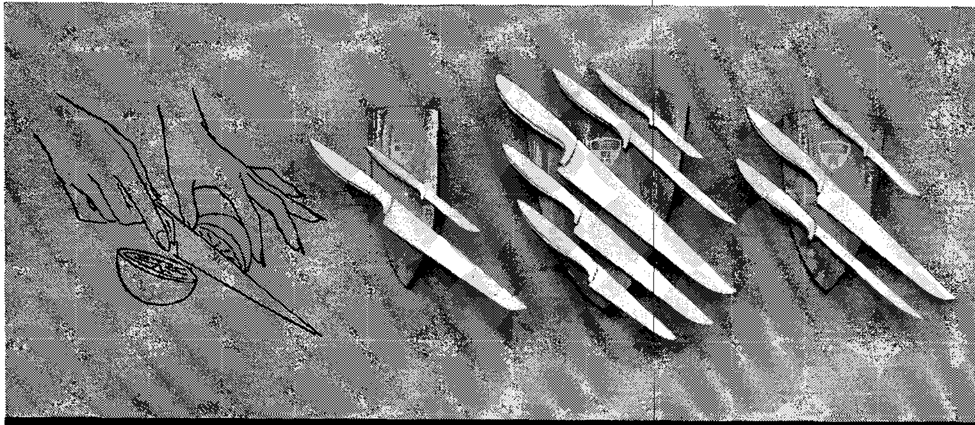


Gifts that Mother will cherish forever...

Mom's Day! She *can* do the carving...often outshining pater himself. Give her a French Gerber blade and watch her knock the shreds out of a head of lettuce—or hand her a Balmung carver and watch her carve a leg of lamb—or pass the Miming chest for a sharp individual dining knife for each diner.

Before Gerber came into the picture the carving knife was often a sordid thing, ill adapted to cutting. But the discovery that an industrial tool steel made the best possible carving knives—better than even the blades of legend—has changed everything. This steel costs more than 3 times as much *as any* other steel used in cutlery. Gerber knives are made from this steel. The handle fits and guards the hand. Their design goes with any silver or stainless flatware.

Gerber cutlery comes in 19 numbers, put up in walnut scabbards, set assortments in walnut chests and in lovely gift packages. At fine stores nationwide.

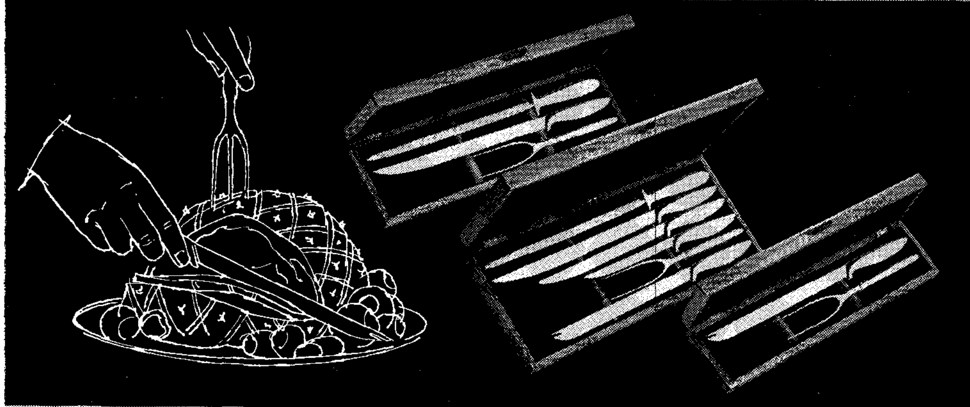


Kitchen

Left: Jr. Chef Set. Pixie and French, the two most useful kitchen knives. $17 including shield.

Center: Royal Chef Set. Five most popular kitchen blades in one handy walnut shield. $49.50

Right: Chef Set. A 3-piece kitchen set that includes a paring, a boning and a French blade. $25 including shield.

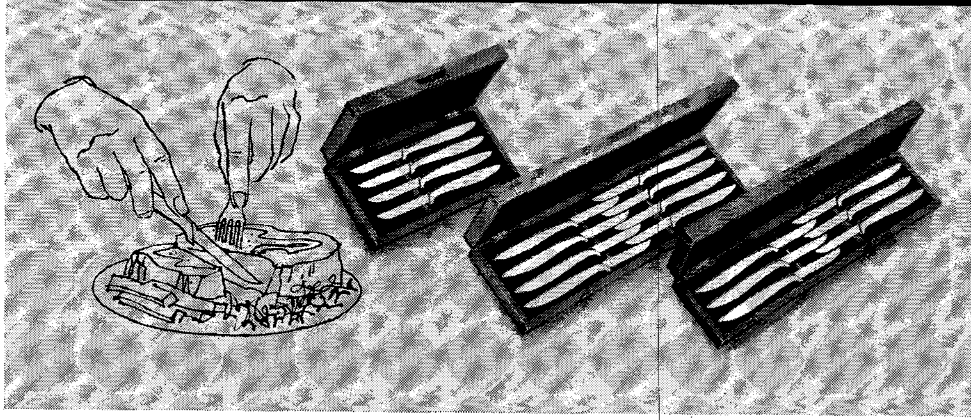


Carving

Left: GER Set. Traditional 3-piece carving set includes Excalibur blade, holding fork and sharpening steel. $36.50 including chest.

Center: Master Set. A treasure chest of 4 blades, holding fork and sharpening steel. $65 including chest.

Right: SR Set. The basic 2-piece carving set has Snickersnee blade and holding fork. $27.50 including chest.



Dining

Left: Four Miming Dining Blades. $23.50 including chest.

Center: Eight Miming Dining Blades. $42.50 including chest.

Right: Six Miming Dining Blades. $32.50 including chest.

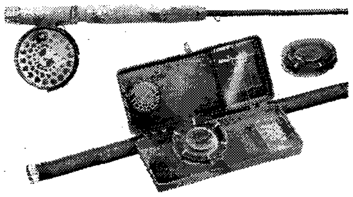
Selection Sheet mailed on request. Gerber, 1305 S.W. 12th Ave., Portland 1, Oregon

GERBER Legendary BLADES

A&F

Lightest Casting

If you take special pleasure in the subtlety of a fine fly rod you will find A&F's Banty Fly Rod offers unexpected challenges to your skill. The Banty Rod, developed by A&F, is the most sensitive and the lightest ever produced. The 4′4″ sectional Fiberglas rod weighs a mere one ounce—yet has power enough for 50′ casts. The Banty Fly Rod Outfit is completed with a fine Hardy flyweight reel, A&F's special taper fly line, a 28″ rod case, fly and tackle box in one unit. Complete. . . . 49.95



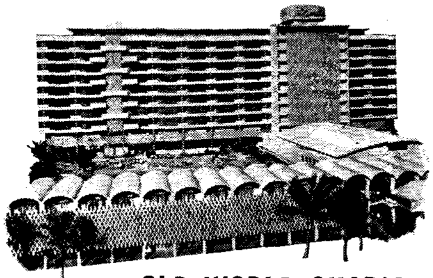
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

360 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

code to govern the exhibition of paintings, the performance of music and drama, the circulation of books, or any other expression of mankind's creative spirit or mental processes. This should be: If anybody objects, yank it down or ban it from the halls or burn it up." Continuing, Rosenfield recalled that the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts had also received the attention of the volunteer guardians of public morals, who had campaigned vigorously against its exhibiting either modern art or "undraped female forms," and that only the nimble footwork of the director, Jerry Bywaters, "saved us from brassières for the Venus de Milo." Rosenfield wound up by saying, "Eastern dealers have a word for us, which has brought us a measure of 'little D' immortality. One declined to lend a painting because he didn't want it 'dallased.' "

As recently as ten years ago, Eastern dealers enjoyed a near-monopoly on the sale of art in Texas; no gallery worthy of the name existed in the state. Now there are ten galleries in Houston alone. In Dallas, where Mrs. Thomas Blake, Jr., pioneered in purveying modern art, there are thirteen. Fort Worth has three, Amarillo two, and San Antonio one, and more are opening all the time. Most dealers feature both European painters and a number of Texas artists, whose work sells briskly. "Buying local people is quite the thing to do," Cynthia Brants, one of the most widely collected Texas painters, has remarked. "It's chic. If you have a Cézanne, you should also have a Vogel—or perhaps a Brants." The support given native painters and sculptors by Texans is on the same epic scale as their pride; the latter, of course, accounts in large part for the former. Art made in Texas is on view not only in practically every private collection (the Edmund Scheneckers' consists of Texas artists exclusively) but in banks, clubs, churches, motels, supermarkets, office buildings, and manufacturing plants; the new headquarters of Texas Instruments contains no fewer than fifty paintings, prints, hand-carved screens, and other pieces of domestic art. After taking a close look at all this local artistic activity, Jacob Getlar Smith, an editor of the *American Artist* and a well-known painter himself, came to this carefully optimistic conclusion: "Despite the prevalence of what local wits term the Emily Post-Impressionist School of Bluebonnet Painters, serenely delighting in the state flower; despite the horde of carpetbagging portrait painters waxing fat on the vanity of the *nouveau riche*, evidence is multiplying every-

at the incomparable la Concha



OLD WORLD CHARM JOINS HANDS WITH NEW WORLD LUXURY

Located at ocean's edge in San Juan's fashionable residential section, the fabulous la Concha is lavish in accommodations, luxurious in cuisine and service. Completely air conditioned, it has a garden-surrounded pool, private beach, Cabana Club, and three handsome cocktail lounges. The beautiful Club la Concha offers star-studded attractions.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Only 3½ hours from New York, 2½ hours from Miami by jet. No visas, passports, or vaccinations necessary for U.S. citizens.
SUMMER RATES FROM $12 SINGLE, $15 DOUBLE OCCUPANCY.
Send for free color brochure.

la Concha

HOTEL, BEACH & CABANA CLUB SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO
AN ASSOCIATED FEDERAL HOTEL Cecil Mills, President

THE FASCINATION OF FALCONRY

Any sportsman would appreciate this reminder of a famous medieval pastime. "The Falconer" is a colorful hand-painted English character jug by Royal Doulton's master potters. An interesting collection piece for gun room or study. Size 7½"—$12.50, 4"—$6.00, 2¾"—$3.50. Other subjects also available.

Send 25¢ for collectors' book #7 showing many Royal Doulton Character & Toby Jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. N5, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Royal Doulton ©TM REG.

[*The First of a Series of Open Forums Presented as a Public Service by Rainier Ale*]

SHOULD WOMEN BE DEPRIVED OF THE VOTE?

Have you noticed that most things don't taste the same any more?

Some authorities hold this to be part of a general trend. They say that the character of *everything* is changing, and for the worse. They have even fixed the date when this decline started: August 26, 1920, the day the 19th amendment became law and women got the vote.

Since then everything has been going downhill, *and will keep on as long as women are allowed to vote*. That's what they say.

At first we were inclined to pooh-pooh this, but now we're not so sure. Maybe there's something in it.

Because just the other day a prominent professor was quoted in the newspaper as saying that we must get back to "determining what is masculine and what is feminine so that the sexes may keep their mutual regard for one another and their self-respect."

*Well, we are in favor of that. We determined a long time ago that our ale is masculine. It has a male color and a male flavor and we'd like to keep it that way. Aren't we afraid of losing our female trade? No. We don't have any.**

Back to the authorities. Is everything going to blazes in a hand basket just because women got the vote? Perhaps. Their reasoning is as follows:

1. You shouldn't ask women questions about things that don't concern them. Because . . .
2. Women *hate* to be asked questions about things that don't concern them. So . . .
3. The answers will be just about what you deserve. They will do you no good at all. And . . .
4. Once you start asking women uninteresting questions there is no end to it and eventually everything becomes a great big mess. Which it is now. Therefore . . .
5. Man's mistake was in ever asking women uninteresting questions in the first place. Like . . .

ASSOCIATE COLLECTOR
DISTRICT
OFFICE OF COLLECTIONS
First Collection District, Division One

YES SHALL **NO**
Elwood R. Fenstermacher
be elected to the office for term prescribed by law?

or:

YES **NO**
PROPOSITION
Amends Section 151.4 and adds Section 151.4.1, 151.4.2, 151.4.3, 151.4.4, 151.4.5 and 151.4.6 relating to employees annual vacation. Makes no changes in amount of vacation. Provides for partial accumulation, pro-rata payment and method of charging vacation against work days.

[OUR PRODUCT]

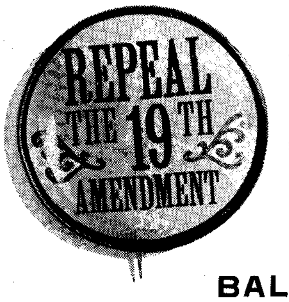
And their feeling is that things have gotten to such a bad state that the only thing to do is to go back and start over again: repeal the 19th amendment.

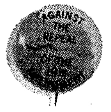
There is some merit to this idea but we don't think anyone should go off half-cocked before the subject has had a good airing. So we are throwing our advertising space open to discussion of this vital matter. Our next will feature a guest contributor who will go into it much deeper.

But still, it wouldn't be a bad idea if we did a little research to find out how *you* feel about it. To reward you for your interest we would like to send you one of the badges pictured below, depending on which way you vote. We welcome any other comments you might care to make and may possibly include them in a future advertisement.

Thank you.

***As one well-wisher so succinctly puts it: "Rainier Ale is for men. I don't know that I ever saw a dolly drinking it."**





BALLOT

Rainier Ale, Box 3134N
Seattle 14, Washington

SHOULD WOMEN
BE DEPRIVED OF THE VOTE?

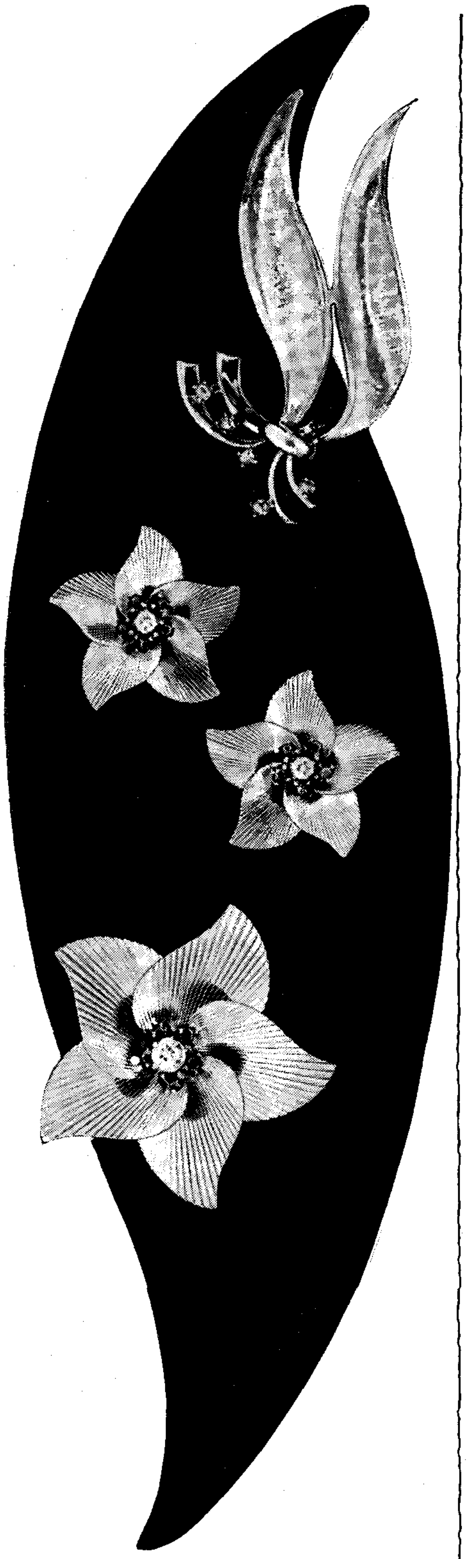
YES___ **NO___**

Remarks____

Name____________________ Address____________________

City____________________ State____________________

SICKS' RAINIER BREWING CO., SEATTLE *(Though Rainier Ale is only sold in the West we feel this to be a matter of national interest)*



The Sparkle of Springtime

A brooch of two graceful leaves, accented with sapphires, $75. The clip—a blossom, centered with rubies and a diamond, $350; matching earclips, $290.

All 18kt. gold   Shown actual size   Fed. tax incl.

Cartier

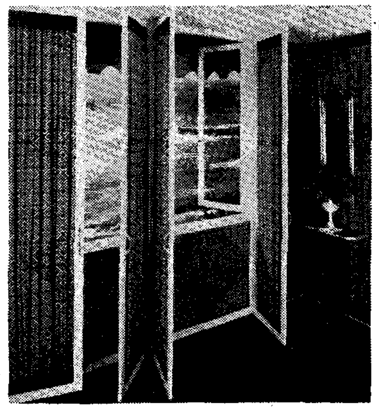
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PLaza 3-0111

where that the arts, in all their profound significance, have an unbreakable grip on the imagination and emotions of the natives. The jokester may jest, the sophisticate may sneer, but bigness in the largest state of the Union is no longer to be reckoned exclusively in terms of physical dimensions. Its gifted are endowed *with* sizable proportions, *too,* and it would be more than folly to minimize their ultimate significance in the artistic expression of our country."

As of today, however, Texans have more standing as collectors than as creators of art. The high quality and remarkable uniformity that characterize private collections everywhere in America—"so astonishingly uniform," the London *Observer* has noted, "that one cannot help imagining they receive and act on regular taste-slogans sent out from some undercover temple of fashion"—strike the sojourner in Texas with such force that he is apt to feel after a while that having seen one collection, he has seen them all. Take a Manet, Pissarro, or Delacroix, add a large quantity of Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, season with a few Chagalls, Buffets, Picassos, Klees, de Staëls, and Rouaults, add local artists to taste, hire an expert to frame, hang, and light, and the result is a typical Texas collection—fashionable, safe, and almost completely devoid of any reflection of the owner's personality. The best private collections in Texas are, of course, the exceptions—those that have been put together with taste and scholarship and with no reference to the recipe book. Four of these were made available to delegates to the convention of the American Federation of Arts, held in Houston in 1957 (the first A.F.A. convention held in Texas and the best attended): the John de Menils', the Robert Strauses', and Miss Ima Hogg's, in Houston, and the Robert Windfohrs', in Fort Worth. All are distinguished not only by their quality and variety but by a sense of informality and warmth *and by a certain attractive impulsiveness* reflecting the owners' personal style. One of the largest collections in Texas has been assembled by the Fort Worth millionaire Kay Kimbell, whose greatest artistic yearning, his friends say, is to own "The Blue Boy." Though that has so far escaped him, Kimbell has bought a number of other Gainsboroughs as well as Corot landscapes and a variety of other pictures by, to name a few of the more prominent, Frans Hals, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and George Inness, all of which have in common a restful, no-nonsense quality. Kimbell has accumu-

SEE *Schumacher's*



The clear-cut beauty . . . the depth of color found in crystal! This is drapery fashion at its most beautiful. This is Schumacher's Crystal Print. This is Fiberglas . . . the fabric you can choose for beauty alone without giving a thought to its care. It's perfectly washable . . . never, never needs ironing . . . can't shrink, stretch or sag . . . sun loving and fire safe, too, because it's glass. Available at all Schumacher showrooms through your decorator. In New York, $6.40 a yard.

See more of the latest window fabrics in the Fiberglas Fabric Center, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street

FIBERGLAS

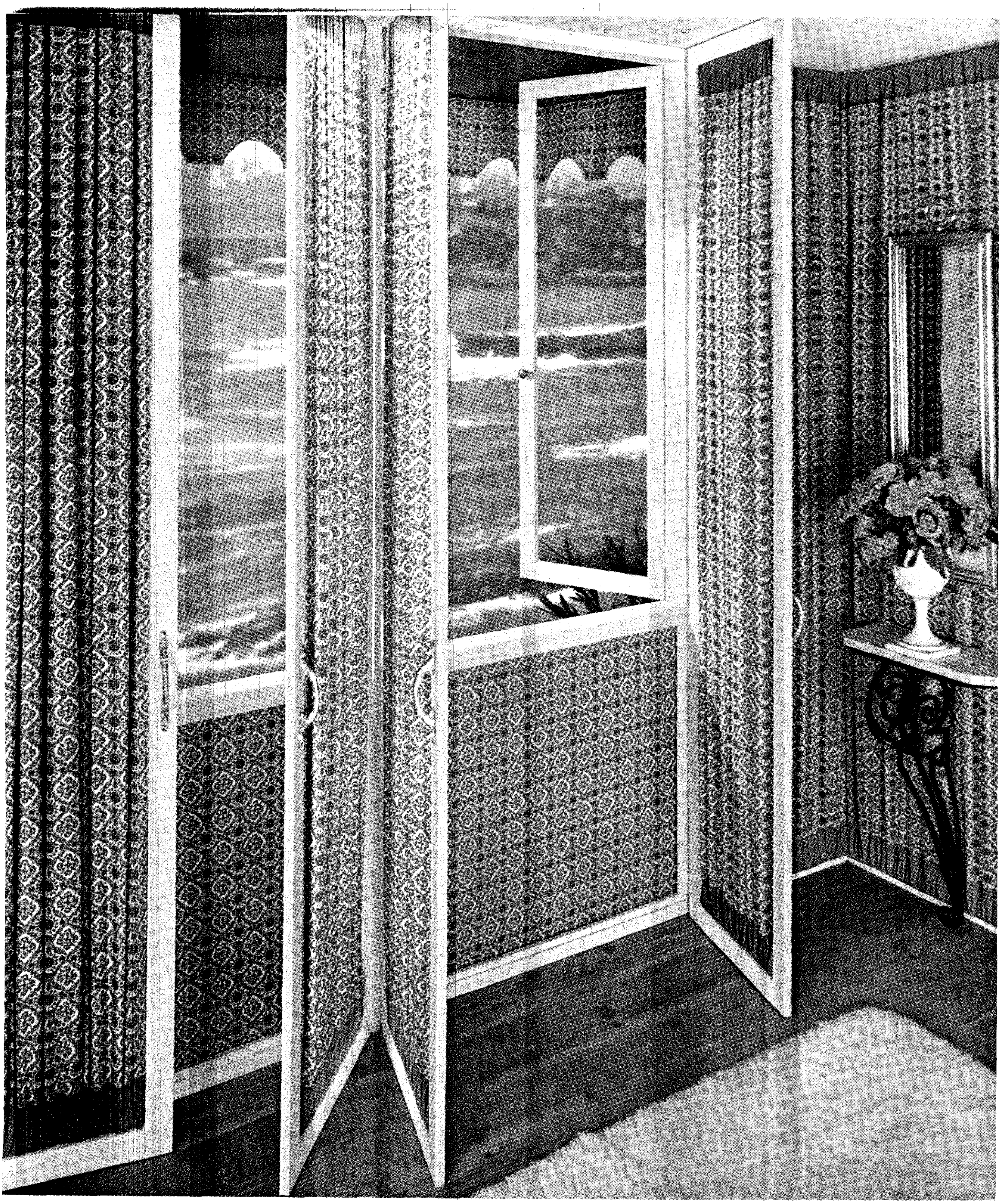
. . . for the finest collection of Plain, Printed and Casement Fabrics of FIBERGLAS

Through decorators and decorating departments of fine stores

Schumacher's

FABRICS • CARPETS • WALLPAPERS

60 WEST 40th STREET • NEW YORK 18



he clear-cut beauty... the depth of color found in crystal! This is drapery fashion at its most beautiful. This is chumacher's Crystal Print. This is Fiberglas*, the fabric you can choose for beauty alone without giving a thought to s care. It's perfectly washable... never, never needs ironing... can't shrink, stretch or sag... sun-loving and fire-safe, o, because it's glass. Available at all Schumacher showrooms through your decorator. In New York, $6.40 a yard.

wens-Corning's Trademark

e more of the latest window fabrics in the Fiberglas Fabric Center, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street.

OWENS-CORNING
FIBERGLAS
makes the glass yarns, not the fabrics

Señorita Jacqueline Wirshing-Serralles, who will be guest of honor at Macy's Flower Show in New York, May 8-13, featuring Puerto Rico's blossoms.

Everything blooms in Puerto Rico

THIS PRETTY Puerto Rican girl has been gathering flowers for the luncheon table.

Her bouquet was chosen from over a *hundred* varieties blooming in the garden that morning.

Can you guess the date? It was November 2, 1960. How did *your* garden look last November second?

There you have one reason why wives of American executives rave about their lot in Puerto Rico. Their gardens are triumphs. Their thumbs are always green.

They plant hibiscus in January and orchids in October. They make daiquiris with limes from their own lime trees. They dine on patios scented with jasmine. They deck the halls at Christmas with poinsettias from their own back yards.

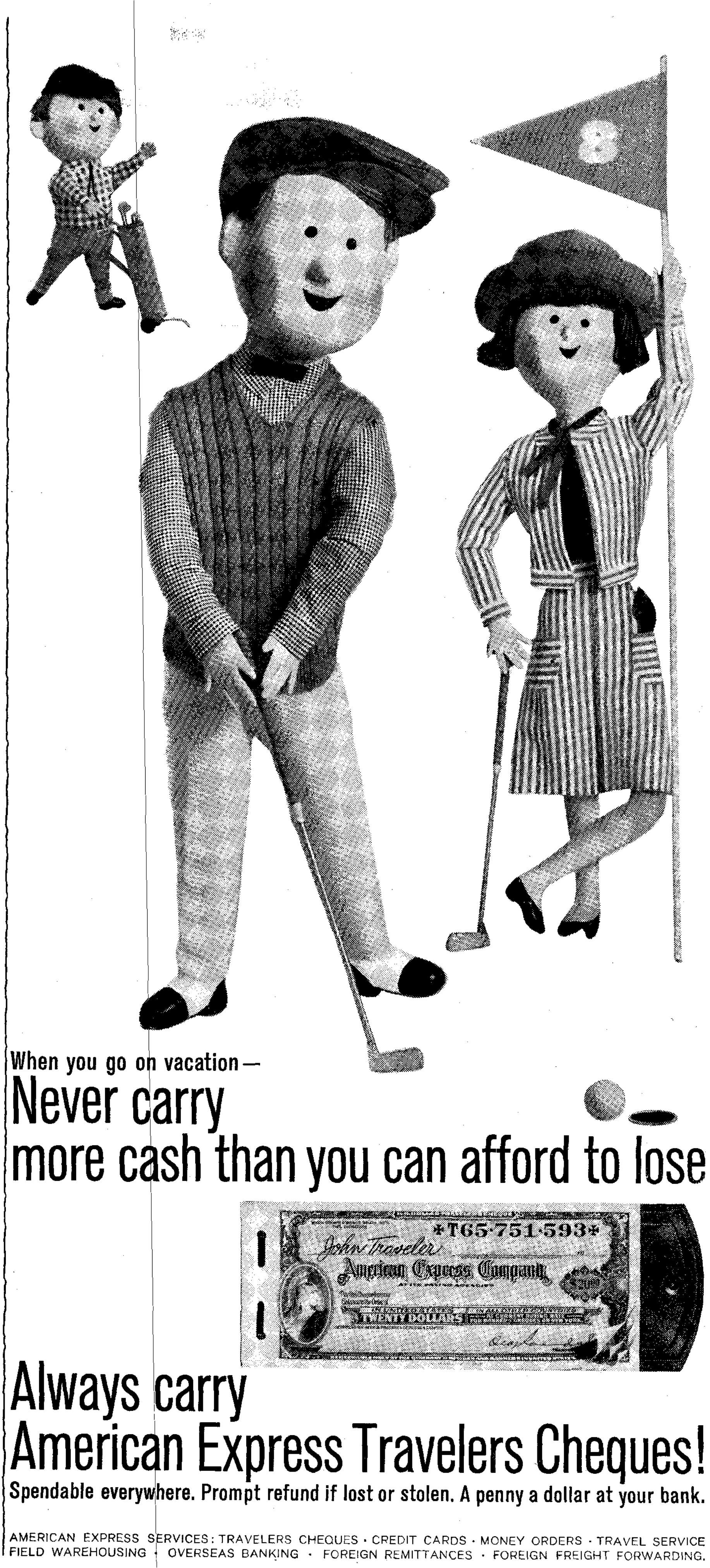
And while wives tend their gardens, husbands have their own triumphs to glory in, for business, too, is sprouting in this land of growth. Take the electronics manufacturer who started a branch here five years ago. Today he has *two* plants—and a third in prospect. Another firm has expanded to *eight* branches. All are prospering.

Is there something *you'd* like to cultivate? A garden, a business, a healthy family, a serene spirit? Puerto Rico may be the place. Come and find out.

©1961—Commonwealth of Puerto Rico,
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

lated so many pictures that they now take up practically all the available wall space in both his home and his office and overflow in large numbers onto the walls of the Fort Worth Public Library. His collection, in one respect, is typical of art in Texas: there is so much of it that merely contemplating it is apt in time to induce what Henry James called an aesthetic headache.

NOR is there any scarcity of music. Thanks largely to support from local millionaires ("Some presidents and general managers of Big Business may like music personally," John Rosenfield has remarked. "Whether they do or don't, they recognize the fact that a highly developed symphony orchestra is one of the best means of civic advertising, worth three pages of special pleading in any expensive national periodical"), every major city in Texas has a symphony orchestra, as have many smaller ones—Tyler, Midland, Lubbock, to mention a few of the state's total of fourteen. In the metropolitan centers, the orchestras are made up of resident professional musicians; in the smaller communities the nucleus of the orchestra usually consists of local teachers and students and other musical townspeople, who are joined for concerts by members of one of the large symphonies. By general agreement, the Houston Symphony is foremost in the state; Leopold Stokowski, who was appointed the orchestra's conductor in 1955, has described it as one of the great musical organizations of the world. Upon his resignation, at the close of the 1960-61 season, Stokowski's place was taken by another distinguished musician, Sir John Barbirolli. Grand opera also figures in the Super-Americans' non-stop *Kulturkampf*. Houston, Fort Worth, and San Antonio each support a group that annually puts on three or four operas (the leading roles are customarily performed by imported singers, the other parts and the chorus by local talent), and Dallas is not reticent about the fact that since 1939 (except this year and three years during the Second World War) the Metropolitan has annually played a three-day, four-performance stand there. Scores of people from Fort Worth, Big Spring, Tyler, Muleshoe, and other large and small communities pour into the city for the Met weekend, which is filled not only with music but with a continuous round of cocktail parties, dinners, and other entertainments, reaching a peak at the Opera Ball, held after the opening to


When you go on vacation—
Never carry
more cash than you can afford to lose

Always carry
American Express Travelers Cheques!

Spendable everywhere. Prompt refund if lost or stolen. A penny a dollar at your bank.

AMERICAN EXPRESS SERVICES: TRAVELERS CHEQUES · CREDIT CARDS · MONEY ORDERS · TRAVEL SERVICE
FIELD WAREHOUSING · OVERSEAS BANKING · FOREIGN REMITTANCES · FOREIGN FREIGHT FORWARDING.

indispensable

... the heart of your travel wardrobe! This crisply tailored suit by Evan-Picone in a no-muss blend of cotton and Dacron® polyester chino cloth. Olive green, khaki tan or black, 8 to 16, 25.00. Altman sportswear, third floor... Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills.

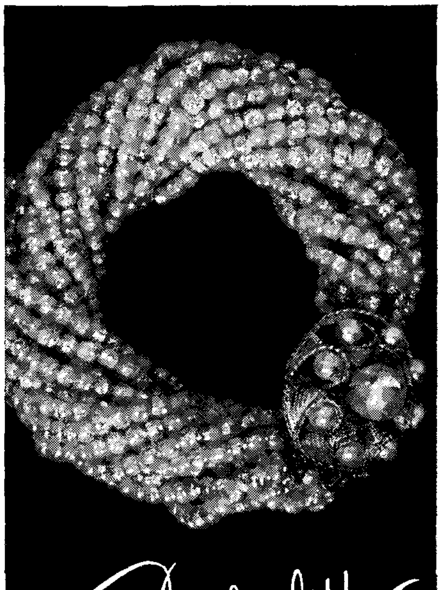
honor the members of the cast. ("All cultural events here are primarily civic occasions for staging self-satisfied parties and celebrations," a close observer of the Dallas scene has remarked.) While continuing to brag about the Met, Dallas opera lovers have taken to showing what seems to be even more enthusiasm for the Dallas Civic Opera, a local venture organized in 1957 by an enterprising young impresario named Lawrence V. Kelly, who had previously been a co-founder of the Chicago Lyric Theatre and had managed the American début of his friend Maria Callas. With "the captivating darling" (to use a local critic's pet name for Miss Callas) as its centerpiece in productions that have included "Medea," "La Traviata," and "Lucia," the Civic Opera has, as *Theatre Arts* remarked not long ago, "put Dallas on the country's opera map." It cost something to get there. Unlike other opera organizations in Texas, the Dallas enterprise has made a practice of using regional talent very sparingly and of importing—mainly from Italy and Greece—not only the principal artists and directors but also the costume and set designers, and even, for "The Daughter of the Regiment," the entire physical production. Largely because of its taste for expensive foreign wares, the Dallas Civic Opera sets local music lovers and civic boosters back about two hundred thousand dollars a season, but as the citizens of Dallas see things, the money is well spent, for it has brought them an added measure of culture, social stature, and glitter. Civic pride is also served by a twelve-week season of musical comedies presented at the State Fair Grounds, and Fort Worth has a fifteen-week season of similar productions. "Consider the fact," the Fort Worth director said a while ago, "that our recent production of 'Annie Get Your Gun' featured a cast of sixty-five, thereby constituting a larger, and in many ways a better, company than the Broadway original."

As for the non-musical theatre in Texas, it is everywhere full of bounce, vigor, and stage-struck millionaires. Texas has, naturally, more of the country's thirteen thousand non-professional local drama groups than any other state, and is thus in the vanguard of the civic-theatre movement, which in recent years has become the rage in America. Also as might be expected, amateur theatrical companies in Texas ordinarily do not do things in a small way. Shunning converted barns and

Betmar
Betmar

SPUN SUGAR — the petite pillbox look-of-the-year! Betmar fashions entwined strands of light, airy organdy, in frothy colors. About $9.

At fine stores everywhere or write... BETMAR HATS, INC. 1040 Ave. of Americas New York 18



BAROQUE TWIST ... FIFTEEN STRANDS OF LUSTROUS BEAUTY.

NECKLACE 12.50 BRACELET 7.50
EARRINGS 6.00
PLUS FED. TAX

DePINNA'S, NEW YORK AND BRANCHES
FOR OTHER FINE STORES, WRITE
CASTLECLIFF, INC., 366 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1.

church basements, they like to perform in style in their own modern theatres. (The Midland Community Theatre, for example, which has a thousand regular subscribers in a city of sixty-seven thousand, opened its new hundred-and-eighty-five-thousand-dollar quarters in 1958, and it has prospered ever since.) Theatrical talent is in such demand that the universities scout the high schools looking for it, somewhat after the manner of football recruiters. The Drama Department of the University of Texas, which has turned out Pat Hingle, Kathryn Grant, Fess Parker, and Jayne Mansfield, among others, sponsors an annual one-act-play contest for high schools that draws close to six hundred entries; the department also presents awards to a dozen outstanding theatrically inclined high-school seniors, on condition that they pursue their dramatic training at the University of Texas.

On the professional level, Houston's Alley Theatre, founded in 1948, is widely regarded as the outstanding theatrical organization in Texas. Described by Brooks Atkinson as "a theatre of distinction," the Alley was one of four theatres in the country (the others being the Phoenix Theatre, in New York; the Actor's Workshop, in San Francisco; and the Arena Stage, in Washington, D.C.) selected in 1959 by the Ford Foundation to receive a grant of a hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars to hire a resident ensemble of professional actors. Nine months earlier, Mrs. Nina Vance, the Alley's director since its inception, was one of ten theatre directors given a Ford Foundation grant of ten thousand dollars for study and travel. The Alley, an arena theatre seating two hundred and fifty, occasionally produces an original script but has had its greatest success with works like "A View from the Bridge," "The Glass Menagerie," "Death of a Salesman," "Waiting for Godot," "The Skin of Our Teeth," and other solid, serious Broadway hits. Though the work of Mrs. Vance generally draws praise ("One of the most brilliant directorial talents in the country today, bar none"—Hubert Roussel, in the Houston *Post*), the quality of the acting in Alley productions tends to be as unpredictable as that in most regional theatres.

A zestful unpredictability also characterizes the recently completed Dallas Theatre Center, the Texas theatrical enterprise that has generated the greatest number of superlatives among both native and foreign drama lovers. The

HENNESSY
JAs HENNESSY & Co
COGNAC

Hennessy is there—not just after dinner, but for the whole evening. Enjoy its delightful flavor on the rocks or in highballs.

HENNESSY SUPREMACY
IS MAINTAINED BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST STOCKS
OF CHOICE COGNACS.

84 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., New York

FROM HER
NEW YORK BOUTIQUE
ITALIAN COTTON FOR
CAREFREE SUMMER DAYS
. . . WHITE WITH
BRIGHT BLUE AND
PINK PRINT
10-16
$75.

Photograph by
Emmett Bright

Eleanora Garnett

NEW YORK
47 East 51 Street

ROME
Via di Villa Sacchetti 17
Boutique - Via Sistina 46a

OTHER DRESSES STARTING AT $75.00

Center combines a permanent repertory theatre, facilities for child and adult education, and a graduate drama school under one roof. The roof caused the most enthusiastic initial comment. Frank Lloyd Wright designed the building, which is, like the Guggenheim Museum, *sui generis,* though structurally the two monuments have many exterior resemblances. The Center, situated on a hilly one-acre plot in a residential area some three miles from the business district, is made of white concrete, has no right angles, and is dominated by a shimmering forty-foot round cantilevered tower. Approached over a steep concrete ramp from a parking area at the rear, the exterior of the building has the aloof and somewhat forbidding aspect typical of the Master's edifices, but the interior is inviting, light, and airy. The auditorium itself—called the Kalita Humphreys Theatre, in honor of the late Texas actress, whose mother donated a hundred thousand dollars to the Center—is yellow and gold and has an expansive air. The view is not obstructed by a single pillar or column. Eleven rows of comfortable seats, capable of accommodating four hundred and forty persons, are arranged in the pattern of an amphitheatre and slope down to the apron of a spectacular stage; this is seventy feet from end to end, has no footlights, and juts far out into the audience, from which it is separated in height by an elevation of one foot. Almost literally, the actors are in the audience's lap. Ground was broken for the building, which cost a million dollars, in September, 1958; exactly one year later the Center was in business, with Paul Baker—a native Texan and a graduate of the Yale Drama School whose work in the Drama Department of Baylor University has achieved international recognition for theatrical daring—as its director. The chef-d'œuvre of the season was a presentation of Baker's production of "Hamlet," which he had been perfecting for some five years at Baylor. In this "Hamlet," the result of what Baker calls his "rethinking" of the play, the Dane is portrayed simultaneously by three actors, who are intended to represent the "human," the "courtier," and the "matricidal" sides of his character. Dressed all in black and with dirty faces to match, the three Hamlets talk, argue, and wisecrack among themselves, inducing in some observers an emotional impact similar to that produced by the Three Stooges. Besides being quite merciless in improving the text, Baker added a new visual dimension to the play

Denmark's climate is ideal for mink ranching. Copenhagen's cosmopolitan "climate" is perfect for designing furs that are admired everywhere.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
COPENHAGEN'S LEADING FURRIERS SINCE 1869

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE
ROYAL DANISH COURT

It's shocking
if you don't give her

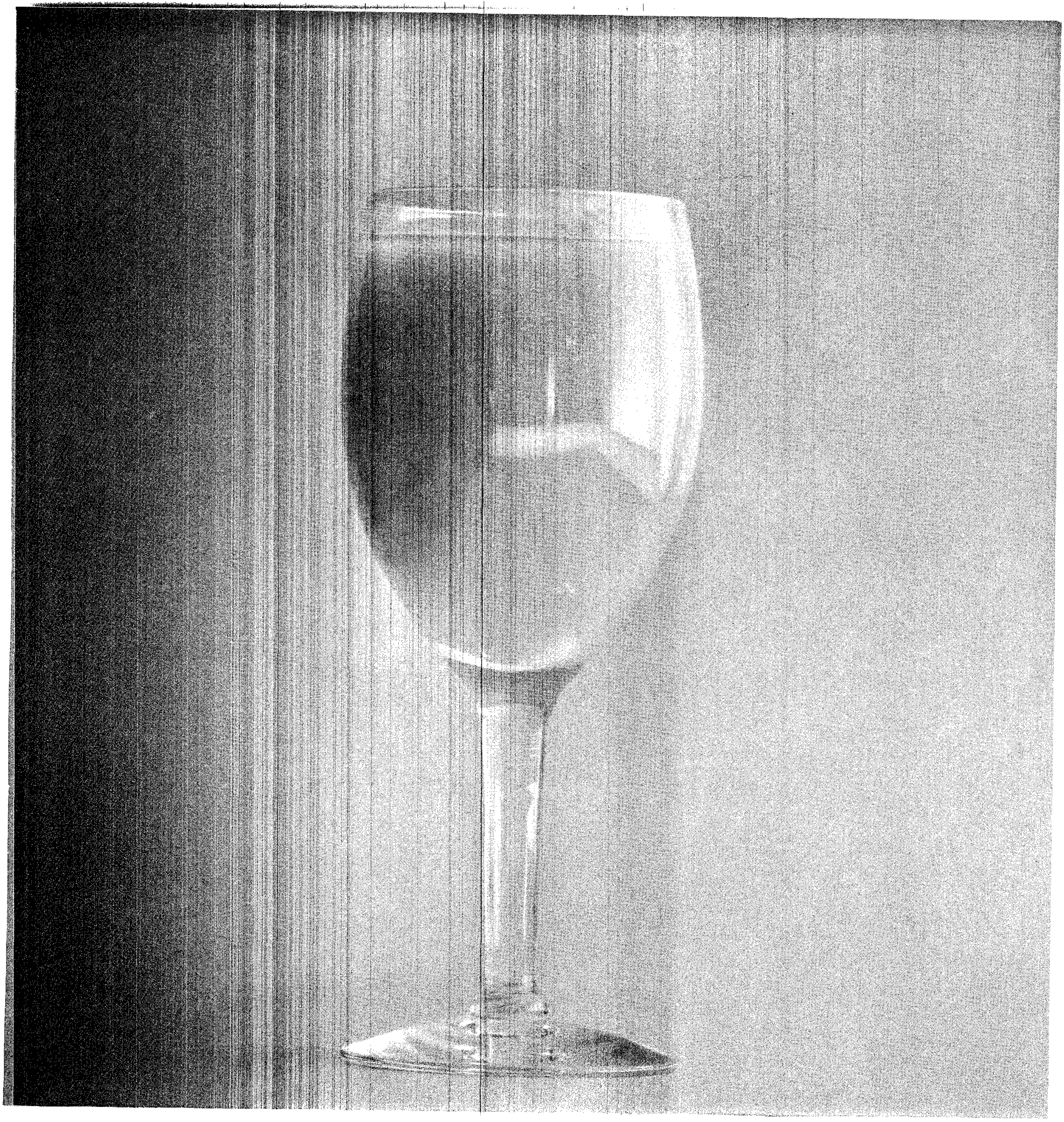
Shocking
de
Schiaparelli

miniature
heart soaps

UNWIND on a golden island where the charm of yesterday lives . . . where there's still a 19th century ease of pace. The Virgin Isle Hilton refreshes body and soul. You relax on sun-warmed sands, swim in a modern salt-water pool, enjoy exotic foods and drinks . . . sail, fish, dance, romance or dream the hours away. Duty-free shopping. Only 25 min. by air from San Juan. One look at this soothing island and nerves unwind. **See your travel agent or call any Hilton Reservation Office.**

Virgin Isle Hilton

ON SAINT
THOMAS
U. S. VIRGIN
ISLANDS



The Bloody María

(anything vodka can do, Ronrico Rum can do better)

Ronrico
RUM
Ronrico
Distilled
PUERTO RICAN
RUM

The difference between a Bloody Mary and a Bloody María is the difference between Mary and María. María is Mary set to music. A Bloody María is easy to make. Simply use Ronrico Rum (which has taste) in place of vodka. You'll find Ronrico heightens, rounds, completes a Bloody Mary. It is an exquisite liquor, light, clear and fragrant. Anything Bloody Mary can do, María can do better. **RONRICO FROM PUERTO RICO**

PUERTO RICAN RUM. 80 PROOF. WHITE OR GOLD LABEL.

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NEW YORK 22

when you want to ride off in all directions...
AMATEUR CLASS
3

call Hertz and you're a two car family—*everybody* goes their merry way. Hertz rents new Chevrolets and other fine cars. Why quarrel about which way to point the family car?—it's so *easy* to preserve the peace with Hertz!

let *HERTZ* put you in the driver's seat!

HERTZ
RENT A CAR

You may use your HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card, Air Travel, Rail Travel or other accredited charge card

by presenting it for the most part on a wooden ramp installed at a forty-five-degree angle across the center of the stage. The angular platform produced, as the Houston critic Raymond Lankford noted, "the spectacle of the King and Queen holding a royal audience while apparently lounging on bathmats on a ski slope." No mishaps occurred (the players, listing precariously, wore sneakers for traction), and though John Rosenfield found the work "the worst theatrical miscalculation since some producer cast Eva Le Gallienne as a very girlish Hamlet," it was accorded the customary favorable reception by the paying customers; in fact, before the end of the first season, the Center's more enthusiastic backers were casually talking about it in the same breath with the Old Vic, the Comédie-Française, and Sweden's Royal Dramatic Theatre. While no Texas theatrical venture has achieved quite the shine and technique of those Old World troupes, the state's ubiquitous dramatic organizations are making their offerings more widely available than those of any other similar regional groups—a considerable accomplishment in a country like America, where the majority of adults have never seen live theatre.

"IT is better for all communities to have a try at artistic expression than to have none at all," John Rosenfield recently observed in an essay in the *Southwest Review*. Therefore, he added, "local criticism should not produce an uncongenial atmosphere for the best art life a community can afford." Rosenfield himself may occasionally stray from this dictum, as he did in the case of the Dallas "Hamlet," but the majority of Texas critics evidently agree with it, for in appraising native artistic expression they are, more often than not, sympathetic to a fault. They might as well be. Rosenfield recalls hearing a hostess say to her departing guests, "We'll see you all on Wednesday at the theatre. I hear the play is lousy." Any community with such a congenial atmosphere, it is clear, does not provide ideal conditions for a flowering of the critical spirit, the *sine qua non* of civilized society. "The life without criticism is not worthy to be lived," said Plato, stating a doctrine that is all Greek to Texans, who stand first in the enshrinement of the power and the glory of positive thinking. As a result, when a Texas critic fails to lift his voice in praise of the native arts, whatever their quality, he incurs the resentment not only of the artists but of the public in

BELL'S SCOTCH

light, but not thin

It's the pleasant character of Bell's Scotch Whisky that makes it such a favorite with Highlanders themselves. No gentler Scotch was ever made—yet its taste has real *authority*. When the whisky in your glass is Bell's, *you'll know you're drinking something!* Try both these superb Bell's Scotches:

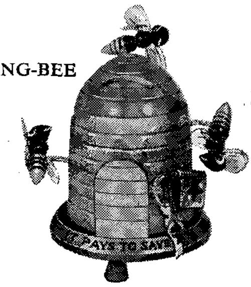
Bell's "12" (Royal Vat) Mellowed for twelve years in the wood, it has reached the age of greatness.
Bell's Special Reserve Exceptional Scotch at a popular price. Light as Bell's "12," and its equal in everything but years.

BELL'S 12
BELL'S ROYAL VAT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY TWELVE YEARS OLD
12
BELL'S
Blended Scotch Whisky
SPECIAL RESERVE

86 PROOF. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. ARTHUR BELL & SONS, LTD., DISTILLERS, PERTH, SCOTLAND. EST. 1825. © HEUBLEIN INC., HARTFORD, CONN., 1961, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

please do not
MAIL
$10,000
CASH

Please. No matter how badly you may want to open your savings account today in The Bank for Savings, don't send $10,000 cash thru the mail. Make out a check or money order—even if you want to start that account with $10, let alone $10,000.



Whatever amount you send, we'll send something back to you—a bankbook, of course...a Bobbing-Bee Bank to help you save money...and postage paid envelopes that make it so easy to deposit or withdraw money by mail.

Why choose The Bank for Savings? Because—it pays the highest savings bank rate permitted in New York State ...the one savings bank in all New York that has paid dividends 142 years in a row.

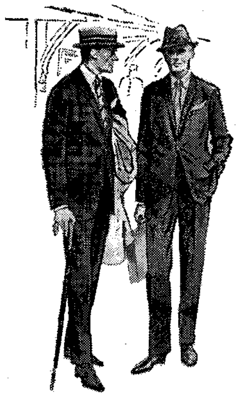
Start saving today. For yourself...for your grandchildren...or for fun—the fun of seeing your money grow. Just attach your check to the coupon. We'll refund postage!

The BANK FOR SAVINGS
New York's First Savings Bank
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

THE BANK FOR SAVINGS, Dept. 8
Park Av. So. at 22nd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.
Please open savings account in my name, as checked. Enclosed for deposit is $..
☐ Individual Account
☐ Trust Account for..
Name..
Address..
City....................................State........................

general, who tend to react to professional criticism as if it were personal insult. Because of Rosenfield's limited enthusiasm for some of the Dallas Theatre Center's offerings, his name was mud among the city's more ambitious workers for culture, and Hubert Roussel did not sound the note his readers wanted to hear when he wrote in the Houston *Post* that the opening concert of the 1960-61 season of the Houston Symphony, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, "amounted in general to a bag of musical mush," and that the first production of the Alley Theatre, after its eagerly awaited upgrading as a result of the Ford Foundation grant, was a play that "could hardly have left anyone doubtful of its positive hold on insignificance." The Texan tendency to find all criticism so unbearable that it is dismissed without reflection stems from a communal need for constant reassurance that all is well—a desire that is heightened in a frontier society, where the emphasis is by necessity on creation, not criticism, and where the doers are the heroes and the kibitzers the dispensable men. Since, as V. S. Pritchett, the English man of letters and travel, has said, "A new country or regime regards examination, interpretation, or criticism—anything but the official view—as antisocial," it is remarkable that Texas critics of the arts ever express the unofficial view, or, in other words, are critical. Most of the time, however, they perform their duty as they see it. In Fort Worth, William J. Marsh writes in the *Star-Telegram* that the local opera association's production of "La Bohème" "can be highly praised and recommended for all opera lovers who may wish to see only the best." And even Rosenfield, after musing on the entertainment attractions of Dallas, concludes, "They are the best the market can offer anywhere." Judgments of a similarly welcome nature are not rare on the book pages. Although Lon Tinkle occasionally dissects a non-Texas writer, he customarily treats native authors with avuncular generosity. A favorite device enabling him to maintain his critical equilibrium and at the same time give the author a boost is to suggest a connection, however imprecise, between the book under review and a somewhat better-known one. For example, in giving the nod to "One Touch of Ecstasy," the first novel of "a well-known and much admired Dallasite" named Gwynne Wimberly, Tinkle said that the work (which seems to have gone unnoticed by the New York critics) "has the integrity and the hon-

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers



CHIPP CLOTHING TO ORDER

Chipp Custom Made Clothing has been unexcelled in quality and workmanship since our inception. We control every phase in the making of our distinctive custom clothing . . . a fact which accounts for Chipp's outstanding reputation with the most fastidious man.

Custom Made Coat and Trousers from......205.00
Custom Made Odd Coat from......................140.00

Chipp also has a Special Cutting Department which offers our famous quality and craftsmanship, plus customer individuality.

Special Order Coat and Trousers from......160.00
Special Order Odd Coat from.....................105.00

Write for brochure and
spring travel itinerary.

Chipp
14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

You'll never know
how well you look
till you see yourself
in Bachrach
direct colour.

Bachrach: 48 East 50th St., New York • PL 5-6234
Third Generation of a Famous Family of Portrait Photographers

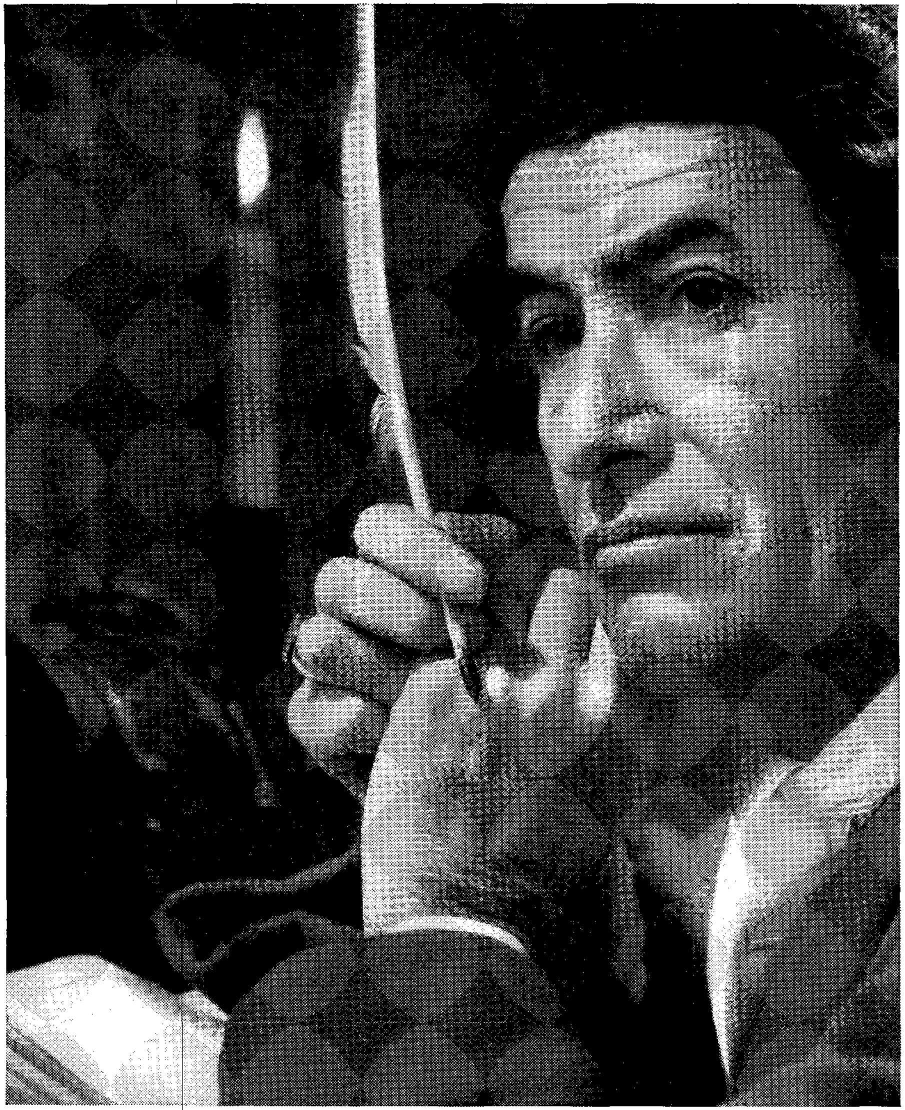
DORSET Cafe
LUNCHEON • DINNER
SUPPER

Gay, sparkling surroundings...
popular gathering place for Cocktails
and After-Theatre Suppers.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off Fifth Ave. CI 7-7300
A Bing & Bing Hotel • Member Diners' Club

esty" that make it deserving of mention in the company of Tennessee Williams, John O'Hara, Saul Bellow, Sartre, Sagan, Camus, Robert Penn Warren, Eudora Welty, and William Faulkner.

If the critical spirit does not always burn brightly in the newspaper columns devoted to criticism, and seldom even flickers in the others, the reason is that the newspapers in Texas, almost without exception, are bound to the genteel tradition. Consequently, while not averse to printing unflattering things about non-Texans, they tend to muffle unedifying news about local people, especially prominent ones. Genteelism in the Super-American press approaches a pinnacle in the personality sketches of leading citizens, which are printed in departments called "Honor Roll," "Headliner Portrait," "Titled Texan," or something else showing suitable respect. Reading these "honeysuckle lives," as Dr. Johnson referred to fulsome biographies, one soon discovers that the Super-American newspapers are devoted to "man-worship," that ancient ritual which the Greeks, according to Arnold Toynbee, "inherited from their barbarian sires," and passed on to succeeding societies. Probably in no society has man-worship flourished more lushly than in ours. "The ruling power in the United States is not to be made game of," said de Tocqueville. "The smallest reproach irritates its sensibility, and the slightest joke that has any foundation in truth renders it indignant; from the forms of its language up to the solid virtues of its character, everything must be made the subject of encomium." And as a result, "The majority lives in the perpetual utterance of self-applause." This becomes deafening in Super-America, where, to judge from the newspapers, successful businessmen are "most astute, as well as dynamic in both thought and action;" successful lawyers are "master artists in the courtroom;" successful clergymen are "great spiritual leaders," often "radiant and joyful" and always possessing "a glowing sense of humor;" and successful bankers are not only "hardheaded leaders gifted with financial acumen" but "as solicitous as marriage counselors." No matter what his calling, the typical successful Super-American is projected in the newspapers as a citizen having "strong, mobile features," "a dew-fresh smile," "an imposing build," and "a persuasive and richly flexible manner of speech," whose "polished mind of near-photographic quality" and "inexhaustible talents in the civic field" and "personality as in-



ONE OF A SERIES OF WILLIAMSBURG PORTRAITS BY FABIAN BACHRACH

Recording Session

"ONE bolt of damask, 10 chests of China Tea, 2 pipes of Madeira, 1 hogshead of Jamaica Rum. . . ." So runs a typical entry recorded two centuries ago in the ledgers of a Williamsburg merchant, such as William Robertson, Esq., owner of the windmill, Alderman, and Clerk of the Governor's Council.

History does not remember the clerk who made the entry. Even his name is forgotten. Yet for all his anonymity, it is to him and not his master that we turn to complete our picture of colonial life. His ledgers, and those of his fellows, have recorded forever the daily details of our city's eighteenth-century trade.

Clerking is still an active pursuit in Williamsburg. Milling, shoemaking, and smithing are among the many other daily activities. Colonial tools, colonial dress, colonial methods: all are part of the Williamsburg scene. For here the eighteenth century lives on. Visit Williamsburg and *see.*

For color folder, information, reservations at the Williamsburg Inn, Lodge or The Motor House, write Box 718, Williamsburg, Va., see Travel Agent or call CIrcle 6-6800 in New York, FEderal 8-8828 in Washington.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

AVIANCA

AVIANCA SINCE 1919

707 JETS ARE FUSSY WHERE THEY FLY . . . Not any Island will do. Not any Latin country can go steady with these big beautiful Boeings. In fact the Island must be the liveliest, beachiest, lootiest and palmiest or they want no part of it. By strangest coincidence AVIANCA flies from New York and Miami nonstop to Jamaica . . . which is the most.

Being Jets and very smart ones, the 707s pick the shortest route to South America. They figure you might like an Emerald Coast with miles of beaches properly palm-fringed, then Spanish colonial cities which the Conquistadores still want back, also orchid-clad woodlands where jaguar and armadillo hunt *you*. But what's all that without international hotels with magnificent steaks plus the snow-crowned Andes as your cocktail bar backdrop? The clue is on the label of the world's finest coffee . . . Colombia!

So AVIANCA Jets flash happily to Montego Bay, Kingston and Bogota. Your fellow passengers are happy because Red Ruana service includes fancy, filling cuisine even more tempting than the colorful cloak of Colombia. And your purse will still bulge when your roundtrip fare is only $229.50 plus jet surcharge (back in 17 days or else!). Call your Travel Agent or AVIANCA, 6 West 49th St., New York 20, JU 6-6040.

AVIANCA

pride and joy of over
1 million passengers
per annum

stantly radiant and warm as a room heater" are topped off with "age-ripened serenity combined with advance-minded determination." "How delicate," said Carlyle, "how decent is English biography, bless its mealy mouth." Yet, as everybody knows, accentuating the positive is a foolproof countersign of Americanism. Our perpetual national love affair with Little Mary Sunshine has left us neither time nor interest to cultivate criticism, her mature rival, at once more demanding and rewarding. It is no wonder that despite the fact that criticism, as Admiral Hyman Rickover recently remarked, is "the very mainstay of democracy," hardly anything in this country is cherished less than the critical spirit. It gets the cold shoulder because it engenders doubt about things as they are, and anything that does that—including humor in nearly every form, and especially satire—is a luxury that can be afforded only by civilized societies that feel themselves to be secure. "When Texans become as civilized as the French are," J. Frank Dobie has remarked, "they will enjoy rather than feel indignant at satire of their own foibles. This country needs satire as badly as the Sahara needs rain." When the need in Texas will be fulfilled Dobie has not tried to forecast. There are no strong indications that it will be soon, for, as de Tocqueville noted, "People who spend every day in the week making money, and Sunday in going to church, have nothing to invite the Muse of Comedy."

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

(This is the sixth of a series of articles. The seventh will appear in an early issue.)

•

THE KALEIDOSCOPIC SCENE IN FAIRFIELD COUNTY

[*From the Newtown* (*Conn.*) *Bee*]

A reporter has a varied life. On Monday evening a Bee representative was at work at a meeting of the Fairfield County Farm Bureau Association, Inc., covering the pot luck supper with a discerning palate, delving into the mysterious goodies to the enrichment of diet and enjoyment of work.

Mrs. David Dibble of Bethel bakes the best rolls you ever ate. Mrs. Sam Paproski has a positive genius with coffee rings, Mrs. Philip Jones, Jr., of Shelton makes a cake you can eat, even after you feel you can't take another bite, and Mrs. Vincent Gaffney brews a fine cup of coffee to top off the repast. The other Farm Bureau wives, too, shine at their specialties.

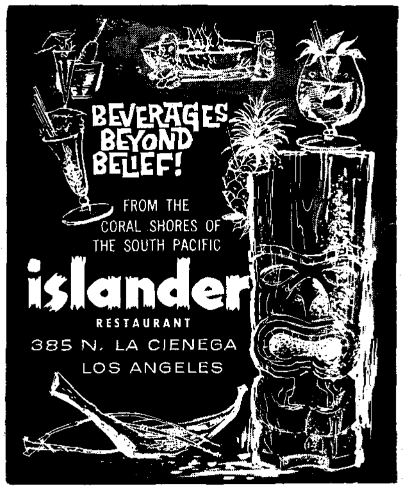
But less than 24 hours later in the same room at Edmond Town Hall, the same reporter was listening as the judge pronounced sentence on the first offender to come before the first Circuit Court session in Newtown.

Bespoke—
S.F.A's
Handmade Exclusives

From men who expect the ultimate in shoe quality and comfort, we recommend the Bespoke, made for us exclusively on our own last, in two handsome styles, the wingtip and straight tip. Each is hand-lasted and hand-welted, with handsewn sole. In black or brown calf. 6-12 sizes, 55.00.

Men's Shoes,
Street Floor.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Springfield
Chicago • Detroit • Beverly Hills

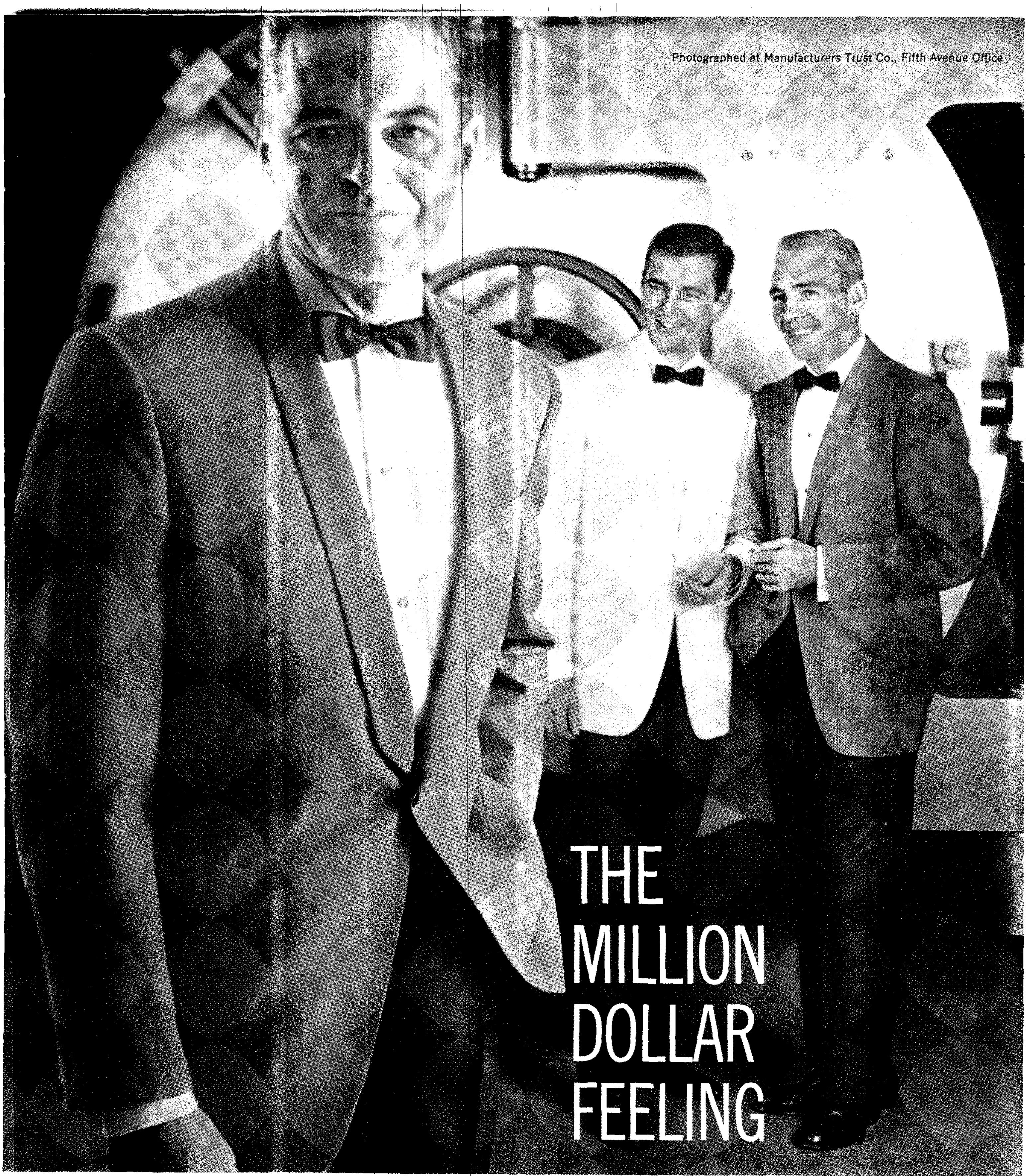


"if it were my horse"

Opinions differ as to the best way to train and ride horses . . . which is why we carry 8,761 items. However you ride, at **MILLER'S**, you'll find correct riding clothes and equipment at modest prices . . . Now if it were our horse . . .

Write for our new Spring Folder of Riding Clothes and Saddlery

MILLER'S
123 EAST 24 ST. N.Y. 10 • OR 7/0800



Photographed at Manufacturers Trust Co., Fifth Avenue Office

by FORSTMANN

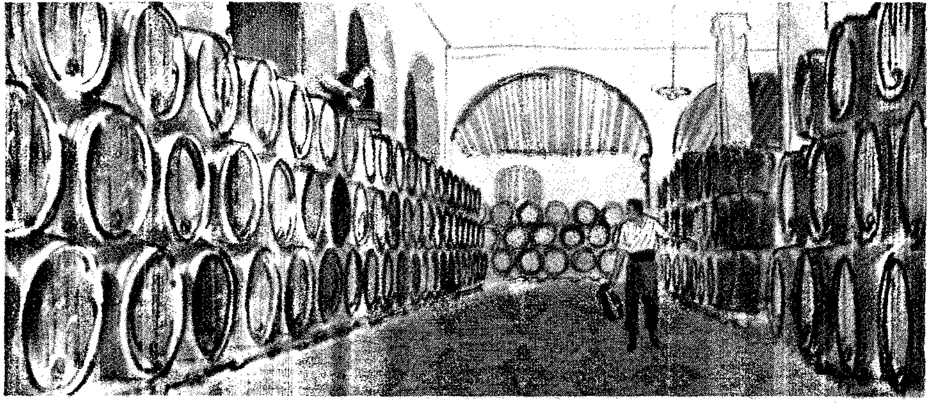
The happy result of wearing clothes fashioned from the finest woolens in the world—Forstmann®. Here, an evening jacket by AFTER SIX FORMALS tailored of luxurious Beaudeen®, a rich blend of 80% wool worsted and 20% silk. Colors: Biarritz Red, Deauville White, Côte d'Azur Blue. Available at fine stores, including: John David Stores, New York City; Rothschild's, Kansas City, Missouri; Metzger Brothers, Mobile, Alabama; Lytton's, Chicago, Illinois.

Stevens®
FORSTMANN
Fabrics

FORSTMANN MEN'S WEAR DIVISION, J. P. STEVENS & CO., INC., NEW YORK 36, NEW YORK

FINE FABRICS MADE IN AMERICA SINCE 1813

Imported Sherry comes only from the "triangle" of Andalusia, the region lying between the towns of Jerez de la Frontera, Sanlúcar de Barrameda and Puerto de Santa María. In huge *bodegas* or wine cellars, rows of casks are stacked. Each year the new wine is mixed with earlier vintages in the topmost row. Over long years, the maturing wine is drawn off and mixed with still older vintages in the casks below. The final casks yield the Sherries prized the world over. This is Spain's "solera" method of maturing wine. Slow... but incomparable!

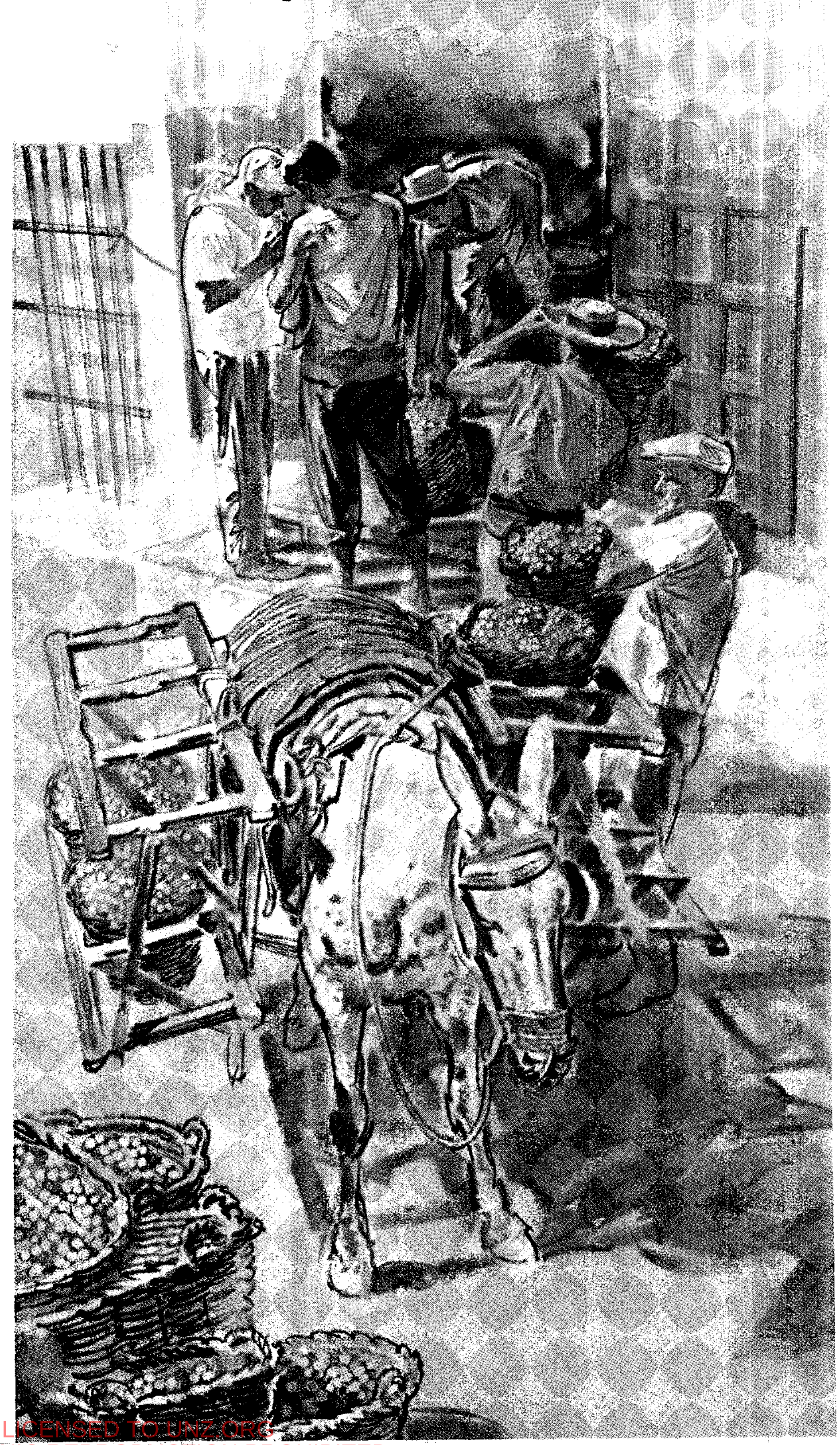


Your Sherry is first "poured" here

The Sherry you pour in your glass today began its journey to you untold harvests ago. At the right you see it in an early stage. Harvesters take the sun-kissed grapes into the *lagares* or wine presses to extract the juice.

No one knows which type of Sherry it will become... whether a dry "fino", a medium "amontillado" or a sweet "oloroso". As any Andalusian *capataz* (foreman) will tell you, "the wine makes up its mind!" To allow it time enough, in Spain they use only the slow "solera" method of maturing Sherry. At intervals of many years, it is brought down through the stacked-up casks and mixed with the older vintages maturing beneath. Much time must pass before Sherry is drawn from the bottom casks.

The choicest of these withdrawals are bottled by Harvey in England. Through an age-old process, the "olorosos" are blended into Harvey's Bristol Cream. As a result, the bottle you buy today tastes just as it did in Queen Victoria's day.



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
WINE MERCHANTS, JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
BRISTOL, ENGLAND. FOUNDED 1796

HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD
HARVEY'S
COCKTAIL SHERRY
AMONTILLADO
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL DRY SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD

BRISTOL CREAM®. Vintner's skill and blender's art produce a sweet, golden, after-dinner wine.

HARVEY'S COCKTAIL SHERRY. An amber Amontillado, a *light* cocktail, chilled or "on the rocks".

BRISTOL DRY®. Pale, light "fino". Served chilled or "on the rocks". Prized as an apéritif.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. HARTFORD, CONN.

THE THEATRE

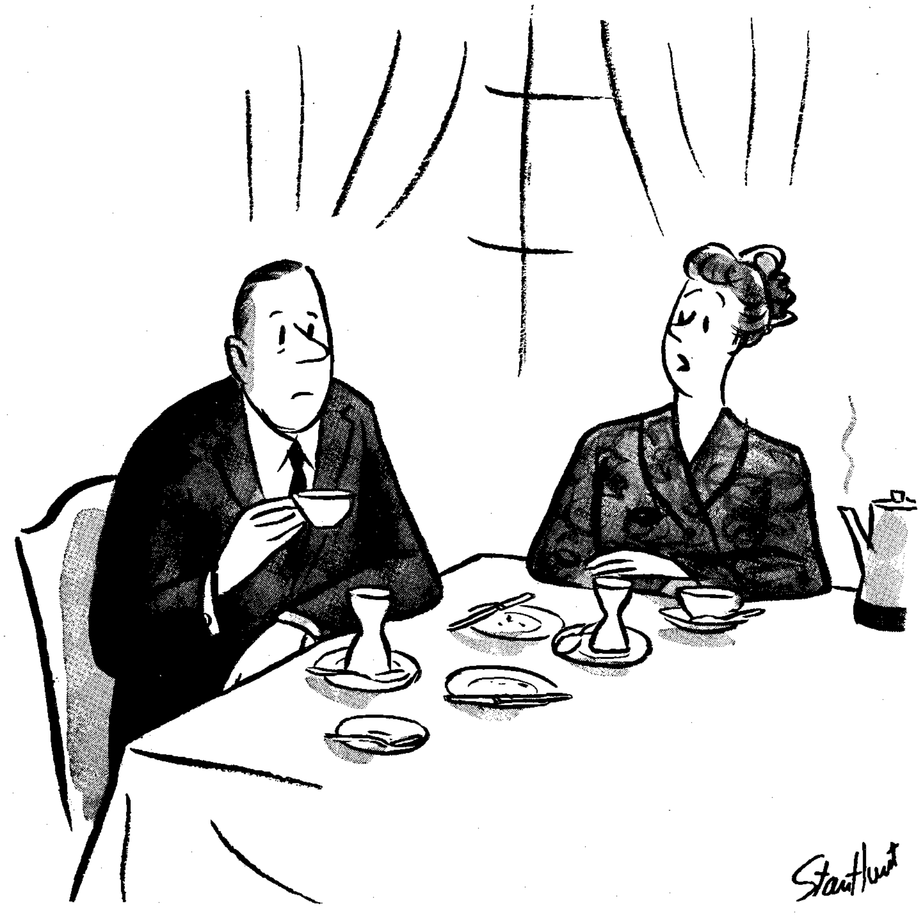
OFF BROADWAY

DIARY

SUNDAY, APRIL 23RD: A typical week Off Broadway in November or December offered one or two openings; recently the average has climbed to five or more, some of them simultaneous. In short, a state-legislature situation, in which more bills are milled on the final day than in the previous two months. As a result, I have just caught up with the curiously titled "Evenings with Chekhov," which opened late last week at the Key Theatre. Would that I had simply passed it, top down, throttle open. The "Evenings" consists of three early one-act plays by the Master—"The Anniversary," "On the High Road," and "The Wedding"—which demonstrate that he had not yet discovered the secret of making tedium exciting. Moreover, like many young literary men, he apparently considered himself an irresistible wag. Thus, the first and third plays are ponderous comedies about bores. In the first, a pompous bank manager's self-arranged celebration of his fifteenth anniversary in his job is thrown into chaos by a muddleheaded peasant woman who refuses to leave his office when the ceremonies begin. The third play deals with a sailing-ship bore—a retired naval captain—who disrupts a wedding party by shouting deafening nautical commands, waving his sword about, and dropping cigar ashes on the female guests' bare shoulders. The middle and longest play is ponderous *and* grim. But it proves that Chekhov had at least begun thinking about his favorite subject: how to decay gracefully in the country. The play takes place in a roadside inn on a stormy night. (There is excellent wind-machine work throughout, as well as some very good thunder and lightning.) Stuffed into the inn's single room are three ancient pilgrims, the proprietor and barkeep, a young laborer, and a penniless drunkard. New travellers burst in continually—a bearded, bullying tramp with heart of gold, a postman, a lady, and a gentleman. The drunkard, it turns out, is a once-wealthy landowner who has been ruined by his cruel wife and her rapacious brother, and the lady is—you've guessed it—his wife. The shock of recognition frightens her right out the door and quadruples the drunk's thirst. All hands sympathetically buy the drunk a round apiece. These include a character called A Voice from the Corner, a mysterious hooded female who sits to one side of the proscenium, muttering and glaring at the audience, which—speaking for myself—muttered and glared right back.

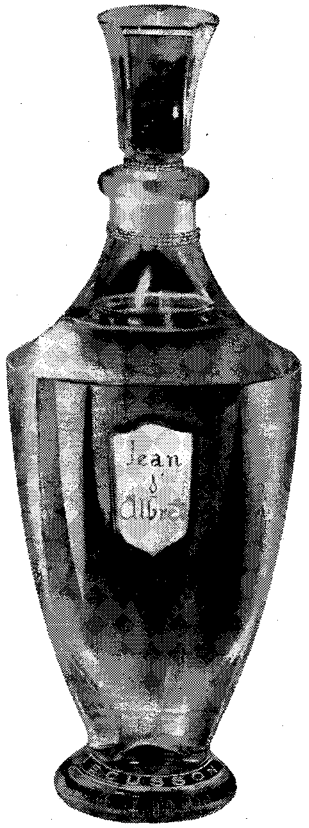
The cast of thirteen dons beards, loses stomachs, and redoes its hair with satisfying thoroughness. It also increases from play to play, which tends to diminish the Key's spacious steamer-trunk stage. Moreover, the cast heightens this effect by laughing heartily at itself in the comedies. All in all, a stirring example of the difference between little acorns and the finished product.

MONDAY, APRIL 24TH: How fine, I thought on my way to the One Sheridan Square's double bill, "Philoktetes" and "The Women at the Tomb," to chase early Chekhov with an evening in the classical mode! And how rude to discover that Michel de Ghelderode's "Women"—a curtain-raiser recounting the squabbles that occur among Jesus's better-known female admirers just after His death—is a slight, soiled piece of heresy, done in modern dress and modern slang, and absorbing only because of the way the Cured Woman ingests a whole bunch of Concord grapes, seeds and all. And then, on top of that, to find that "Philoktetes," a new rendering, by George Maxim Ross, of the celebrated Greek myth, is equally up to date: "I'm fed up with your stinking war!" "Will ya shut up and lissen to me?" "Now stop trying to play the hero." In any case, here's a brief refresher on *the* "Philoktetes," or "Philoctetes," by Sophocles. Philoctetes, accompanying Agamemnon to the Trojan Wars, is abandoned on the uninhabited island of Lemnos after receiving an incurable snake bite, which becomes so high that his shipmates cannot tolerate him. He is left, however, with his magic bow and arrows, bequeathed him by Heracles. The play starts ten years later, when the Greeks, who are still battling the Trojans, learn from a captured Trojan soothsayer that



"On the other hand, Mr. Cantrell might be very appreciative if you voiced your criticism of the way he runs the business."

ECUSSON
by JEAN D'ALBRET



Ever since the sixteenth century, when it was first introduced into the court of Jeanne d'Albret, Ecusson has been setting the scene for romance. It is a great perfume with a courtly past, an exciting present, created from a rare blend of precious oils and essences. You'll love its moving, memorable fragrance... its flair for making any woman unforgettable!

ECUSSON PERFUME
MADE, SEALED &
PACKAGED IN FRANCE
PERFUME/5 TO 35*
COLOGNE/3.50 TO 20*
*PLUS FED. TAX

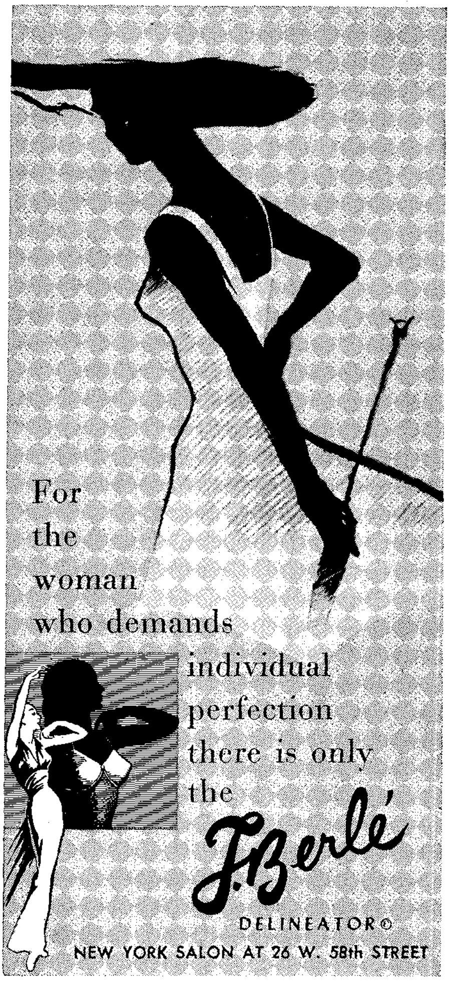
At leading stores everywhere

the only way to win the war is to reclaim Philoctetes and his bow and take them to Troy. Odysseus and Neoptolemos, the son of Achilles, are sent to fetch Philoctetes, but the job isn't easy. Philoctetes, still in great pain, is angry, proud, and sorry for himself. Odysseus, one of the men who had abandoned Philoctetes, is both pitying and scornful. Neoptolemos is the rope in this tug of war, which is resolved by the intervention, *deus ex machina*, of Heracles, who persuades Philoctetes to go to Troy.

Ross converts this chesslike moral battle between three strong men into a spongy pacifist tract in which Philoktetes shoots Neoptolemos and is again left on the island, but minus his bow. Further, the symbolic bow (artistic power) becomes, in Ross's hands, the Bomb, while the wound (the artist's neurosis) remains—well, a wound. Though modern in speech, "Philoktetes" is Greek in dress, down to short peekaboo tunics, sandals, and mop hairdos. And possibly the acting—Anthony Ray is Neoptolemos, Leonard Hicks is Philoktetes, and Chester Doherty is Odysseus—is Greek, too, for it includes both guttural whispers and ascending off-pitch shouts (Philoktetes), a steady succession of soft *moues* (Neoptolemos), and commanding raised chins (Odysseus). The tidy, geometric set suggests anything but a craggy, hellish, storm-bound island. Dreams of ancient Greek warriors sipping Cokes and pulling stage arrows out of each other plagued me all night.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25TH: The only memorable event at "Happy As Larry," a falsetto Irish fantasy by Donagh MacDonagh, at the Martinique, occurred immediately after the final curtain. Swept up in the customary stampede of deadline-beset reviewers, I reached behind me in the pitch black and seized what seemed to be the arm of my companion, a venerable cousin, to help him down a treacherous step and past the stage. We gained the door just as the lights went up. Turning, I was thunderstruck to find that I had been towing handsome Mrs. Frank Aston (the wife of the *World-Telegram & Sun's* drama reviewer), who eased my confusion by saying, "That's perfectly all right. You did it very nicely." MacDonagh's play, which deals with six singing tailors who are spirited into the past to right a murder and do some matchmaking, is already fading, but I cherish Mrs. Aston's reaction. Such aplomb is the base of wisdom.

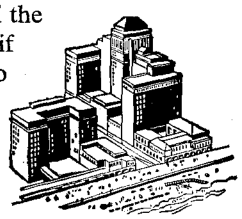
—WHITNEY BALLIETT



For the woman who demands individual perfection there is only the
J. Berlé
DELINEATOR®
NEW YORK SALON AT 26 W. 58th STREET

NO DICE

You'll have to go to Vegas if you want to roll the bones, but if you want to rest them, better come here.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co....Progressive Innkeepers for 71 Years
Write for illustrated folder

write for free Phoenix catalogue

magnifico!
Mexican tote
At home or abroad, carry our capacious bag of hand-woven cotton, leather-trimmed. Bright multicolor stripes, or solids in flame, gold, olive or black.
9.50 fed tax incl. 50¢ postage, please

THE PHOENIX
PAN AMERICAN SHOP
793 Lexington, N.Y.C. • 1514 Wisconsin, Washington, D.C.

LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 27

WHAT we have had here has been the alarms, fears, and repercussions of a longish-week-end Algerian military insurrection, fomented on the other side of the Mediterranean by four retired French generals, which began as a total surprise to the French government shortly past midnight on last Friday night and ended as a completed failure, amid the surprise and intense relief of the French people, a little past midnight on Tuesday night. The whole restless, ill-focussed adventure had a crazed, nightmarish, nocturnal quality for all of us here—especially, of course, for the French, because all of the few events that connected them with it took place at night, with one major, miraculous exception, which took place on Monday afternoon. In it, the entire French nation woke up to a spirit of rare, refreshed unanimity against the folly of what was going on—ten million French, clear-eyed for once, as if coming out of an insanely grotesque dream, joined in the greatest general strike of protest of all classes, political beliefs, and social levels that France has ever known in all its agitated modern history. It simply consisted of everybody's stopping work early, at five on Monday afternoon, thus forming what seemed like a vast human blockade in the path of the far-off Army plot—a block of French republicanism loyal to its government and its leader, whether or not it ordinarily likes it or him, in a sudden period of danger and stress. Here in Paris, the Métro, the buses, and the commuter trains stopped running, movies stopped showing their films, shops closed, the post-office clerks laid down their stamps, everything came to a standstill. It was a handsome sunny spring afternoon, and everybody, armed with the latest newspapers, took to the midtown boulevards to stroll, almost with insouciance. Only the cafés remained open for work, but too crammed to do business. The Place de l'Opéra was a mass of human beings, gay in the open air, as if having a fête. It is now known that this gigantic inhospitable demonstration against the idea of parachutists' dropping in from Algeria to dismantle France's Fifth Republic by a military coup added to the confusion of the four seditious generals in Algiers, whose *Putsch*, whether they had sense enough to realize it or not, had already failed.

POESIE LYRIQUE
CHOPIN
HALEVY
PRESS TOURS
KOV

THE opening evening event occurred Friday, when President de Gaulle was characteristically attending a performance of Racine's "Britannicus" at the Comédie-Française with a suite of his Ministers, including M. Louis Joxe, his Minister for Algeria—thus proving that the French President's Secret Service for Algerian affairs was as far off the track on insurrection matters as President Kennedy's C.I.A. had been on Cuba. At two o'clock in the morning, de Gaulle was awakened in his palace to be given the important information: four of his former comrades and admirers were now leading the third Algerian insurrection to force the hand of Paris. The first insurrection, on May 13, 1958, had pulled down the Fourth Republic and brought de Gaulle himself to power, and at that time General Raoul Salan had actually raised the first voice to call for de Gaulle, who later named him Commander-in-Chief of Algeria. General Maurice Challe, a notable fighter and organizer in de Gaulle's wartime Resistance, was later also named Algeria's Commander-in-Chief, but was replaced after the Algerian-barricades insurrection in January, 1960. Algerian-born General Edmond Jouhaud had also been a great Resistance fighter, and was made de Gaulle's Chief of Staff of the Air Forces in Algeria, but later declared that he would vote no in the January, 1961, referendum on de Gaulle's Algerian policy. The fourth and least consequential, General André Zeller, an up-from-the-ranks volunteer from the First World War, was chiefly distinguished for being the most loquacious rebel of all the Algerian Army brass against de Gaulle's policy.

Sunday morning, as an alarming innovation, all the daily French newspapers appeared with special little one- or two-page editions to give the latest news, there normally being no Sunday editions. That night at eight, General de Gaulle finally addressed his nation,

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

The afternoon silk

perfectly lovely here in our charming flower print sheath with softly draped bodice... it could be the focal point of your summer fashion scheme. Have it in porcelain blue, green or pink on white. By Max Lawrence for sizes 10 to 20. (*N-10*)
39.95 3rd Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000

on television and in uniform. It was the greatest speaking performance of his career, being the words and voice of an aged patriot, ripe in civilization, wounded in heart and mind, angered by the treachery of former friends, emptying the classic phials of his disdain upon the evil "usurpers—partisan, ambitious, and fanatical—who see and comprehend the nation and the world only through the distortion of their frenzy," in an outburst of scorn as old as the antiquity of power itself. When he cried three times "*Hélas! Hélas! Hélas!*" it was the male voice of French tragedy, more moving, because anguished by reality, than any stage voice in "Britannicus." "The state is flouted, the nation defied," he said. "In the name of France, I order that all means—I say all means—be employed on all sides to bar the route to these men until they be subjugated. I forbid all Frenchmen, and first of all any French soldier, to execute any orders of theirs. . . . *Françaises, Français*, look where France risks falling, compared to what she was once more about to become! *Françaises, Français, aidez-moi!*" Then came the "Marseillaise," trumpeting at the call "*Aux armes, citoyens!*"

Just before midnight, when the state radio is always turned off, a voice announced that it would function all night, because there might be grave news to impart. A little later came the bourgeois voice of Premier Debré, speaking jerkily and in detached phrases, to make them plain, and declaring that "a surprise action, particularly in the Paris region," was shortly expected—"a mad attempt" by aircraft "that are ready to drop or land paratroopers on various airdromes to prepare for a seizure of power"—and that, as of midnight, all French fields were closed to airplane traffic. Then he added, as one of the queerest of all the nocturnal experiences, "As soon as the [air-raid] sirens sound, go there on foot or by car to convince the misled soldiers of their grave error. Good sense must spring from the people's soul, and each must feel himself a part of the nation." This speech was still alternating on the radio with de Gaulle's at 3 A.M., when many of us millions of worried, worn-out listeners went to bed. At least one of us was possessed by an imaginary *tableau vivant* in which we saw crowds of hastily dressed French citizens on foot at some airport convincing misled, tough Foreign Legion paratroopers—eighty per cent of whom are Germans—of their erroneous conduct.

Next morning, Monday, there was a

★

IS THIS
BEACHCOMBER
YOURS?

Wouldn't your youngsters love Nassau for a completely different summer vacation? The Balmoral Club invites you and your family to enjoy its delightful resort facilities. Three private ocean beaches, new pool, charming Georgian houses with large rooms and suites. All air conditioned.

SUMMER RATES **$15** DAILY PER PERSON DOUBLE, M.A.P.

Commute weekends from your office. 2½ hours; only $142.60 round trip, plus tax.

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA
A. M. Sonnabend, President

Balmoral Club
Nassau · Bahamas

Consult your travel agent or Leonard P. Brickett, Rep.
32 Nassau St., Princeton, N.J. • WAlnut 4-5084
In Manhattan Ask Operator for Enterprise 6465

VOILA' VOILE

This cool lustrous long sleeve shirt is non-wilting, easily laundered and keeps a crisp appearance in the warmest weather. Our long staple cotton voile is tailored into a classic flared button-down shirt. Cool shades of light blue, pale yellow, bamboo. $8.95

Sizes 14½-16½, sleeves 32-35

Please add 45¢ per package on mail orders

Paul Stuart
18 East 45th Street, New York
Murray Hill 2-0320

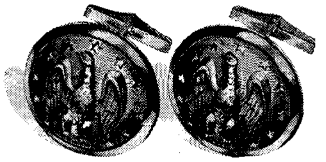
LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N.Y. 19, N.Y.

CONFEDERATE CUFF LINKS

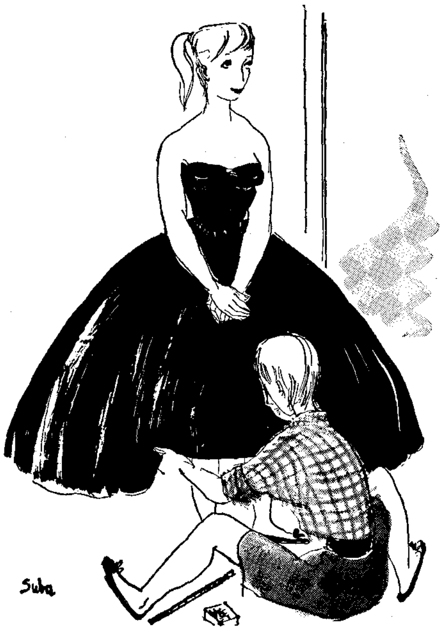


Genuine Confederate Army Staff Officer Buttons made into Cuff Links—Heavy Gold Plate—Convex Shape. Coat Size (15/16") $17.00 pair, Sleeve Size (¾") $15.50. Add 10% Federal Tax, City Tax for N.Y.C. Residents. One of hundreds of one of a kind cuff links in our stock. Prices range from $2.50 to $400.00.

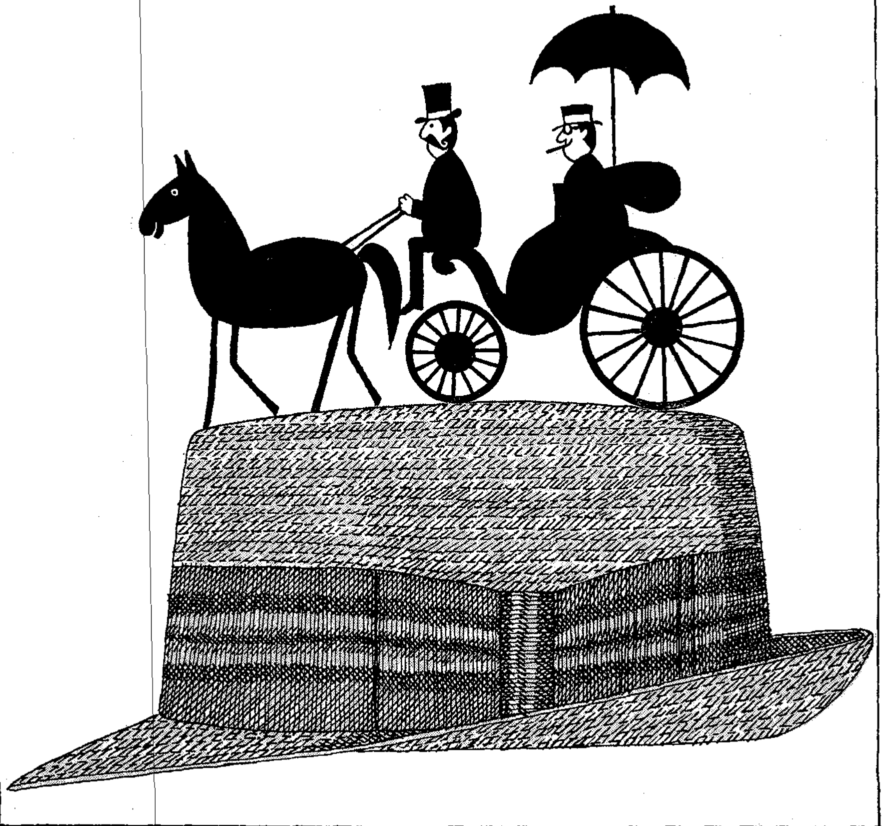
No Catalog

Old Buttons, Inc.
510 MADISON AVENUE
BET. 52nd & 53rd ST., N. Y.

cynical, superior tendency on the part of a few—which soon became the day's vogue—to say that Debré's speech was a bluff, that there had been no airplanes ready to take off, that the bluff was a cracking good piece of psychology that someone must have thought up for him in order to arouse and unify with terror the usually apathetic French. At the present writing, no one knows whether this is true or not. All over town, people say, but no officials have admitted, that the insurrection's planes were indeed ready to fly up toward France on Sunday night but that some pilots refused to fly against the homeland and some French parachutists refused to go aboard. Other Parisians say that there was a bad Mediterranean storm that held up flying; that some planes were sabotaged; that they had a flying radius of only a thousand kilometres, or not enough to make Paris and return. And so on. What is definitely known is that France was naked of protection on that Sunday night, when four small tanks were clustered as defense before the President's Elysée Palace, plus policemen and Gardes Républicaines on foot—a chief of state in complete vulnerability had his palace been invaded. Big tanks were nightly shuffled into position before the Parliament, with a soldier or two, their heads in the green leaves of the Quai d'Orsay trees, asleep on top in the steady night rains. Empty prewar autobuses were lined up nightly in the Rue de la Paix, on the bridges, in the side streets near de Gaulle's palace, to serve as impediments in case the paratroopers came to town. And in the rain, all of us in Paris went to stare at them. Each morning, they were all cleared away, both tanks and buses, at break-

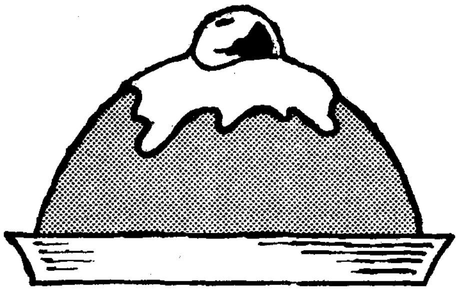


ITALIAN *The Turin by CHURCHILL HATS LTD. super-fine imported Milan braid, telescope crown, special striped band. In eggshell, olive or grey 15.00. Dark brown or grey 20.00. Mail orders to Dallas. Add 55c mailing. THE MAN'S STORE* **NEIMAN MARCUS** *DALLAS.*



sophisticated

Sophisticated means worldly-wise, and worldly-wise means **HASPEL**
No price can buy you more summer comfort, ease of care and smartness of appearance... no search can find you a greater image of sophistication at a lesser cost. Good taste... good judgment... that's sophistication... that's Haspel. At the most respected stores everywhere. $39.95 and up. Slightly higher in the West.
HASPEL BROTHERS, INC., NEW ORLEANS 11, La. • New York: 200 Fifth Avenue

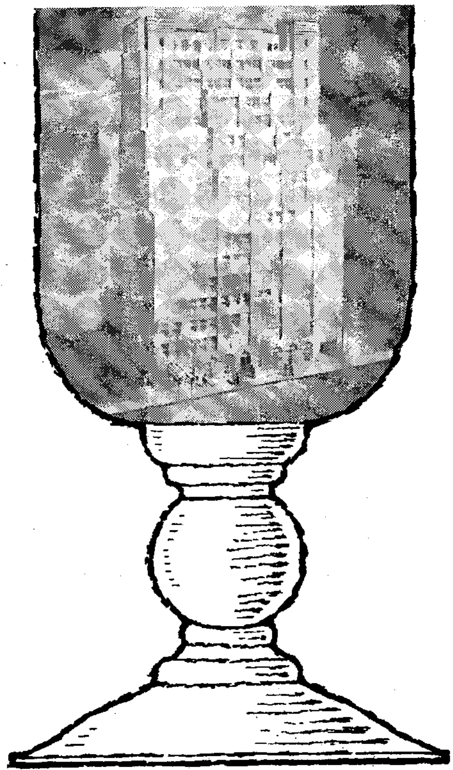


WE SERVE YOU
THE CREAM OF THE CROP
IN HOME FURNISHINGS

Deluxe "fare" to delight every taste . . . an exciting daily menu of the finest in home furnishings . . . whether your choice be traditional, period or contemporary . . . 16 showrooms . . . all in one wonderful building.

You are welcome at our showrooms!

BAKER-MANOR HOUSE • DUNBAR
KENT-COSTIKYAN • FICKS REED
CAMER GLASS • GEORGE TANIER
WIDDICOMB-MUELLER • DUX
JOHN SCALIA-SCHMIEG & KOTZIAN
MILLING ROAD SHOP • MASON ART
ROMWEBER • HERMAN MILLER
LEE L. WOODARD SONS
MELDAN HOUSE • KITTINGER



THE DECORATIVE ARTS CENTER
305 EAST 63rd STREET • NEW YORK

fast time, in a gesture like emptying dustbins that during the night have accumulated unsightly social debris. All this time, everybody knew that France had half a million men, including the Foreign Legion mercenaries, under arms, more or less, in Algeria, but that she had no men worth speaking of here on the home ground, and could not be sure even of their loyalty or that of the special shock police. The insurrectionists had a wealth of equipment in their favor, but they lost the chance of their greatest imponderable—that of surprise—when they failed to descend from the rainy skies on Paris Saturday night.

Throughout the painful long weekend, before the insurrection suddenly collapsed and the generals fled in ignominy, the question constantly asked, in various phrasings, was "How can educated, more than middle-aged, highly trained Army men have launched themselves on such a crazed adventure today, in the face of the world's risen tide of liberties for all?" One possible answer is that, forgetful of loyalty to de Gaulle and duty (for which derelictions all four generals had been earlier reprimanded or removed from their Algerian high posts), they had imbued themselves with the white Frenchman's sense of possession of Algeria, like those old-fashioned figures in Delacroix canvases, galloping in proud ownership across its exotic scene and sands. —GENÊT

•

Of those aged persons living in someone else's household, the majority lived with their children. However, unmarried males showed less tendency to live with their children than did unmarried females. —*Milwaukee Journal.*

Females are the brash ones, every time.

•

We are anxious to provide you with the best possible quality, prices, and service. In no other way can we gain your goodwill, respect, and repeat business. If you desire any further information, please feel under no obligation to phone, wire, or write.—*Folder from a Los Angeles architectural firm.*

Have you *got* a phone?

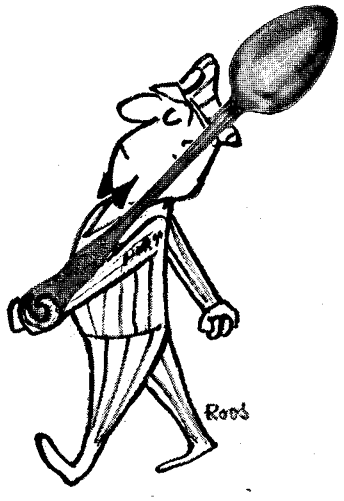
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Mt. Kisco* (*N.Y.*) *Patent Trader*]

BAY CITY, MICH.—Janet McGunegle, 19, had a ready explanation for police when her car recently failed to stop and rammed into the rear of another automobile.

Have you heard?



Plummer is moving to
3 East 57th Street
on June 1st

Plummer
LTD
Fifth Avenue at 57th Street

STOREWIDE
SALE
NOW IN PROGRESS!

NEW SMOKING LUXURY...

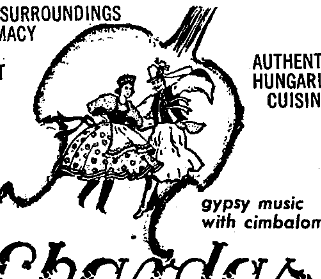
Edgeworth
Executive Mixture
A LUXURY BLEND OF THE FINEST WHITE BURLEYS, GOLDEN FLAKE AND RARE RED VIRGINIA TOBACCOS-CUT CAVENDISH

This natural blend of finest Burleys, Golden Flake and rare Red Virginia achieves supreme flavor and aroma . . . with no added aromatics. For a free, full-size pocket pouch of this most luxurious tobacco you can smoke, send your name and address and those of your tobacco dealer. Mail request to Executive Mixture, P.O. Box 6-S, Richmond, Va.

The House of Edgeworth
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. • Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS OF INTIMACY and COMFORT

AUTHENTIC HUNGARIAN CUISINE

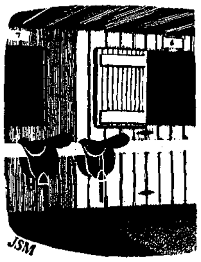


gypsy music with cimbalom

Chardas
Restaurant
307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382
Diners' Club • Amer. Express • FREE PARKING • Closed Mon.

THE RACE TRACK

Heads or Tails



WELL, the Kentucky Derby will have its eighty-seventh running at Louisville this weekend. After a good deal of sober thought and study, and with the help of such oddments as an astrolabe, a divining rod, and four Ouija boards, I have formed the considered opinion, in view of the unstable form of the horses who are running, that the winner might well be picked by the toss of a coin. As a matter of fact, the three-year-old colts are so evenly matched this season that almost anything might win at Churchill Downs on Saturday. However, in case you're famished for information about the better-known runners, I submit herewith a few haphazard comments.

There are three speed horses in the race: Four-and-Twenty, who ran seven furlongs very fast over a sloppy track in winning the Forerunner Purse at Keeneland; Globemaster, who stood Carry Back and Ambiopoise on their left ears in the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct; and Sherluck, who had been running so lackadaisically this year that nobody gave him a second thought, and who led all the way by lengths in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland the other afternoon. He stepped off a mile and a furlong in 1:48⅗—the first six furlongs in 1:10⅖ and the mile in 1:35⅖!—and finished out the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter in 2:01⅗. No Derby has been run in faster time since Whirlaway ran it in 2:01⅖ twenty years ago. (By the way, both Arcaro and Shoemaker put in bids to ride Sherluck; Arcaro got him.) Then there are at least three come-from-behind runners: Carry Back, who wins a lot of races that way; Flutterby, the stablemate of Four-and-Twenty, who is supposed to polish off any opposition that Four-and-Twenty has not disposed of when they reach the stretch; and Dr. Miller, who finished fourth in the Wood Memorial but ran so well at Aqueduct last Friday that Hirsch Jacobs, who trains him, felt that he deserved the big chance. Shoemaker will ride him. All things considered, it should be especially interesting to see which of the sprinters races the others off their feet and which of the stayers

ITALIAN LINE FLAGSHIP LEONARDO DA VINCI

ESPRESSO MAKER FROM ROMANELLI IMPORTS

HAT BY BORSALINO

CAMEO FROM F. MASTOLINI & SONS

WINE BY BERTANI

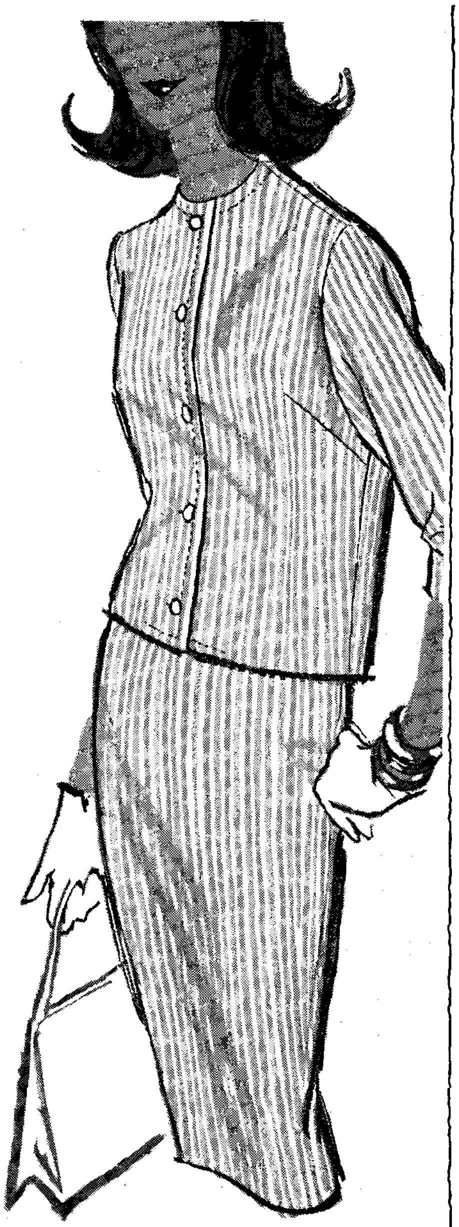
Bertani
E RIUNITE DI L
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A ®
LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
80 Proof
Artificially colored • Made and bottled by
DISTILLERIE RIUNITE di LIQUORI - MILANO (Italy)
EXCLUSIVELY FOR AND IMPORTED BY
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. New York, N. Y.

FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF

GALLIANO

Some of the most delightful things in life—from luxury liners to cameos—owe their charm to a fine Italian hand. Now, comes GALLIANO—the legendary liquid gold, "distilled from the rays of the sun." There's no taste quite like it in all the world. Try a sip of its bright, sunny flavor. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that conquered America.

80 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©McK & R, 1960



The freshest thing about Spring, except daffodils, is probably seersucker. Ours is exceptionally crinkly, in Dacron polyester and cotton. The suit itself is breathtakingly young and simple . . . a stalk of skirt, a collarless cardigan. Blue or Olive stripe . . . about $23. Also in cotton homespun . . . about $20. Sizes 8 to 16. At fine stores, or write:

JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
New York Showroom: 1407 Broadway

finishes the strongest. I suppose there won't be more than fifteen starters in the Derby, and after you've ticked off Ambiopoise and Crozier, and possibly Light Talk, who won at Churchill Downs last weekend, you can dismiss the ones I haven't named, because they simply aren't good enough. I have no Derby horse this year, but this department's pet squirrel, White Ears, has made a selection. You see, Colonel Martingale, the old soothsayer, wrote the names of a dozen probable starters on bits of paper the other day and put a peanut on each. Quick as anything, White Ears picked up the one on Ambiopoise.

NO doubt about it, Mail Order is an Aqueduct horse. On April 1st, he led all the way in the Westchester Stakes and won by a nose. A fortnight later, he repeated the performance in the Excelsior Handicap, except that this time his margin of victory was four lengths. Last Saturday, he made it three straight in the Grey Lag Handicap, beating the best bunch of older racers I've seen in action this season. Setting a lively pace over a sloppy track, he won by a nose from Conestoga, the hero of the John B. Campbell Handicap, Bowie's biggest event of the spring. All Hands was third. Tudor Way, the big gray from the Argentine, who ran so well in Florida this past winter, started as the favorite and finished eleventh. He seemed short of condition and apparently didn't like the footing. Incidentally, the Alamode Farm, which owns Mail Order, missed a double by inches last weekend. About an hour after the Grey Lag, the stable's Vapor Whirl was beaten a short head by Merry Ruler in the Delaware Valley Stakes at Garden State Park. You can't win them all.

RACING at Aqueduct last week was pretty much run-of-the-mine. The most one could say about the sixty-eighth running of the Toboggan Handicap, which used to bring the best sprinters in the country together, was that the seven starters—Chief of Chiefs, April Skies, Sweet William, Mito, Four Lane, Winonly, and Tagalog—finished in the order in which they were listed on the program. The odds against that are several jillion to one. Later, it was discovered that a spot of Coramine had been given to the winner by persons unknown. The perpetrators of this violation have no respect for names. The first horse they tampered with was Keep Ideals; now it's Chief of Chiefs.

—AUDAX MINOR

give mother our heart -

S.F.A's own Mother's Day token—a "jewel"-paved whimsey for her purse. It holds coins in its center, keys on a ring and carries a pretty remembrance. 2½" across; white, turquoise or coral, 11.00 plus Fed. tax. Costume Jewelry, Street Floor. Mail and phone.

Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York · White Plains · Springfield · Chicago · Beverly Hills
Detroit · San Francisco · Pittsburgh · Philadelphia
Miami Beach · Ft. Lauderdale · Skokie

SECRET OF VENUS

the divine perfume oil...grows more intense, more alluring the longer you wear it
by PARFUMS WEIL PARIS
made in France at fine stores

SEASON BEGINS JUNE 24, 1961

In the heart of the
White Mountains

Gracious hospitality in the tradition of the Dodge family for four generations. Congenial guests enjoy swimming, golf, tennis, shuffleboard, skeet, movies, and dancing. Cocktail Lounge. Fine Food. 185 Rooms

John B. and Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr.
Co-Managers.
New York Reservation Office
30 Rockefeller Plaza, Circle 6-7885

MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE
WHITEFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

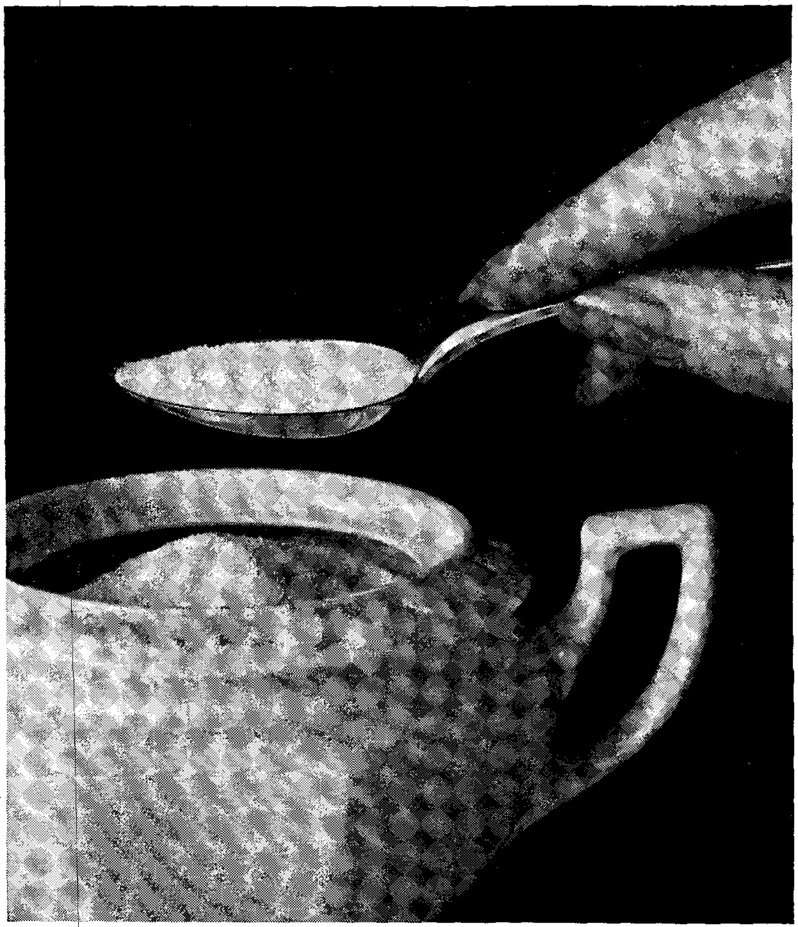
The "little 18" that does so much

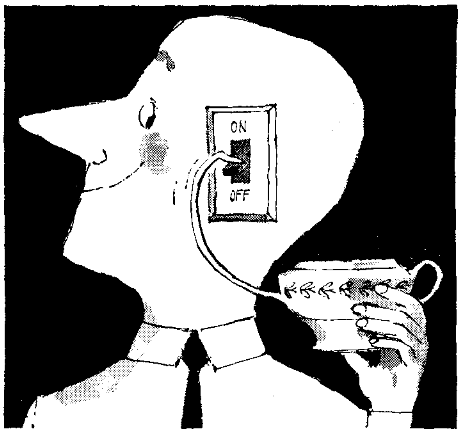
Though a teaspoon of sugar contains only 18 calories, it does lots of good things for lots of people

It provides quick energy for everybody from skin divers to desk drivers.
It makes most foods taste better

Sugar helps dieters, too, by satisfying appetite faster, with fewer calories, than any other food

That's why nutritionists say sugar deserves a place in your everyday diet



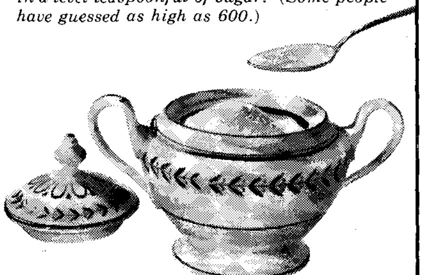


Sugar helps switch off your appetite! When we eat a satisfying meal, it switches off a hunger switch in our brain, sometimes called the "appestat." No other food pulls the switch so fast or satisfies with so few calories—as sugar.

Sugar and the message of the strawberry. The flavor of a strawberry is something you can almost taste with your eyes. And sugar helps bring out the berry flavor in all its glory. Science says that's why we sprinkle sugar on fruit—not for sweetness alone, but for brighter, truer flavor.

18 CALORIES!

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? (Some people have guessed as high as 600.)



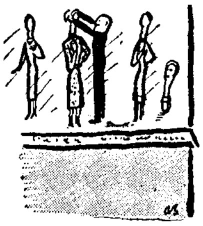
No other food satisfies your appetite so fast with so few calories.

All statements in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

Published in the interest of better nutrition by **SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.** a non-profit organization
NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

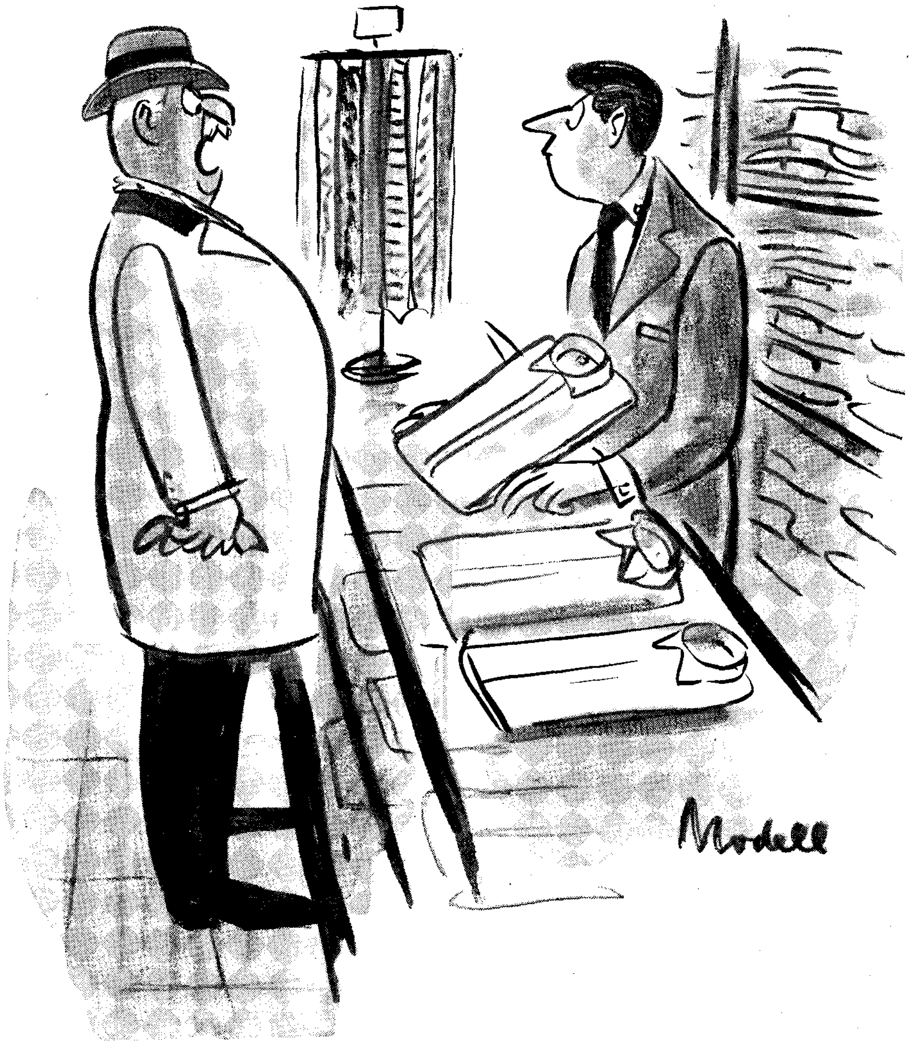
THIS AND THAT



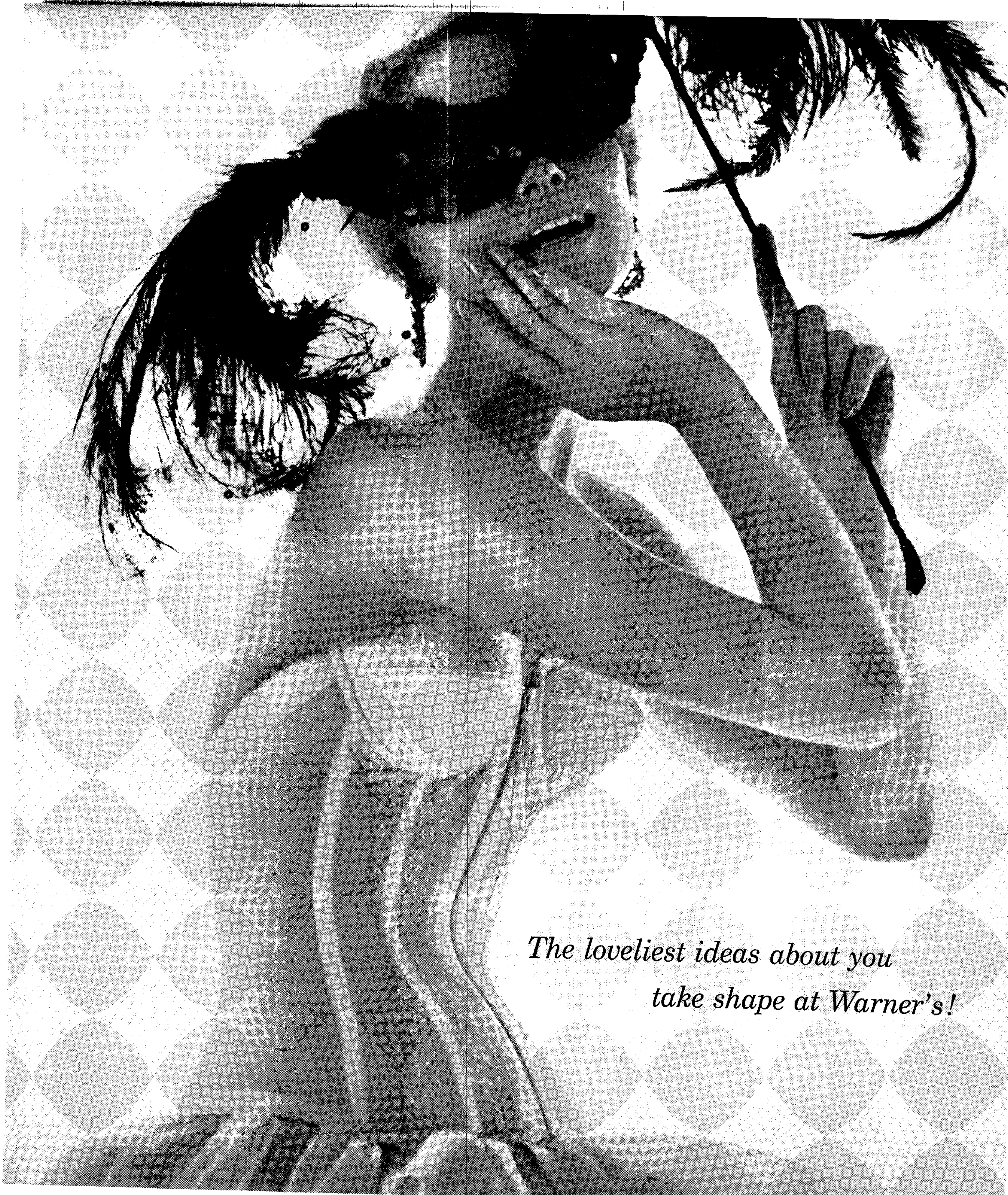
FOR a town that can have the meanest average rainfall per annum, nothing is more permanently suitable than the crop of coats that has recently sprung up at British American House, which has duplicated itself by moving into 488 Madison Avenue (51st Street) while retaining its 200 Fifth Avenue (23rd Street) headquarters. Nearly weightless double-breasted coats of gray-and-white striped seersucker with two large flap pockets and a smaller one for change are insulated by something like foam rubber, with the idea of keeping out wetness. Reversible double-breasted coats of cotton poplin bound with black braid are beige on one side and ice-cream colors—coffee, raspberry, or pistachio—on the other; chesterfields of beige, emerald, or raspberry shantung have collars and buttons of black leather. All of these go at $29.95. The trench coats here are unexpected—black-and-white mattress ticking (with rain suits to match), or a black-and-white rayon-and-acetate glen plaid (it *looks* like wool), or black Egyptian cotton. Double-breasted coats with broad, notched collars and lapels, at $85, and first-rate for travel, make use of beige or raspberry wide-wale French corduroy. Burberrys are here, too—classic coats in beige Egyptian cotton gabardine for both short women and average ones; reversible capes combining wool tartan and contrasting Pima cotton. The slits for the arms may be zippered up in foul weather.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's Country & Casual Shop is interested in reasonably priced unobtrusive French beach clothes as well as dresses for dry land. Black cotton bikinis are overlaid at the base by white cotton embroidered with black scallops, bowknots, and posies, and so is the cotton of the beach jackets, with Peter Pan collars, that more than cover them up; $45 all told. One-piece bloomer bathing suits of elasticized black cotton can be chaperoned by collarless jackets of white cotton on which black wheels and boughs are embroidered. Slender slacks of black cotton go with button-in-back boleros of white cotton that's embroidered with that wheel-and-bough design. Cummerbunds of geranium-red silk are part of this deal. Embroidered black ferns are the scheme for coat dresses of white cotton; scoop-neck sleeveless dresses, for Sunday lunch, are dotted with small black eyelets, and ruffles of white cotton edged with black rickrack appear at the hem. All these are girded with sashes of black ciré ribbon. The ruffled jobs are, by the way, $80.

SUMMER is also the idea behind Altman's Studio III. For a starter, there are separates of stretch terry cloth in white, deep pink, turquoise, yellow, orange, and black. Among the flock are very brief shorts, tapered trousers with foot straps to keep them taut, camisole tops, and long-sleeved pullovers with round, collarless throats or attached helmets. The same varieties of terry cloth do beach dresses, a breath above the knees, that fasten at the straight-across necks with wooden balls; knee-length ones of rayon linen with medium round necks and high yokes are piped in a contrasting color. Pistachio-green rayon linen covered with gigantic mauve-and-wine carnations on blue-and-navy vines is the substance of more beach dresses; white Arnel sharkskin that is imprinted with a two-foot fuchsia-and-orange sunflower on a turquoise stem is the substance of still other beach dresses. All these are in sizes 8 to 16. In junior sizes 5 to 15, these dresses are above the knee. Some of duck are half white (with a royal-blue pocket) and half red (with a yellow pocket) in front; the backs are half yellow and half blue, and there are no pockets. Some of cotton poplin are slashed to make a jagged hem, and these are striped all the way around with narrow vertical inserts of green, lavender, yellow, orange, and blue. More junior sizes, of gray-and-white mattress ticking sprigged with pink and blue nosegays, are a combination of low-cut, semifitted waist-length tops and tapered slacks. For anyone who



"And furthermore, young man, the fact that you wear the same shirt yourself hardly constitutes a recommendation in my eyes!"


The loveliest ideas about you
take shape at Warner's!

Low-back Lycra 'Merry Widow'... latest, lightest, most famous under-fashion ever!

ycra 'Merry Widow' is a tempting idea—you feel so naughty, look so nice!

trageously flattering, deliciously feminine y to whittle your waist, give you a lovely ! Warner's very own timeless, matchless erry Widow', the tempting confection t's the most popular under-fashion ever!

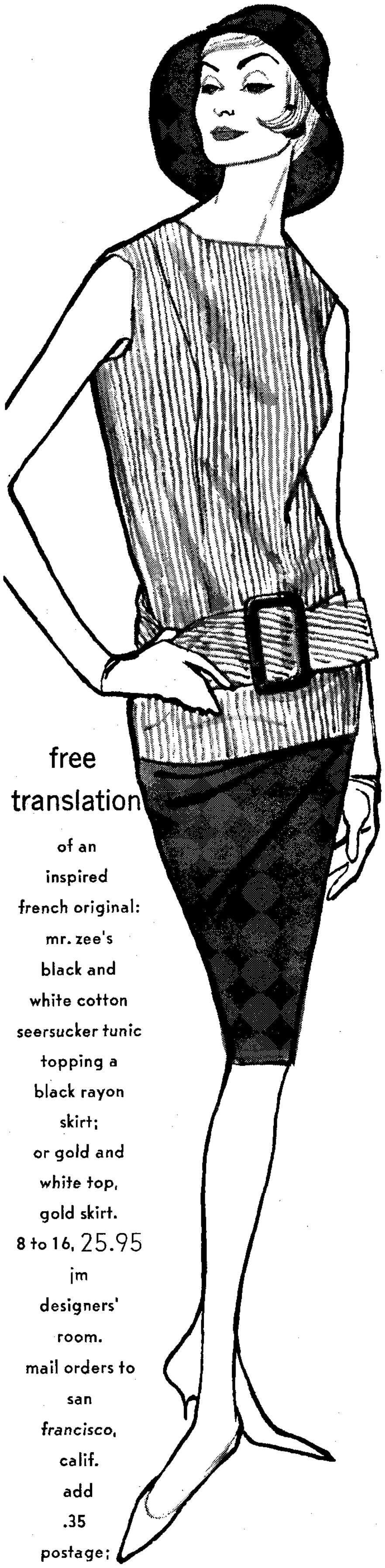
t look at this *newest* 'Merry Widow'! It's first one designed in 'New Dimension'™ :ra, the durable, next-to-nothing-in-weight fabric that Warner's and Du Pont worked five years to develop.

Added attraction ... you can zip *this* 'Merry Widow'®—solo—right up its lacy front!

Shown: #1308 (Antron® nylon front; elastic of nylon-Lycra® spandex-polyester). In white, black, red or beige, $16.50. Try on *your* gay 'Merry Widow'... today... at your nicest store!

'MERRY WIDOW' by WARNER'S

New! Warner Wash! Gives professional washing care to girdles, bras, lingerie. It's Warner's gentle-formula cold water soap. $1.50 for 10 oz



free translation

of an inspired french original: mr. zee's black and white cotton seersucker tunic topping a black rayon skirt; or gold and white top, gold skirt. 8 to 16, 25.95

jm designers' room.

mail orders to san francisco, calif. add .35 postage; 4% tax if delivered in calif.

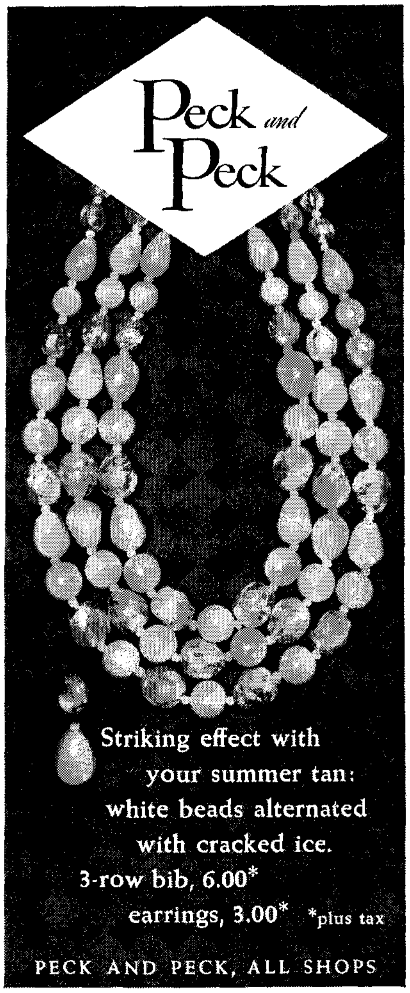
JOSEPH MAGNIN
california and nevada

thinks her beach dress is too stark, there are necklaces of plastic baby oranges or enormous walnuts interspersed with topaz beads, and cluster earrings to match are also on hand.

AMIE, up at 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), has been investing in chiffon separates, sizes 8 to 18—softly tailored blouses with bracelet-length cuffed sleeves, and sleeveless blouses with high, round necks; skirts that are either slim or fluttery because of unpressed pleats—and all lined with silk. The color card: Shocking pink, avocado, gold, turquoise, orange, café au lait, beige, navy, and black. These blouses are $35, to give you an idea; the slim skirts are $34, and the full ones are $45. Tailored blouses (with three-quarter sleeves) and full and slender skirts show up in natural, white, apricot, gray, dusty-pink, or pale-green silk.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE, at 17 West 57th Street (one flight up), makes its own collection of Irish-linen dresses, which are good for in or out of town, and for day or evening, depending on the necklines and the colors (there are twenty-four) you pick. The dresses are either sleeveless or short-sleeved, and the turnover collars or the cuffed, keyhole, scoop, or low, square necks are piped with contrasting linen. Each dress gets a linen belt, or else rabbit-ear bows at the sides of the waist. Sizes are 8 to 20; prices are $45 for straight skirts and $50 for gored ones.

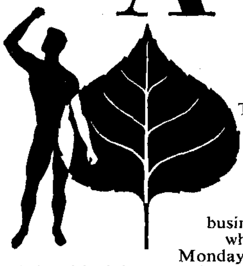
ALIATA, which has moved to 665 Madison Avenue (60th), deals in handmade Italian shoes designed by Helene Arpels. Some of them, pumps with slim medium heels, are of black, navy, ivory, oyster-white, or white leather strips in basketweave design. Those with tapered square toes wear long leather bows at the base of the vamps or long leather buckles below the tongues; the pointed pumps are unadorned. Shoes of black calf, with instep straps fastened by calf buttons, are outlined below the squared-off toes and along the sides by rows of perforations. The leather heels are two-and-a-half-inch hourglasses. All these are $35.95, for example. Frivolous pumps—quarters of white calf, square-toed vamps of black patent leather, and high heels—carry black grosgrain bows at the throat; oval-toed ones of the patent leather carry bows of black satin. Black silk combined with black patent leather in a miniature checkerboard pattern below a band of black silk makes cocktail



Peck and Peck

Striking effect with your summer tan: white beads alternated with cracked ice.
3-row bib, 6.00*
earrings, 3.00* *plus tax

PECK AND PECK, ALL SHOPS



Announcing 5 Summer Sessions ASPEN Executive Program

The Aspen Institute will again feature five two week programs, June 25 through September 2. Each session is made up of fifteen to twenty top representatives of business and the professions who meet two hours daily Monday through Saturday with distinguished leaders of government, science, labor and letters for the purpose of examining the fundamental principles of American Society. The Theme: Responsibilities of Leadership. The purpose: To enable those who have the power to lead in American society to lead more wisely by a better understanding of the institutions of democracy, private property and freedom. The program includes the famous Health Center and opportunity for participation in summer sports. Enrollment by application only. Write for complete details.

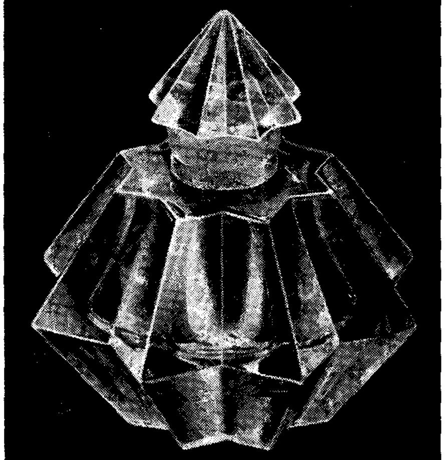
ASPEN INSTITUTE
Aspen 5, Colorado

RESTAURANT
VOISIN
Now open 7 Days a Week for
LUNCHEON & DINNER
TEmpleton 8-6490
575 Park Avenue at 63rd St.

he won a medal for covering the wrong story

ouble at the United Nations is a story told by hundreds
writers. But not by Peter Lyon. Writing for Holiday
gazine, he covers another UN story — much quieter
t equally important: the specialized agencies of the UN and their
rk to make the world healthier, happier and more prosperous.
r more than a year, Lyon has been roaming the UN by day and pound-
a typewriter far into the night. ("I can't write during the day," he
ys. "Too damn noisy!") His series of articles won a medal for Holiday
m the American Society for the UN, the first such award made to
a magazine. The sixth in his UN series, "A World
Money," appears in the May issue of Holiday Magazin
Holiday writers like Peter Lyon travel *far and probe dee*
for articles that bring a new understanding of our shrinking worl
Remember the full-length portraits of Charles de Gaulle, the Rock
feller family, Walter Reuther? The entire issues on Africa and Th
South Pacific? More than 900,000 active, intelligent families reme
ber them well. Advertisers are discovering that this kind of impac
creates memorable... and profitable results. **HOLIDAY MAGAZIN**

DON'T PLAY GAMES



win with CANASTA

Jacques Fath parfums, eau de cologne, and parfums de toilette made in France.

PARFUMS JACQUES FATH
5 East 57th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

pumps. Mme. A. dresses up classic pumps of black satin with rhinestone clips in four-leaf-clover style, made in France, that can also be worn on dresses or in the hair; for pumps of black patent leather she prefers bows of black organza. Evening pumps of iridescent patent leather shading from green to blue to purple that looks like foil paper cost $60 and take three to four weeks, but everything else is in stock. Grosgrain and velvet square-toed mules with baby-Louis heels are embellished, respectively, with matching bows and huge buttons. The Aliata shoes, let it be known, are superb for women with hard-to-fit high insteps and arches.

THE lingerie department of Elizabeth Arden comes up with reversible crêpe separates that are navy covered by white polka dots on one side and red covered by white dots on the other. The short robes, which have turnover collars and two patch pockets above the waist, *might* be worn as summer wraps; the below-waist bed or combing jackets, with similar collar and pocket detail, and the petticoats *could* serve as suits when you're driving a husband to the train. Reversible beach and/or bathrobes, hip length or below-knee length, of striped cotton (blue, lavender, green, coral, mustard, and jade) on one side and white terry cloth on the opposite, are accompanied by matching striped sashes that can double as headbands. Short robes of white polished cotton on which long-stemmed American Beauty roses are arranged horizontally across the front and back and vertically down the sides are bound with moss-green polished cotton that ends in double bows at the high, notched necks. Breakfast coats of white Arnel-and-cotton with red pin dots bear an embroidered tomato on the low, turnover collar and three tomatoes on the vast patch pocket. For dinner at home, stately bell-skirted princesse gowns of blue-and-white cotton that suggests woven ribbon look many times their price tag of $39.95. More elaborate ones, at more elaborate prices ($90), are made up of olive cotton bodices, slit almost to the waist in back, and skirts of pleated white cotton on which what might be orange carnations and black-and-gold leaves are printed. Two-piece harem pajamas of white chiffon with covered-up balloon-sleeved tops and wraparound sashes are the same price.

JEAN GALE, an emporium at 535 Madison Avenue (54th) that can, among other things, take good care of

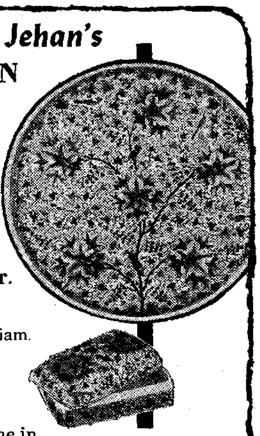
THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

DANDY DENIMS

Nothing better has yet been invented. Sturdy all cotton Bermuda shorts in faded blue, tan or olive.
Sizes 8 to 18 **4.95**
Varicolored plaid Madras belt **2.95**

PLEASE ADD 50¢ FOR SHIPPING.
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

Queen Shah Jehan's
ORCHARD IN SUNSET



Handmade Papier-Mâché Accessories from Kashmir. Lustrous Orange Lacquer.

TRAY–17½" diam. $40.00 *Postpaid*
BOX–6¼" long $15.00 *Postpaid*

Write, phone or come in.
Literature available.

Shibui SHOP
AMBASSADOR OF ASIA, INC
251 E. 57 St., N. Y. 22, *PL 5-7548*

Dining at the Airport
at the PANORAMA
in the amazing new Pan American Terminal

and, of course *The Golden Door*
atop the international arrival building

also the VISA VIE
for cocktails & espresso

RESERVATIONS OLYMPIA 6-6060
N. Y. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

children, has robes of pink or blue cotton challis printed with red, yellow, and blue butterflies and garlands of tiny white blossoms. Sizes are 3 to 14. Coolie coats of pink-and-white striped seersucker that fasten with three white frogs are for little girls. Double-breasted robes of blue-and-white striped seersucker, whose shawl collars are piped with white cotton, are for little boys, but I don't see why tomboys couldn't wear them, too. Pinafores of blue-and-white checked gingham with matching bloomers are for toddlers; they're adorned above their white rickrack hems by white piqué ladies, with red cotton bows in their snowball coiffures and holly on their skirts, who lead white piqué chickens on leashes. This fabric is also used for more grown-up little girls in a sleeveless coat dress on which a white piqué cosmos on a long green embroidery stem drifts diagonally from the right shoulder well down the skirt. Red-and-white striped seersucker makes outfits with bloomers for sisters and shorts for brothers; on these a yellow piqué man in the moon smiles down upon a white cottage with a peaked red roof. Real storybook. Other brother-and-sister play sets are of white piqué—dresses embroidered at the yoke with two red fighting cocks, suits with the cocks on the chest. Two bumblebees sit on the crown of beach hats of natural straw with small, upturned brims, and a large white daisy sits at the back. White bathing helmets of a rubbery material are equipped with two pond-lily pads, a red ladybug, and a green frog as décor. —M. M.

•

To the Editor:
I like Billy Graham's revival meetings in the Miami Beach Auditorium. I hope they continue a long while. But I don't think they reach everyone.

The tourists and others at the racetracks don't often go to such a place. Perhaps, just before a race or two, there could be a short meeting at the track.—*Miami News*.

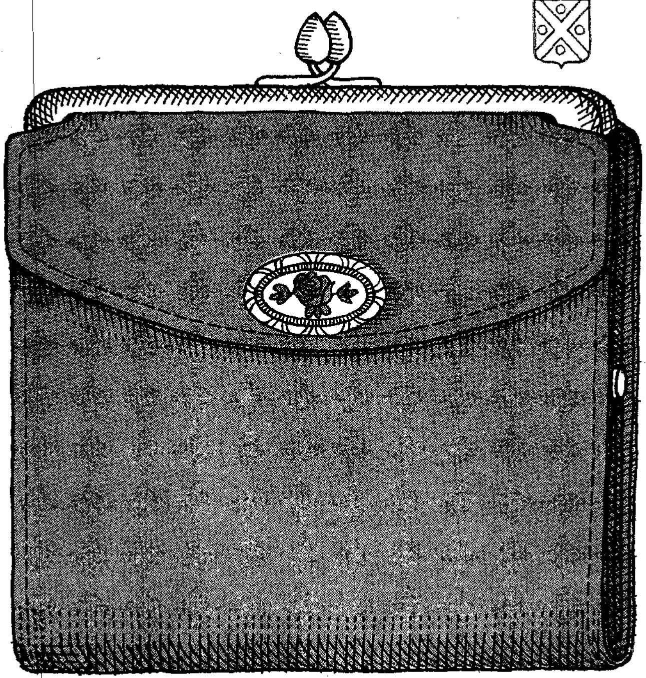
It could include a moment of silent prayer.

•

"These are the 'new look' cameras," said Mr. Bluemmers. "Whereas nearly all conventional cameras have the exposure meter, range-viewfinder, release button, film transport lever and so on fixed on top, the manufacturers of Zeiss 'Werra' cameras have arranged all these accessories in such a way that the layman will hardly notice their presence."—*Straits Times, Singapore*.

That's why *this* layman uses a Brownie.

MATER ADORES
ST. THOMAS



"Cloisonne"... a hand-painted jewel on soft mello touch iridescent cowhide. French purse, $5.95 and other matching purse accessories, from $3.00. At fine stores or write St. Thomas, Inc., Gloversville, N.Y.

HOW TO CAPTURE A CHERUB:

Magnificently! That's how Sherle Wagner does it! 24K gold-plated 'Cherubs' for your bathroom. Basin sets. Tub sets. Shower sets. The most charming cherubs ever born. Just born. At Sherle Wagner. Basin set: $225.

FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SEND 50¢ TO DEPT. NC

Sherle Wagner
125 East 57th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

SLACKS SHOWN OF 55% "DACRON"* POLYESTER FIBER, 45% WORSTED WOOL keep you cool, casual, well pressed, always impeccably neat. New lightweight whipcord in traditional coloring. About $25. *Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DACRON®

POLYESTER FIBER

and Corbin Ltd. slacks — for the smartest summer of your life

DU PONT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

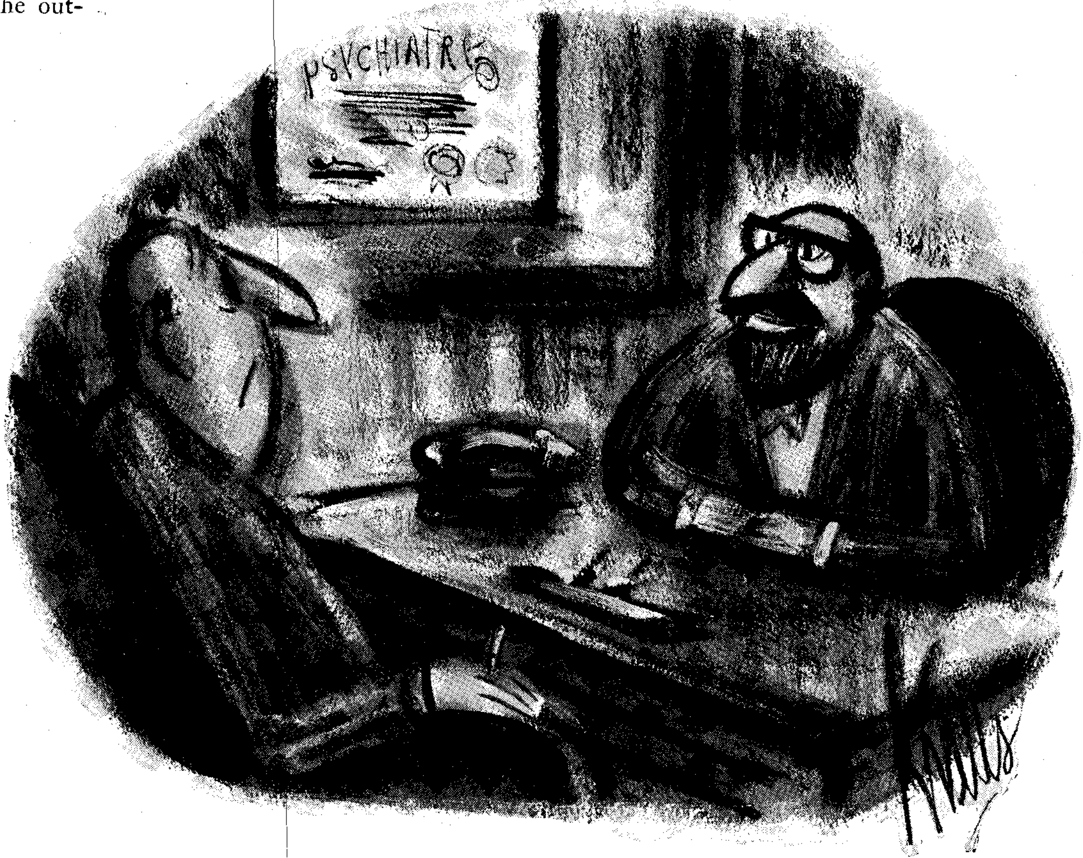
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 27

ALLEN W. DULLES, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, yesterday broke a rule of long standing and issued a public statement in defense of himself and his subordinates. He denied categorically a rumor from Paris that the C.I.A. had encouraged the insurrection of the French generals and promised them assistance in their plot to seize Paris. "The reports are completely false," the authorized statement from Mr. Dulles's office said. "The Central Intelligence Agency had nothing to do with the rebellion." The statement could, of course, be a mere maneuver in this paramilitary phase of the Cold War. It has been repeated time and again lately that, lamentably, deception is occasionally in the national interest, and it is obvious that the C.I.A. would be unable to carry out what are sometimes known as its "operational" assignments if its representatives did not now and then issue spurious denials and otherwise falsify the facts. If the C.I.A. *had* been involved with the generals and their paratroopers, it certainly wouldn't have admitted it. But the common disposition here at the moment is to accept the *bona fides* of Mr. Dulles's disavowal of complicity—and this despite the fact that the outcome did bear certain distinguishing marks nowadays associated with the C.I.A. touch. The United States government has some rather serious differences with General de Gaulle, and it is frequently pointed out by Kennedy-administration liberals that the government over which the General presides cannot truly be described as a democratic one; still, the administration sympathizes with his effort to reach a settlement with the Algerian nationalists, and it seems unlikely that at this point we would have a hand in any scheme to overthrow him. We would almost certainly not wish to see France, which is beginning to stockpile nuclear weapons, run by a crew of hotheaded generals supported by the Foreign Legion. All things considered, Mr. Dulles's statement seems to merit acceptance. Some people in Paris and Algiers may go on believing that the C.I.A. planned the mutiny and then failed to follow through, but at the present time no one here regards the evidence as impressive.

The government no longer denies that the C.I.A., acting upon Presidential authority, *did* organize and direct last week's attempted invasion of Cuba. On this melancholy affair, however, Mr. Dulles has stood by his and his agency's self-denying tradition and has spoken not a solitary word in public. Washington, though, is not altogether in the dark about his views on what went wrong in Cuba. He has reached certain conclusions, and some of them are known. In the State Department early this week, a number of journalists spent two days listening to expositions and defenses of American foreign policy by officials responsible for making and executing it. Those privileged to hear these important men—led in importance by President Kennedy himself—were requested not to quote anything directly or to attribute a particular view to a particular official. At one of these meetings—attended, incidentally, by at least one reporter from a Soviet-bloc newspaper—there were some remarks about Mr. Dulles's conclusions by a government official whose knowledge of the subject was, to say the least, intimate. Mr. Dulles, it was made clear, did not by any means share the belief of most of his colleagues that the collapse of the assault on the Castro regime could be attributed to faulty intelligence about the regime's political and military strength. Many high officials had given it as their opinion that the invasion failed because its American managers had been wildly mistaken about, first, the readiness of the Cuban people to rise against the tyrant and, second, the number and quality of the planes and tanks in the tyrant's possession. Mr. Dulles, it was said, disputed this. The C.I.A. had checked back over its intelligence estimates on Cuba and had found that its information was authentic and that the appraisal of it had been proved to be quite accurate. This, it was explained, was no denial of defeat, no attempt to evade responsibility; it was simply that, in the C.I.A.'s view, the defeat could not be explained by erroneous intelligence. In that case, one astonished listener asked, why had the invasion been undertaken and why had it met with so sickening a fate? The eminent official who was providing enlightenment took a moment out for reflection and then delivered himself of a



"Or, to sum it up, Mr. Jackson: Keep your eye on the doughnut and not the hole."

B Altman & Co

be brief!

lined fashions need only this
much slip. Trillium's
pink-turquoise nylon tricot
print, 32 to 38, **5.95.**
Lingerie, second floor...
Fifth Avenue
and all suburban stores.

terse, Clausewitzian judgment. When a military engagement is lost, he said, it often takes several months to determine the causes of the loss. The C.I.A. view of the matter, then, was that the brave Cubans who sought a beachhead in the Bay of Pigs had died or been taken captive simply because the force that met them in the swamps was a superior one. The intelligence on Cuba had been fine, but you can't, after all, bring down planes or destroy tanks with pieces of intelligence. This extraordinary interpretation should make it rather easy for Mr. Dulles to serve on General Maxwell Taylor's commission of inquiry, which the President has asked to look into this business and to report on what went wrong. In Mr. Dulles's investigation of his own agency, he can file an early and favorable verdict and go on to the crucial question of how, when, where, and why Fidel Castro acquired the arms that turned back the invaders. It won't take long to come up with the right answers to that.

The prevailing—indeed, the almost universal—view here is totally at variance with Mr. Dulles's. There are some who think that the United States attempt to overthrow the Castro government was an act of international immorality; some who think that it was, in the circumstances, a very bad idea whether it was moral or not; and some who think that it would have been a pretty good idea if it had worked. There is practically no one, however, who believes that any undertaking of this sort would be either morally defensible or politically wise or "paramilitarily" feasible if it failed to obtain the support of the people whose country was to be assaulted. There is not the slightest doubt but that this was the President's view. He could never have been persuaded to authorize the landings if he had not had it on what he regarded as the highest authority available to him that a popular uprising would follow the first landings and that Castro lacked the force to repel the invasion and crush the uprising. It is inconceivable that he would have failed to seek assurances on the climate of opinion in Cuba and on the strength and reliability of Castro's forces; it is known for a fact that he did seek such assurances and that he solicited many opinions on the advisability of mid-April landings. The city is full of stories about who advised what, and no doubt many of the stories have had self-serving origins; the likelihood is, as always, that more people are claiming foresight than have any right to claim it. But it is known that there were

glamorfinish your pool with tile-like Ramuc® Enamel

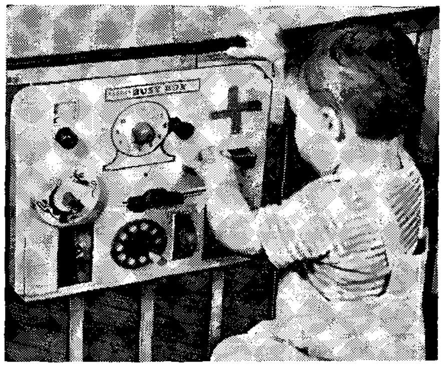
Used on More Pools Than Any Other Paint!

Ramuc brings glamorous beauty. Select one of eleven lovely pool-proved Ramuc pastels. Pick the one that brings out *your* pool's individual charm.

Ramuc will delight you. It's easy to apply, easy to clean, lastingly lovely.

Write today for your color chart and 32-page Handbook on Painting Pools—both free. Send us your pool's dimensions, tell whether it's metal, concrete or plaster, and the type of paint now on the pool—for specific advice without obligation.

Ramuc Enamel, Manufactured by
INERTOL CO., INC.
487 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark 12, New Jersey
27-L South Park, San Francisco 7, California



A BUSY BOX FOR BUSY BABIES

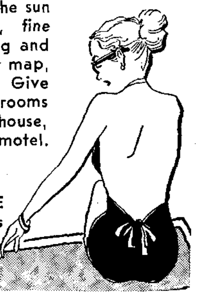
Here is a wonderful toy for inquisitive babies everywhere. The Busy Box fastens to a crib or play pen and provides doors and drawers to open, wheels and dials to go around, things to crank, and makes interesting sounds to hear. Two and three year old engineers will love it too. A safe toy of high impact styrene without loose parts. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *We pay the postage. Send check or money* order. Busy Box will be sent by return mail........**$5.00**

HARVEST HOUSE, 1200 Niagara R641, Buffalo 13, New York

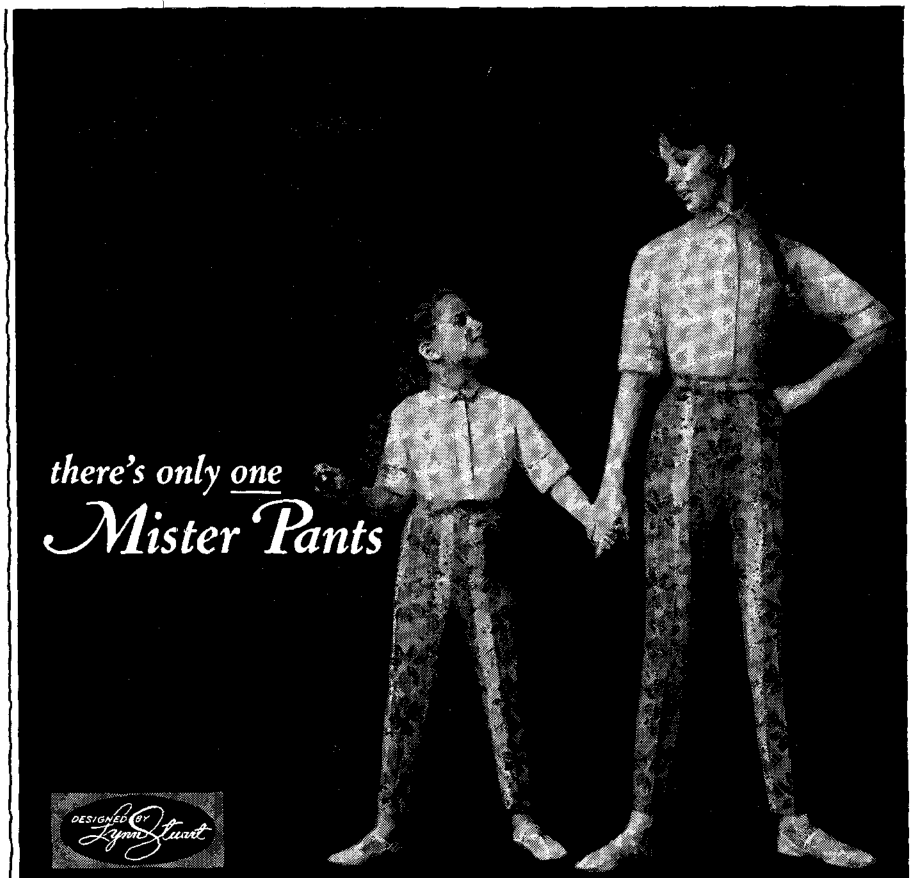
Cape Cod

The smartest place 'neath the sun — *for fabulous beaches*, fine resorts, cosmopolitan wining and dining. Write for free color map, directory of 400 resorts. Give arrival date, length of stay, rooms needed. Specify hotel, guest house, housekeeping cottage or motel.

CAPE COD
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Hyannis 47, Massachusetts



people who in principle approved the idea of lending moral and material support to the anti-Castro exiles but who told the President that in their judgment—which in most cases meant the judgment of the exiles they had been seeing—the time was not ripe. Their views on timing were based partly on exiles' estimates of the political climate inside Cuba but somewhat more on the feeling that the Cuban Revolutionary Council had not formed itself into a viable and politically attractive body that could become a provisional government. Actually, they believed, the two things were closely related; the response in Cuba, they had been given to understand, would depend to a large extent on the character of the anti-Castro leadership. The chances of a mass uprising would be much greater if the Cuban underground leaders in Cuba were convinced that the returning exiles were men who sympathized with the social and economic reforms of the Castro regime and were determined to destroy only the totalitarian state that Castro had built and to redress his betrayal of Cuban sovereignty to the Soviet Foreign Ministry. The chances would be lessened if the word got about that the leaders were men of property, whose primary interest was getting their property back. This view of the matter was one with which the President could be expected to sympathize. He had repeatedly said that the United States had no wish to see the social structure of pre-Castro Cuba restored, and early this month he ordered the State Department to publish as an American white paper a document, written largely by his special assistant Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., which contained an appeal to the Castro regime to "return to the original purposes which brought so many gallant men together in the Sierra Maestra and to restore the integrity of the Cuban revolution." The President was advised by at least three or four people whose judgment he values that mid-April was a poor time for a campaign of liberation and that the Cuban leaders favored by the C.I.A. were not those favored by any large number of Cubans. He was also advised that a number of veterans of the Sierra Maestra campaigns believed that it would be more prudent to authorize a series of small landing parties, striking at different points and at different times, than to launch a single invasion at a single spot. The defectors from the Castro movement knew their old associates well enough to be confident that the rebel ranks contained Castro agents



The Mister Pants look . . . bold stripes in blues and shocking pink splashed with ink-blot flowers, beautifully coordinated with a shirt that picks its pink from the pants. The cotton pants $13, the 65% Dacron polyester–35% cotton shirt $8, sizes 8-18. YOUNG MISTER PANTS for littler girls, sizes 7-14 . . . pants $10, shirt $6. At Bergdorf Goodman and wherever the finest things are sold. Mister Pants, Inc., 550 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.

Have you ever seen the new Mutual Benefit Life insurance policy in modern booklet form? It looks different. It is different. Indexed for easier reading. Easier to understand. Full of important benefits: very high early cash and loan values; unusually flexible income agreements. In addition, we have a unique total disability contract. For more information about these and other benefits, write for "Seven Significant Benefits."

Benefit is our middle name

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY • NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • SINCE 1845

Minding our own business

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Analyzing the analysts. Ever wonder what financial analysts read, other than the financial pages? We decided recently to find out. We asked Crossley, S-D Surveys, Inc. to poll some 3,000 representative U.S. financial analysts about their relationships with seven leading general-business and news magazines.

Of the 68% who replied, more mentioned reading Business Week regularly than any other. More (twice as many) mentioned having the most confidence in Business Week. And more (*three times* as many) mentioned finding Business Week the most useful. (And potential advertisers please note: Business Week also finished first in readership-per-dollar).

In the money. Speaking of readership surveys, we do pretty well *everywhere* in business and industry. Case in point: Another magazine recently sponsored a study among executives in the metal-working industries. They were asked

which of seven magazines they had read in the previous two weeks. The magazines were: *Business Week, Life, Newsweek, The Saturday Evening Post, Sports Illustrated, Time, and U.S. News & World Report.* Guess who came in second? That's right. (We won't tell you who came in first; why give *them* a plug?)

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
when you want to influence management men
A McGraw-Hill Magazine

BUSINESS WEEK

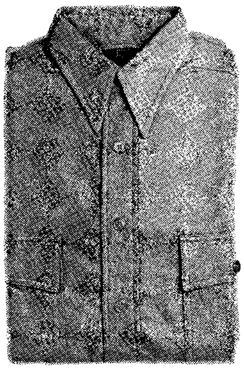
and that if only one large-scale effort were undertaken, Castro would be waiting on the shore to meet it—as in fact he was.

The President authorized mid-April landings in the face of this counsel, and by far the most common observation heard in this stunned city last week was that the authorization seemed strikingly uncharacteristic of the man. No one had supposed that he could go on for any length of time without making a large error of judgment; the opportunities are too numerous, the choices too difficult, for an active man, and one who has always shunned ambiguity, not to make some major missteps. But this one seemed so un-Kennedylike in style. He has accepted large risks before, but not without first taking every possible measure to assure success. He has been distrustful of specialists and leery of the kind of moral, intellectual, and political provincialism represented by the C.I.A. and the Pentagon. He has relied on the judgment of gifted amateurs more often than on that of pure professionals. It was, by and large, the gifted amateurs who warned him that this enterprise might turn out badly (no one, it seems, really foresaw the full magnitude of the folly it proved to be), and it was the professionals who led him toward it. Ideologically, one would suppose, he would be against mid-April landings led, for the most part, by Cubans who looked with horror on the idea of returning to the original purposes of the Castro revolution and restoring its integrity. He knows a good deal about revolutions, and particularly about "the revolution of rising expectations" that he has described so eloquently. And, purely as an American politician, he knows that you can't beat something with nothing. In the light of all this, the most plausible explanation given here is that he was facing what was for him an altogether new kind of choice, and that he was dealing with matters that amateurs could hardly be expected to comprehend. The few advisers who opposed the C.I.A. plan knew little of Cuba at first hand. They did not know the country, they did not know the language, and in military matters they disclaimed any competence, merely passing along the views of a few Cubans whose own military experience was not great and who recognized the need for American leadership. The most inspired of hunches by the most brilliant of young lawyers and academicians could not be expected to yield a sound estimate of Castro's military power. Advisers from the Pentagon assured Mr. Ken-

Gay island living . . . the sun smiling on a palm-fringed coral beach, a tropical moon inviting romance. Fabulous Food! Escape to these sixty lovely acres—frequent non-stop flights from New York and Miami.
Single from $18, Double from $32
American Plan • April 16-Dec. 16
See travel agent or I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc., 141 East 44th St., N.Y. 17, Tel. TN 7-0720

Half Moon
HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY • MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, W.I.

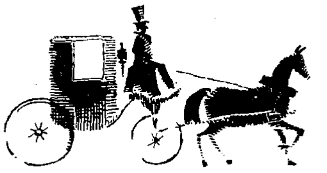
Bean's Chamois Cloth Shirt



Looks and feels like high grade chamois leather. Will not shrink. More durable than wool. Mr. Bean personally uses this shirt on his fishing and hunting trips. Colors: Medium Tan and Bright Red. Sizes: 14½ to 19. Price: $5.85 postpaid. Send for free sample and Free Catalog.

L. L. Bean, Inc.
279 Main St., Freeport, Maine
Mfrs. Fishing and Camping Specialties

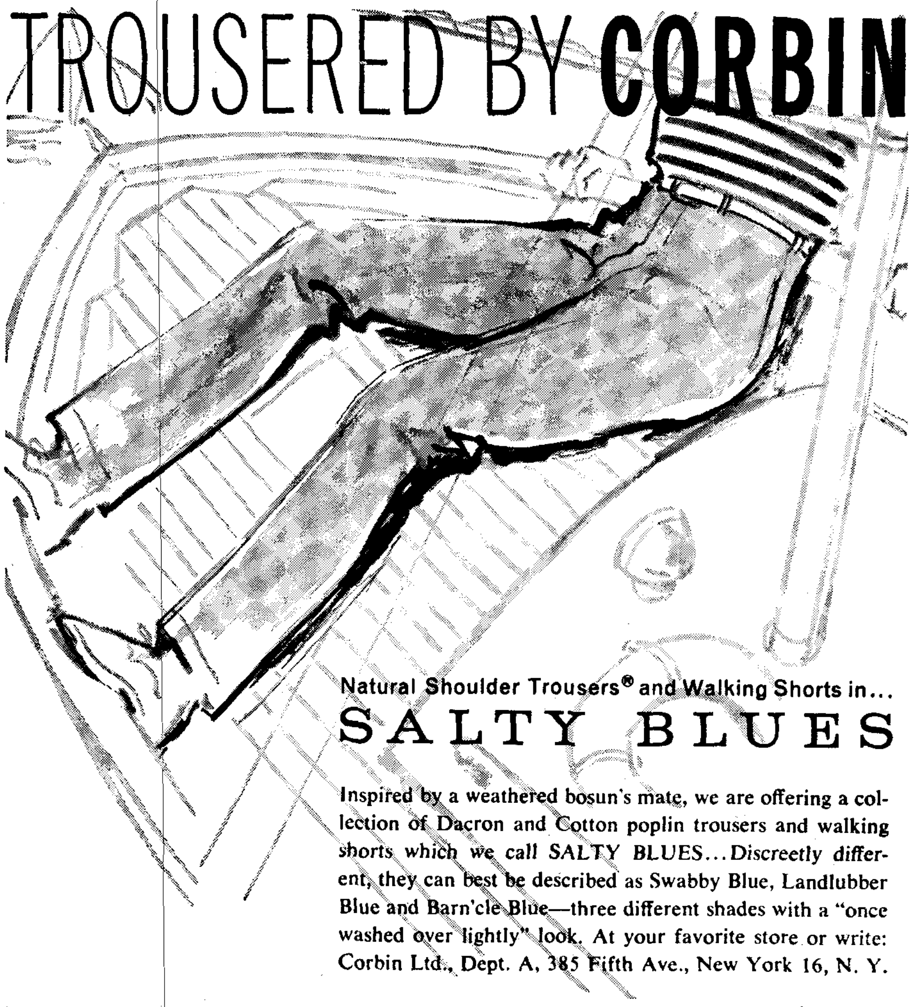
Since 1868
Chicago's most famous Restaurant
HENRICI'S



No matter where you are come by jet or car
CHICAGO | Henrici's at O'Hare Inn, 2½ min. from Airport and on Randolph between Dearborn & Clark
ST. LOUIS | Bel-Air Motel

nedy that the invasion was a sound military proposition. Advisers from the C.I.A. assured him that the prospects for an uprising last week were excellent.

The President has asked General Taylor's commission to report back to him in two months, and it is to be assumed that any report made by the General will be thorough and searching. It will undoubtedly help the President to avoid making the same mistake twice. The details will not be released to the public, and unless the American press is more enterprising than it has been up to now, we are unlikely to know more than we know at present—which is to say nothing—about "Mr. Bender," the "coördinator" of the disaster, or about such associates on the Guatemalan staging grounds as "Clarence," "Adams," and "Roderick." But the details are not likely to alter the general picture that has emerged here. A decision was taken slightly less than a year ago to aid the disaffected exiles in a reconquest of Cuba. It is not clear whether or not the Eisenhower administration was prepared to put American planes, naval vessels, or troops into the campaign, but this hardly matters. The Kennedy administration made its own policy, which was to assist the exiles in every possible way short of direct military intervention. (It probably did not exclude military support, in the event it was needed, of a provisional government that had achieved everything but military control of the island.) The Kennedy administration kept the C.I.A. in charge of organizing and training the recruits and left it in substantial control of the political and military aspects; some political advice may have come from the State Department and the White House, and certainly, in the final stages, military planners came in from the Pentagon. In any case, the C.I.A.'s control was powerful enough to enable its agents to ignore outside political advice, which they did with regularity. At the time that "Mr. Bender" and his fellow-workers were seeking a mastery of Cuban affairs (and doing it, according to exiles here, without benefit of the Spanish language or much else in the way of intellectual equipment), the exiles who had despised the Castro revolution from the start outnumbered those who had at one time or another regarded it as hopeful. The more or less right-wing exiles—comparatively few of whom, it is said in defense of the C.I.A.'s screening, had ever been admirers of Fulgencio Batista—formed themselves into the Revolutionary Democratic Front, a movement that



TROUSERED BY CORBIN

Natural Shoulder Trousers® and Walking Shorts in...

SALTY BLUES

Inspired by a weathered bosun's mate, we are offering a collection of Dacron and Cotton poplin trousers and walking shorts which we call SALTY BLUES...*Discreetly different*, they can best be described as Swabby Blue, Landlubber Blue and Barn'cle Blue—three different shades with a "once washed over lightly" look. At your favorite store or write: Corbin Ltd., Dept. A, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

1888
GRANDPRIX
METAXA

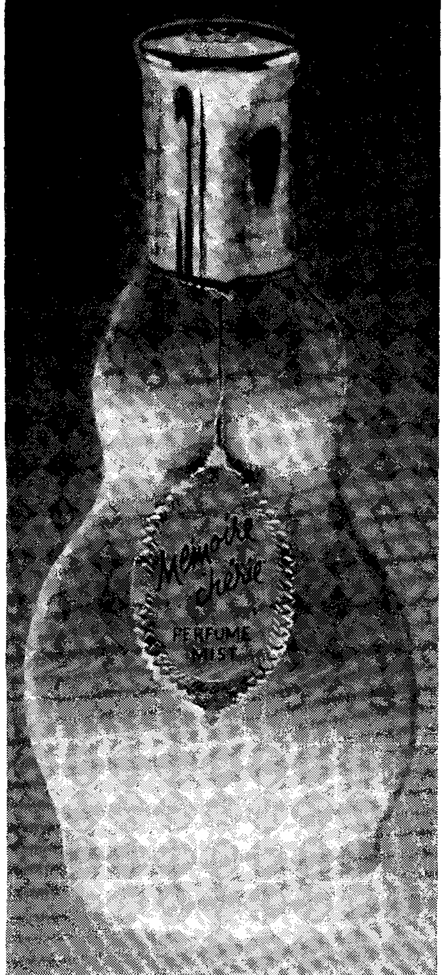
METAXA *the inspired after-dinner liqueur*

WINNER OF OVER 100 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS

For a brilliant change, sophisticates serve METAXA as a brandy-liqueur-on the rocks-and in cocktails

SINCE 1892—BY APPOINTMENT TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KINGS OF THE HELLENES

92 Proof — Greek Specialty Liqueur — Sole U. S. Distributors AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York — New York



"The finest fragrance ever created and acclaimed by France"*

Mémoire Chérie

Mémoire Chérie Perfume Mist 5.00
Eau de Mémoire Chérie, 4 oz. 6.00
Mémoire Chérie Perfume 10.00 to 75.00
Mémoire Chérie Dusting Powder 5.00
Mémoire Chérie Perfume Atomizer 3.50
Mémoire Chérie Soap 3.00

Perfume created and sealed in France prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

**Elizabeth Arden has been awarded the treasured Coupe d'Or of France "for outstanding achievement in the development of Mémoire Chérie, the finest fragrance ever created and acclaimed by France."*

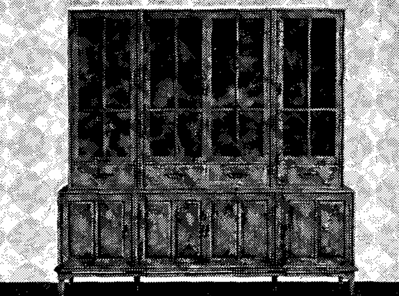
achieved political unity by having very little to say about the kind of society that should exist in a post-Castro Cuba. Some of them thought it important to get the telephone company back into private ownership, and some thought this was not absolutely essential, but by and large they resolved their differences by suppressing them. In time, there was a steady flow to Florida, Guatemala, Panama, and other places, of exiles of another sort—revolutionaries who simply felt that Castro had betrayed the revolution and destroyed all its promises. This latter group assembled in a kind of Alumni Association of the 26th of July Movement that called itself the People's Revolutionary Movement. It was eager, as perhaps it should never have been, to collaborate with the C.I.A., to accept American money and American arms, and even to return to Cuba with the United States Marines—provided it was not asked to abandon its political and economic principles. When, in time, the Front and the Movement merged and emerged as the Cuban Revolutionary Council, a strategy board thrown together by the Cubans and the C.I.A., the Alumni Association pressed its claims for leadership in a provisional government, arguing that while the Cuban people would be happy to be rid of Castro and all his Russian, Czech, and Chinese friends, they could not submit to leaders who regarded private ownership of the telephone company with indifference. The C.I.A. consistently favored the indifferent leaders.

It may very well have been that the Cuban masses were so pleased with their lot under Castro that they would not have welcomed a successor government of any sort. What is known for a certainty is that few of those who got word of the invasion were moved to support it in any way. To be sure, not many Cubans knew until after the Bay of Pigs skirmishes were ended that any landings had been attempted. Communications could not have been worse. The C.I.A. radio on Swan Island went dead well before the landings, and the radio ship that sailed with the invasion fleet was an early casualty, sunk without a trace. It is also known that there was a Cuban underground, and that it was more in sympathy with the left than with the right wing of the Revolutionary Council. The underground may not have held the key to victory, but it was strong enough to give Castro's police the shakes, and the police roundups were extensive. There seems very little room in which to dispute the proposition that if the overthrow of Castro was the

The bright print knit. Orange/olive or turquoise/cerise. 8-16. 17.95

Flexees

BULLOCK'S
PASADENA
OR WRITE·FLEXEES, 200 MADISON AVE., N.Y.16, N.Y.



PRESENT PERFECT CONTEMPORARY

At leading stores everywhere. Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorators Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Send 20¢ to Dept. N for booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

INCREDIBLY ENCHANTING!

Roseland

DANCE CITY

TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR

CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY
SUNDAY CONTINUOUS FROM 3:30

AMERICA'S HISTORIC SHRINE OF DANCING

52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

SEE ST. CROIX IN SPRING

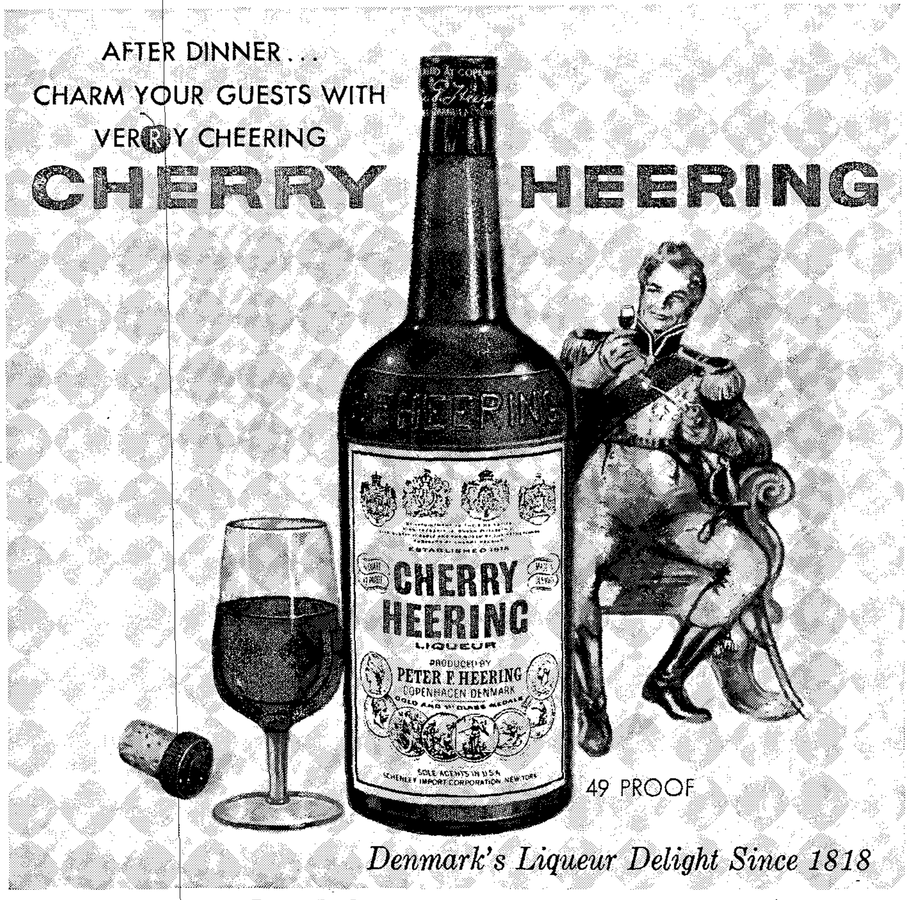
Get a head start on summer—See Uncle Sam's Virgin Isles NOW. Gain an early but leisurely tan—a new outlook on life. Call your Travel Agent or TO 5-1114 in N. Y. Cuisine, rooms and beach are superb at

LA GRANGE BEACH CLUB
St. Croix, U.S.V.I.

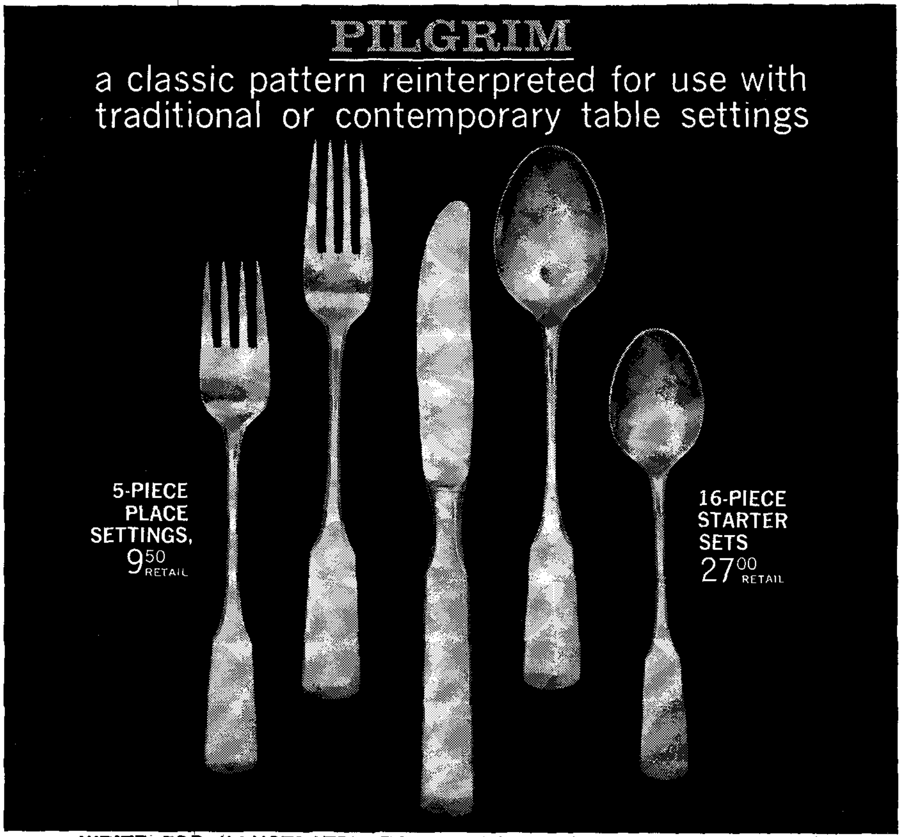
paramount aim, the C.I.A. bet on the wrong Cubans. The attitude of its agents, according to the most responsible of the anti-Castro exiles in this city, was that the longer a man had been opposed to Castro, the better claim he had for a position of power within the ranks of the insurgent band that the C.I.A. was organizing. The application of this principle favored those who, provided they had not been openly for Batista, had never stood for any sort of social change in Cuba. The longer a man had stayed in Cuba, and the more hope he had once invested in the revolution that was betrayed, the less entitled he was to respect from the C.I.A. The C.I.A. approved the choice of José Miró Cardona, Castro's first Premier, as the leader of the Revolutionary Council. Cardona is an honorable and estimable man who, like such American Establishment figures as John J. McCloy, was more or less above politics and was therefore available for any sort of nonpartisan or bipartisan assignment. He was a splendid leader of a coalition. The problem was that, in a revolutionary situation, he was able to ignite in Cuban breasts about the same intensity of fire that the admirable Mr. McCloy, in similar circumstances—if similar circumstances are imaginable—might ignite in American breasts.

There is a tendency now to accuse the C.I.A. of being an agency whose members for the most part gravitate toward the far right in any conflict, and even to suggest that some of the men responsible for directing the work of the Revolutionary Council were in the pay of big business. It has been said on excellent authority that part of the money that supported the exiles during their months of preparation for the invasion came from private interests—sugar, oil, shipping, and telephones. Nevertheless, the common belief here is that it was, rather, a passion for quick and effortless compromise and a lack of respect for political ideas that led the C.I.A. to put its confidence in men in whom the Cubans lacked confidence. This, of course, does not explain the other weaknesses of the invasion scheme—for example, the breakdown of communications and the choice of mangrove swamps for a beachhead. But the political failure appears to have been the crucial one.

THROUGHOUT the administration there is a consciousness of defeat that exceeds anything known here in the past decade. The Eisenhower administration was not characterized by


AFTER DINNER...
CHARM YOUR GUESTS WITH
VER®Y CHEERING
CHERRY HEERING
HEERING
CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
PRODUCED BY
PETER F. HEERING
COPENHAGEN DENMARK
49 PROOF
Denmark's Liqueur Delight Since 1818

FREE DANISH RECIPE BOOKLET, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
Write Dept. NY-2, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.


PILGRIM
a classic pattern reinterpreted for use with traditional or contemporary table settings
5-PIECE PLACE SETTINGS, 9^{50} RETAIL
16-PIECE STARTER SETS 27^{00} RETAIL

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET 80 SHOWING OTHER STAINLESS STEEL PATTERNS AND THE NAME OF A STORE NEAREST YOU.

FRASER'S
AMERICA | EUROPE
FRASER'S INC. ☐ 236 FIFTH AVENUE ☐ NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

LIFE WITHOUT TRAVEL IS ONLY HALF LIVING

Why wait till some far-off next year? Plan, pack, go to Europe now. And to start you off, we offer you the outrageously alluring SAS Treasure Chest of World Travel. It's filled with pictures, shopping guides, sightseeing hints, tours with costs, the pleasures of SAS jet flights transatlantic or transpolar, and extra-city trips at no extra fare. Your free "Treasure Chest" is waiting at your SAS travel agent. Or mail the eager coupon.

FIRST OVER THE POLE
SAS
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
638 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

FREE: Send fascinating TREASURE CHEST OF WORLD TRAVEL, 16-page magazine, 10" x 13", perfect for planning.

Name________
Address________
City________State________
My SAS Travel Agent is________
N Y 5-6

the kind of introspection that one finds among the ranking figures in the government today. The U-2 affair and the rebuffs Mr. Eisenhower met with on his Pacific tour last summer caused a good deal of anguish and humiliation here, but the leaders of his administration calculated the consequences in fairly direct political terms and carried about no large burden of guilt or shame. The misery did not approach in acuteness that which everyone has sensed here in the past ten days. Viewed in terms of anyone's hopes and fears for Cuba, the blows of this recent period could hardly have been more stunning. And there is a reasonably strong case for supposing that continued participation in affairs of this kind may be as damaging to this country as to any conceivable enemy. At the same time, there is widespread recognition of the fact that the paramilitary operations of the Communists have confronted the West with a new kind of danger, and that some means of dealing with them must be found. And there is some recognition of the possibility that the President may, in his moment of failure and error, have done something to give pause to the Khrushchevs and Castros of this world. The Russians have been put on notice that the United States cannot be counted on to abide by all the rules of late-nineteenth-century diplomacy. The Manchester *Guardian* described the C.I.A. effort in Cuba as "invasion by proxy," which is a good enough term for what the Soviets have been doing for years and are doing at the moment in Laos and South Vietnam. We may not try anything of the sort again, but Khrushchev cannot be sure of this, and there is always a certain gain, in dealing with men of his kind, in increasing the element of risk involved in his maneuvers. And, for better or worse, the ill-fated expedition to the Bay of Pigs, taken in conjunction with the President's recent pledges to look with favor on revolutionary programs that are carried out without any help from the Communists, may breed in revolutionary leaders in Latin America an awareness that the way chosen by Castro is a perilous one, while a clean revolution may win support from the nation that is still—at least in this part of the world—the most powerful of all.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

S. H. Bishop, superintendent of Mr. Taylor's farm, was riding with him when his mare shied and quickly sent for medical aid.—*Toronto Daily Star.*

Good mare.

Exciting Discovery!
rich, natural aroma... unbelievably mild

Blended by the makers of HOUSE of LORDS, the world's most distinguished smoking mixture.

One-pound $6.00
Half-pound $3.00
Quarter-pound $1.50

Black Knight
A Smoking Mixture Unique In Character And Zest
CHARATAN

Send $1.00 for a generous supply.
LANE LTD. (Established 1890)
Dept. N, 122 E. 42 St., New York 17

England's world-renowned CHARATAN pipes $15 to $150

WINES OF HUNGARY

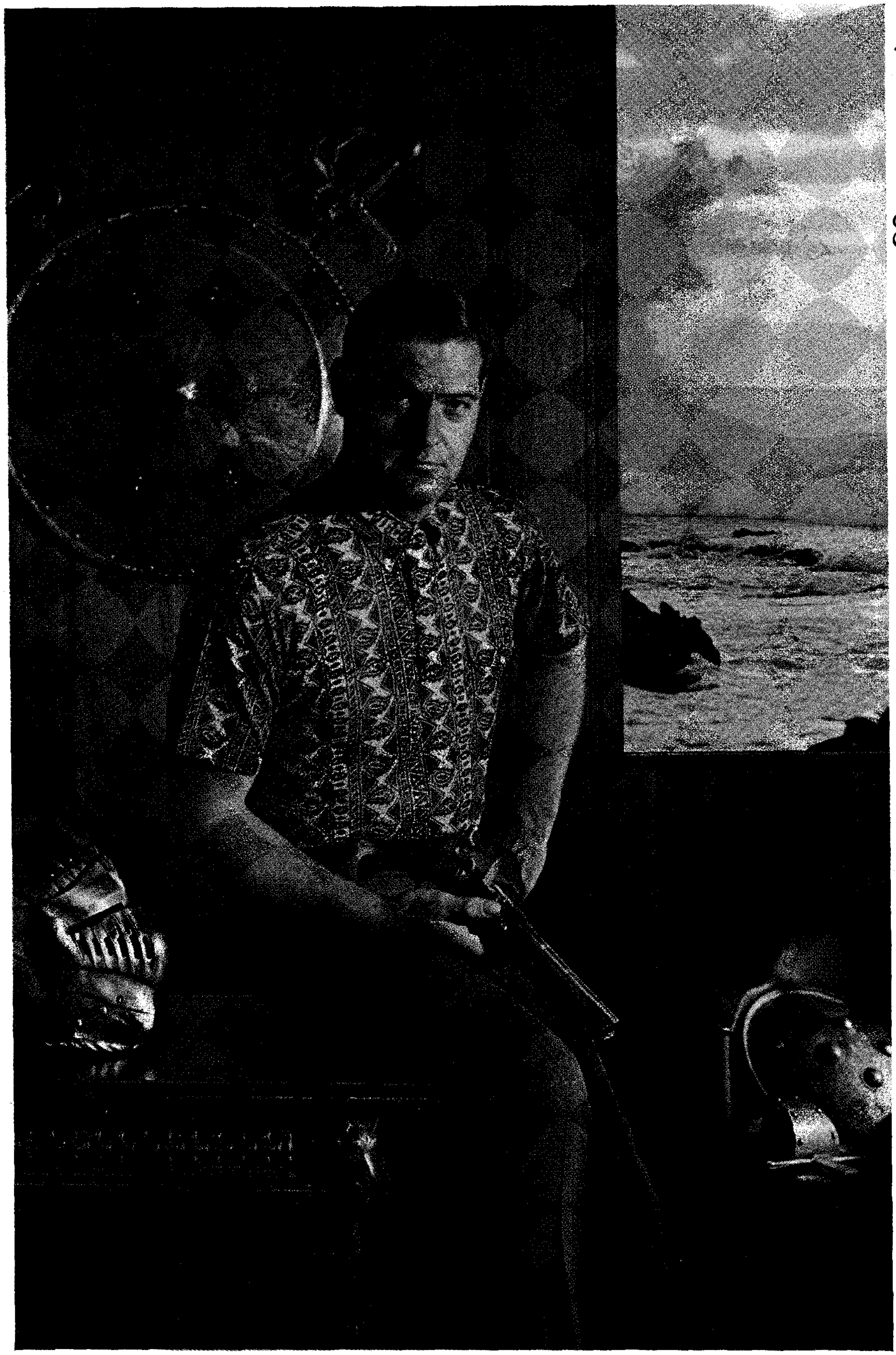
A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.

SOLE IMPORTERS
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19
Circle 5-0100

Tokaji Aszu

The ELMS Inn
CONTINENTAL CUISINE
Main St. (Rte 35) Ridgefield, Conn.
LUNCHEON, DINNER, COCKTAILS
Guest Accommodations
OPEN EVERY DAY Closed Wed.
Tel.: Ridgefield, IDlewood 8-2541
Chef John Scala, Prop.
Air-Cond.
EST. 1799

Tony's Wife
Luncheon Bar Dinner
just good food...con amore
150 EAST 55TH ST., N. Y. • EL 5-4506
Closed Sat. & Sun.

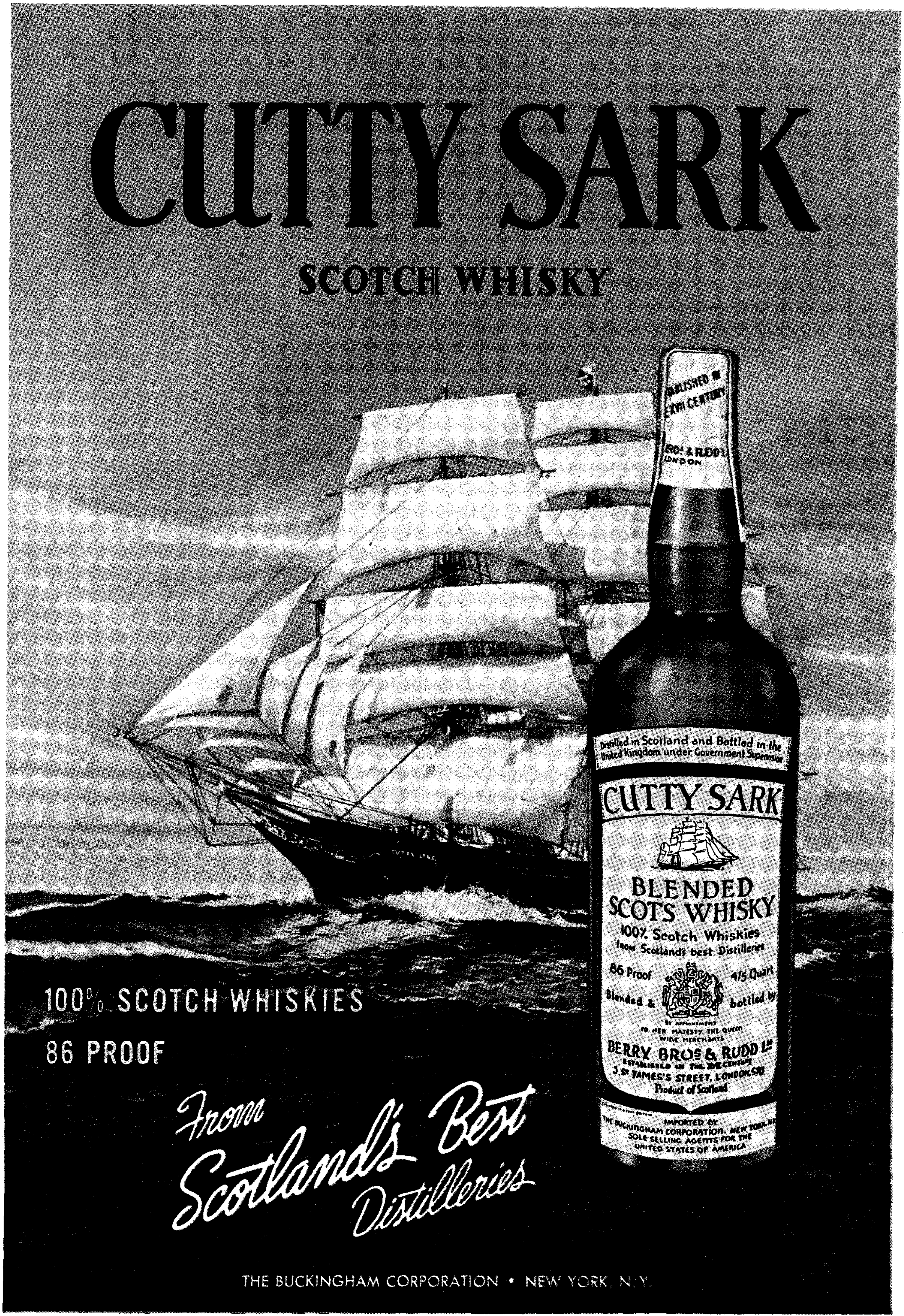


Wamsutta®

McGREGOR tailoring and a magnificent WAMSUTTA print make this superb pull-over sports shirt. Of WAMSUTTA Peem Elite, a fine combed imported pima cotton that shrugs off wrinkles, needs little ironing. "Bateau" sports shirt in green, blue, gold or mexitile, 5.95. At all fine stores. WAMSUTTA fabrics are available by-the-yard at the finest stores. WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 *Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. Makers of famous Supercale® and Debucale® sheets, pillowcases and Wamsutta Heritage towels.*

PORTRAIT OF AMERICA:

"MAN OF PERCEPTION" BY McGREGOR IN PEEM ELITE BY Wamsutta



CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

ESTABLISHED IN
THE XVIII CENTURY
BERRY BROS & RUDD
LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies
from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 St JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, SW1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE FIELD GLASSES

WHAT happened was in itself strange enough, but where and how it happened made it seem even stranger. I first heard of the tower, known as the Tour Magne, through some friends I met in Paris a few summers ago, but it wasn't until several weeks later, when I stopped off at Nîmes during a trip through the southern part of France, that I remembered the tower and decided to pay it a visit. There were a number of other places in Nîmes I wanted to see first, and it was late in the afternoon by the time I had worked my way through a park—the Jardin de la Fontaine—and up some tree-shaded terraces to the top of Mont Cavalier. The Tour Magne, a thick, octagonal-shaped stone ruin that once served as a lookout post for the Romans, stood at the very summit, its crumbling top some ninety feet above the ground.

At first glance, I was disappointed—I'd been prepared for something more spectacular, perhaps—but, remembering that my friends had said it was the view that was important, I went inside and, after paying a small fee to the caretaker, walked up the curving steps. It was an easy climb, which ended near the top on a small railed balcony that faced the south. Again I felt let down. Not that the view wasn't impressive—it was—but it had the defect of being limited to a half circle of vision, because of the tower itself, which rose above the balcony for another ten feet or so. Looking around then, I noticed a kind of path going from one end of the balcony up among the rocks to the broken crest of the tower. Apparently, some visitors, no more satisfied with the incomplete view than I, had climbed over the balcony railing and, at the risk of slipping off and falling to the ground, had gone farther up. I did the same, picking my way carefully, for there was nothing to hold on to and the footing was anything but sure.

The space for moving around at the top consisted of only a few feet of shorn rock, but the ample view more than compensated for any hazard involved. It was one of the few times I had ever been on a height where, simply by turning in a single spot, I could enjoy the pleasure of an absolute circle of vision. The view seemed to take in the whole of Provence. To the south, immediately below the tower, the park was a gently tossing sea of green. Beyond it lay the town of Nîmes, and beyond the town mottled-yellow fields stretched for miles until they melted into a soft blur on the

(*Advertisement*)

"...and with New York State's more than 1,000 research centers ... and with the state's 170 colleges turning out more scientists and engineers than any other state.... Say, I think you've got a nibble there."

Need help in locating a new plant? Send your requirements to Commissioner Keith S. McHugh, Dept. of Commerce, Room 1604, 112 State St., Albany 7, N.Y.

Tailored for the Traditionalist...a wash and wear suit in Reeves famous poplin of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% combed cotton. About $45. At fine stores everywhere or write to Famous-Sternberg, Inc., 950 Poeyfarre St., New Orleans 5, La. New York Showroom: 200 Fifth Ave.

REEVES *fabrics*

FROM HER
NEW YORK BOUTIQUE
COTTON TWEED
DRESS WITH JACKET...
BLACK AND WHITE OR
BLACK AND PALE BLUE.
10-16. $185.

Photograph by Emmett Bright

Eleanora Garnett

NEW YORK
47 EAST 51 STREET

ROME
VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17
BOUTIQUE-VIA SISTINA 46A

OTHER DRESSES STARTING AT $75.00

horizon. I looked until my eyes watered, trying to convince myself that I could actually see the Mediterranean in the distance.

To the north, about a hundred yards from the tower, stood a house with a space behind it, surrounded by a high brick wall. Passing it earlier in the day, I had wondered what lay within the enclosure. Now all was exposed, as though a roof had been lifted, and I saw at the rear of the house a long trellised portico with a stone walk winding from it into a formal garden that bristled with green shrubs and red-and-yellow flowers. A small boy wearing a white suit was playing with a blue rubber ball on the grass among the shrubs, while an elderly woman in a nursemaid's white uniform sat on the portico steps reading a book. The whole setting—the walled garden and the two people in it—was like a toy cutout, a special cardboard world that had no connection whatever with the world I was watching from, yet I had the eerie feeling that I was seeing something for the first time as it really was.

I STOOD there alone for a long while, looking at the view around me, and since no one had come out on the balcony below, I sat down to wait until the sun set. Already the trees were throwing emaciated shadows across the fields, and the walled garden was sharply split into two parts—one of cool green twilight, the other still glowing in the late-afternoon sun. I must have been sitting there for ten minutes when I heard footsteps in the tower, and then, a moment later, a young man wearing leather shorts and carrying a knapsack on his shoulders appeared on the balcony. He was in his early twenties, of medium height and stocky, with pale-blond hair and a face that was a deep reddish brown from the sun. A battered leather case—the kind used for carrying field glasses—dangled from his neck by a long strap, and a canteen and a small net bag containing some oranges and apples were attached to hooks on the knapsack. He stood motionless for a while, gazing toward Nîmes, and just as I was thinking that he probably wouldn't be satisfied with the view from where he was, he looked up, shading his eyes with one hand, and noticed me sitting above him.

"It is better up there?" he called, in English that had a strong German accent.

"Yes," I called back. "Much better."

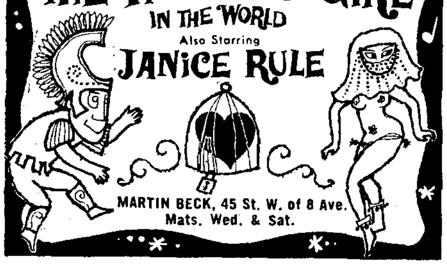
"Good. I come up." Using his hands

SEATS NOW AT BOX OFFICE
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
6 Perfs. Only! May 16 thru 20 (Mat. Sat.)
Mail Orders Filled: $7.00, 6.00, 5.00, 3.00, 2.00.
Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
S. HUROK presents
DIRECT FROM MOSCOW

"A TRIUMPH!" —Martin, Times
MOISEYEV
DANCE COMPANY

ON TOUR: Montreal May 22-25, The Forum; Toronto May 26-27, Maple Leaf Gardens; Cleveland May 29-30, Public Hall; Detroit May 31-June 3, Masonic Temple; Chicago June 5-10, Theatre Exposition Centre; Minneapolis June 12-13, Municipal Auditorium; San Francisco June 15-17, War Memorial Opera House; Berkeley, Cal. June 18, Community Theatre; Los Angeles June 20-28, Shrine Auditorium

"A MUSICAL HIT!
I'll stay in my chair for another half dozen performances." – Aston, W.-Tele.
CYRIL RITCHARD
In the New Smash Hit Musical
THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD
Also Starring
JANICE RULE


MARTIN BECK, 45 St. W. of 8 Ave.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE COLUMNS
Let yourself go
. . . into a world of moonlight and roses, gliding and whirling to the romantic music of Gunnar Hansen with a magic violin that sings the songs you love to dance. Exquisite dinners—Luncheons, too.
Hilton Carte Blanche welcome
Savoy Hilton
Savoy Room & Bar & Trader Vic's
EL 5-2600 • Fifth Ave. & 58th St.

ANOTHER HAPPY SEASHORE SUMMER
NANTUCKET'S HARBOR HOUSE
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.
N. Y. Off: Essex House—PLaza 7-2981

Lunch, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
Russian Tea Room
Open Daily including Sunday
150 W. 57 ST • CO 5-0947
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

10,000,000*

American LP buyers can't be wrong...

MANTOVANI

music at its *enjoyable* best

Mantovani is far and away the biggest selling artist in LP history. More than 10 million of his LP recordings have been sold in the USA alone. Mantovani's music is always filled with warmth and emotion. Under the magic of his baton violins soar and cascade, creating fountains of thrilling sound. Familiar themes become transformed into glittering jeweled patterns. No wonder millions of people throughout the world respond to Mantovani's artistry and brilliance.

MANTOVANI
Greensleeves

Was It A Dream?; It Happened In Monterrey; Lovely Lady; Mexicali Rose; others
Mono LL570

STEREOPHONIC
mantovani
Strauss Waltzes

Blue Danube; Roses From The South; Village Swallows; Wine, Women And Song; others
Mono LL685 Stereo PS118

MANTOVANI
plays music from
EXODUS
and other great themes

Main Theme from "Exodus"; Karen; Theme from "A Summer Place"; others
Mono LL3231 Stereo PS224

mantovani
Gems Forever

All The Things You Are; True Love; I Could Have Danced All Night; others
Mono LL3032 Stereo PS106

OPERETTA MEMORIES
Mantovani
and his orchestra

The Merry Widow Waltz; My Hero From "The Chocolate Soldier" (Straus); others
Mono LL3181 Stereo PS202

MANTOVANI
The American Scene
STEPHEN FOSTER

My Old Kentucky Home; Camptown Races; Home On The Range; others
Mono LL3136 Stereo PS182

MANTOVANI
All American Showcase

The Best of Victor Herbert; Sigmund Romberg; Rudolf Friml; Irving Berlin
Mo. LL3122/3 St. PSA3202

MANTOVANI
Charmaine

I Live For You; Diane; Queen Elizabeth Waltz; For You; Kisses In The Dark; others
Mono LL1094

Continental Encores
MANTOVANI
and his orchestra

More Than Ever; La Vie En Rose; Under Paris Skies; O Mein Papa; others
Mono LL3095 Stereo PS147

STEREOPHONIC
MANTOVANI
song hits from theatreland

I Talk To The Trees; They Say It's Wonderful; Some Enchanted Evening; others
Mono LL1219 Stereo PS125

STEREOPHONIC
MANTOVANI
Music from the Films

Warsaw Concerto; The Dream of Olwen; Serenata D'Amore; others
Mono LL1513 Stereo PS112

MANTOVANI
FILM ENCORES
Vol. 2

The High And The Mighty; A Certain Smile; Friendly Persuasion; others
Mono LL3117 Stereo PS164

MANTOVANI
The music of
RUDOLF FRIML

Love Everlasting; Rose Marie; Dear Love, My Love; Only A Rose; others
Mono LL1150

MANTOVANI
Film Encores

My Foolish Heart; Unchained Melody; Over The Rainbow; Summertime In Venice; others
Mono LL1700 Stereo PS124

MANTOVANI
SONGS TO REMEMBER

Jamaica Farewell; Tenderly; Vaya Con Dios; Gigi; Blue Star; With These Hands; others
Mono LL3149 Stereo PS193

Also available on London 4 track stereo tape

**Verified by national accounting firm*

STEREOPHONIC
Mantovani
ITALIA MIA

LATEST RELEASE

Come Back To Sorrento; Catari, Catari; Carnival Of Venice; Vissi D'Arte; Nessun Dorma; Italian Fantasy; O Sole Mio; Santa Lucia, Mattinata; others
Mono LL3239 Stereo PS232

DELUXE PACKAGE

ffrr mono LONDON RECORDS ffss stereo

Write for free catalog.
Dept. JD 539 W. 25th St., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE SWINGING TO "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

WORLD'S FIRST HOTEL WITH COLOR TV IN EVERY ROOM

Rates are high, but not for what the Tuscany offers! The entire hotel is **AIR-CONDITIONED.** Every room with Barca-Lounger Chair, bathroom extension phone, "silent valet", butler's pantry, FM radio and every conceivable luxury. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!

May we send you a brochure?

the Tuscany

39th St., just east of Park Ave., New York 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392

Cora

CORA
CORA IMPORTED ITALY
VERMOUTH CORA
FRATELLI CORA

THE QUIET VERMOUTH

A good vermouth should mind its own business and Cora adds just the right note of discretion to your manhattans or martinis. Try a touch!

IMPORTED • Sweet or Dry
Schieffelin & Co., New York

as well as his feet, he quickly climbed the path to where I was perched, and, after first making sure of his footing, took the knapsack from his shoulders and stretched himself. "You are an American?" he asked, sitting down and turning to me. I said I was, and he smiled. "I thought so. It is always easy to tell an American. From below on the park I have seen you."

"Even from there you could tell?" I said.

"Even from there," he said, laughing.

"Are you German?" I asked.

He nodded. "I come from Düsseldorf. You have been there?" When I told him I had, a quick look of pleasure crossed his face. "Now?"

"No, not now," I said. "It was a long while ago. During the war."

"Ah, yes." Frowning slightly, he unsnapped the cover of the leather case and took out the field glasses it contained. "It is much different there now," he said. "In the war, everything was not so good."

I remembered that during the Second World War Düsseldorf had been one of the most heavily bombed cities in Germany. Exactly how old could he have been then, I wondered, watching him as he meticulously adjusted the sights on the glasses. About nine or ten—certainly no more. "Did you live there during the war?" I asked.

"I was born in Düsseldorf," he said. "I was at school there during the war." He lowered the field glasses and stared off into space, his blue eyes solemn and contemplative.

The only questions I could think of asking had to do with the war and didn't seem appropriate, so I said nothing. The best thing to do, I decided, was to switch the conversation to another topic. "You certainly can use your field glasses to good advantage here," I said, extending an arm toward the rolling countryside.

"Yes," he said, looking around appreciatively. "It is very beautiful." He raised the glasses to his eyes and trained them down the hill toward Nîmes.

"Can you see the Mediterranean?" I asked.

He laughed good-naturedly. "From here? It is not possible."

"I know," I said. "I was only joking."

"It is too far, the Mediterranean," he persisted, bringing the glasses down and turning to me.

"Yes, I know it is," I said. "I was just hoping it was possible."

"No, no. It is not possible." He took

You have to make excuses for everything but ceramic tile

Floors and walls of ceramic tile are that "something of value, unperishable, secure" that tell so much about you. No substitute can give tile's full measure of carefree living and pride of ownership. There's simply no satisfaction in "second best."

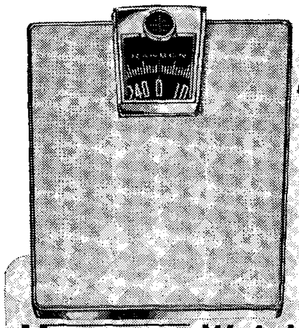
See the new complete line of co-ordinated tile types and colors at The Mosaic Tile Co. Showroom near you. And ask your Ceramic Tile Contractor for free estimates (see phone book yellow pages).

NEW IDEABOOK! *Write for our new tile design ideabook, "The Pleasure of Planning." Inspirations for all round the home. Send 25c in coin to* DEPT. 75-4

The Pleasure of Planning Your Home with Ceramic Tile

THE MOSAIC TILE CO.
ZANESVILLE, OHIO

MOSAIC



Accurate Weight Control starts with a

LIFT-UP HANDLE

HANSON Weighmaster

Large Light-up-dial you can see and be sure. Concealed fold-down handle. Chrome body, white Dupont "Mylar" Mat. Accurate on carpet or tile floors.
A very acceptable gift. $12.95
HANSON SCALE CO. *(Est. 1888)* Northbrook, Ill.

THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Enjoy good food and drink in a magnificent setting

Entertainment in the Lounge nitely—Fridays—
THE DICK HANDEL TRIO • ELmwood 7-1500

Also THE MOTEL ON THE MOUNTAIN for overnight or longer

SUFFERN, N. Y. Exit 15 N. Y. State Thruway

PETER'S
BACKYARD
RESTAURANT

STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER•SUPPER
Daily 4 pm-Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
GR 3-4476

a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped off the glasses, and held them out to me. "You would like to see?"

"All right," I said. In taking the glasses from him, I noticed that they were not German, as I had assumed they were, but American. I had often seen the same make during the war. Judging by their condition, these glasses had been put to a lot of use. The casings of the lenses were worn smooth where hands had held them, and the figures on the sight mount were barely visible. On the top side of the casing for the right lens, two initials had been scratched, but they were now almost obliterated. I could dimly see the lines of the letter "M" and what might have been an "F" or a "P." I turned the glasses this way and that in the light, trying to make out the second letter, but it was impossible to tell.

"They belonged to my brother." I had become so absorbed in examining the glasses that I had almost forgotten the young man, and his voice made me start. "I found them in his trunk a few weeks ago," he said. "They would be good for my trip, I thought." He paused uncertainly before going on. "Those are not my brother's initials. They are American glasses."

"Yes," I said. "We had many like them in the war."

"You have used them yourself?"

"Sometimes," I said. "In the field artillery." I then explained how artillery observers used field glasses in adjusting gunfire on enemy targets. I got more involved in details than was necessary, but the young man listened patiently.

"My brother was in the infantry," he said when I finished. "He was killed in the war." He fell silent for a moment, staring down at some rocks at the foot of the tower. "Do you think an American gave him these glasses?" he asked, turning to me suddenly. "A prisoner of war, perhaps?"

It wasn't very likely, I knew, but I didn't want to tell him that. "Perhaps," I said. "Or he might easily have found them."

Neither of us mentioned a more unpleasant possibility, but I could almost feel the two of us thinking of it. Without being put into words, it was raised, considered, and dismissed. "They are not very good," the young man said, pointing to the left side of the glasses. "This lens is not always right for seeing. Sometimes it works, sometimes not."

I held the glasses to my eyes and looked toward Nîmes. The left lens presented a blurred, distorted picture of the town; the right lens showed it in

"TAKE A MAN WHOSE INVESTMENTS ARE WORTH $50,000...

"He needs more information, broader information than a man who owns, say, just one or two stocks. A man who owns a number of stocks has to keep track of each industry in which he has an investment. And he should also know about the prospects for stocks in other industries, so he can improve his portfolio.

"This is a must if his objective is capital gain, but it's also good investment practice if his objective is income. He should continually be on the alert to see whether other stocks – or bonds – offer higher yields, or the same yields with less risk.

"That's why we publish the *Security Buyer's Review*. This 32-page research study is filled with valuable investment information. It discusses the general investment climate and gives our opinions on the prospects for stocks in 23 different industries, from Airlines to Tobacco. It also gives information about convertible and Municipal bonds.

"If your holdings are such that you need a comprehensive review of current investment opportunities, you'll appreciate the wide scope of the *Security Buyer's Review*. To obtain a free copy of the Spring edition, just mail this ad or write to Department N."

PWJC

Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis

FOUNDED IN BOSTON - 1879

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

New York 25 Broad Street

Boston 24 Federal Street

Chicago 209 S. La Salle Street

Los Angeles 626 S. Spring Street

Other Offices Coast-to-Coast

RESORT HOTELS
Finest under the Sun

SPRINGTIME is a Special Time at the

Gideon Putnam

HOTEL

at the Saratoga Spa • Saratoga Springs, N.Y. • Call Saratoga 4200

Enjoy all the exhilarating facilities of America's finest spa. Everything for the health and sports enthusiast . . . Free golf till May 26. Famous Saratoga mineral baths . . . Tennis, boating, fishing, hiking and biking through scenic woodland trails. Cocktails, dancing, world-renowned cuisine . . . Full children's program. Put spring-time in your step at this distinguished resort . . . Easy to reach on modern superhighways.

Reserve now for Decoration Day

New York: MU 8-0110 • Washington: NA 8-4680 • Boston: HA 6-4396 • Chicago: AN 3-6222

mattress-tick shift

The least possible amount of dressing, to go with sandals and suntan . . . a straight line of mattress ticking, bared to the shoulders, yoked to suggest a shape. The spaghetti sash puts the waistline wherever you want it. Stripes of Olive, Navy, Black, Gold, or Pink, on White. Also in Blue denim. 8 to 16. $12.95

Please state 2nd color choice
ORDER BY MAIL
Add 50c for postage
Catalog on request

Ladybug

Dept. N
264 S. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

PROMISE FULFILLED

W60

The Wharfedale 60 Achromatic two speaker system reproduces a pure musical image, non-colored by extraneous modulation. Wharfedale's exclusive inert sand filled panel eliminates false cabinet resonances, vibrations are damped and the two speakers perform with the enclosure as a single unit. The full range of sound is exceptionally smooth, never strident; transient response, in bass and treble is exceptionally clean. **W60,** $116.50; **W70,** $164.50; **W50,** $99.50 are decorator-designed in true wood veneers.

Wharfedale, a division of British Industries Corp., Port Washington, N. Y.

Mail coupon, Dept. WD791, British Industries Corp., Port Washington, N.Y.
Please send Wharfedale Achromatic series literature.
Name
Address
City State

perfect focus. I tried to adjust the left lens, but the picture remained the same. Using only my right eye, I moved around the horizon with the glasses, finally bringing them down on the walled garden below the tower. With the sunlight all but gone, the garden and the portico were empty now. I could see the woman's book lying closed on the top step, and the ball the little boy had been playing with stared up at me like a bright-blue eye from the shadowed lawn.

"You can see from both sides?" the young man asked as I lowered the glasses.

"No, only the right," I said. I shook the glasses, and heard a faint rattling sound in the left frame. "Something is loose or broken, but it can be fixed, I'm sure. The right lens works fine." I held the glasses out to him, but he didn't take them.

"You would like them, perhaps?" he said.

I wasn't sure I understood him. "You mean, to keep?" I asked.

"Yes. To keep." The idea seemed to take hold in his mind, and he rushed on eagerly. "They are American glasses, and you are an American. I think it is better they are fixed where they are made. You will take them with you. I would like you to have them."

His offer caught me completely off guard. I was touched and pleased by it at first, then vaguely annoyed. I was travelling by train and bus, and the last thing in the world I wanted to carry along with me was a pair of field glasses. My dismay at this prospect must have been more apparent than I realized.

"They are very easy to carry," he said, as though reading my mind.

"Thank you," I said, "but I don't think I should take them. You'd better keep them for yourself."

His eyes widened in protest. "But you have used such glasses before! You have just told me!"

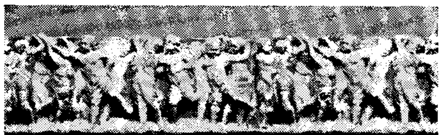
"Yes, that's true," I said. "But I don't any more. This is the first pair I've seen since the war. And I haven't enough room to take them. I don't even carry a camera with me."

"You do not want them because they are broken?"

"It's not that at all," I said, trying to sound as though I were making a very strong point. "I really don't like to carry too much. Anyway, I should think you'd want to keep them for yourself. They belonged to your brother."

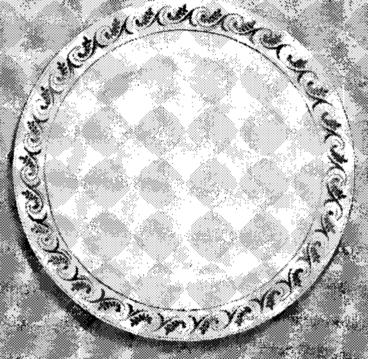
"My brother is dead."

"That's all the more reason for keeping them."



DISCOVER
china with an elegance like no other, by the Italian master . . .

Richard Ginori
finest in china since 1735



shown: "Aosta", 5-pc. place setting at $21.75
only at authorized stores or write:
PASMANTIER CO., U.S. Distributors,
224 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York
Ceramic Tile Division: Theodore Bisiek & Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York

For the Gourmet
SUPERB TEA
. . . the Rarest of the Rare

A highly limited supply of absolutely superb Connoisseur teas direct from the importer.

	1 lb.	*½ lb.*
Lapsang Souchong Smoky No. 1	$4.35	$2.30
Rare Darjeeling 6000	6.55	3.35
Formosa Oolong Supreme	4.35	2.30
Winey Keemun-English Breakfast	3.35	1.80
Before The Rain Jasmine	3.85	2.10
Tasting assortment of above teas		3.50

If you possibly can, please indicate a second choice. Add 25¢ per lb. for postage.

GRACE TEA COMPANY
• 77 Fifth Avenue New York 3 •
Full list of rare teas on request.

Sun Luck Restaurants . . .

Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING cooking. For those who want variety & the ultimate in Chinese cuisine.

Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner—Banquet Facilities

Park free after 6 P.M.
75 E. 55 ST.-cor. Park
PL 3-4930

143 W. 49th ST.
bet. 6th & 7th Ave.
PL 7-1170

MAJORCA (MALLORCA)—For Sale
Villa Patricia
Formentor

3 Double Master Bedrooms, 3 baths, dining room, living room, studio, ample servant quarters, garage, outdoor kitchen on garden dining terrace, central heating, magnificent view over Formentor Bay, good anchorage. *Write or cable*

NICOLAS MORELL
Las Capuchinas 21, Palma de Mallorca, Spain

The young man shook his head. "All I know is that he got them in the war. They did not belong to him. They mean nothing to me."

The possibility that had raised itself before came back to me in a rush—his brother had killed the American soldier whose initials were on the glasses. Was that what the young man felt, too? Was that the real reason he wanted me to have the glasses? The questions gave way to an idiotic fantasy in which I saw him desperately cornering one American after another, trying to give away something that no one wanted. It was an absurd thing to imagine, absurd and unfair, yet there it was. I looked at the young man then, seeing him merely as the victim of an impulse that had no logic he was aware of; later on, he would wonder what had possessed him to act as he had. I held the glasses out to him again. "Here, take them," I said. "They can be fixed to work properly just as easily in Germany as in America. You'll be glad you kept them."

Without saying anything, he took the glasses from me and put them back into the case. He made no attempt to hide the fact that he was hurt, and although I felt sorry for him, I also felt irritated. He had no right to expect what he did. "I must go now," he said brusquely. "It is already late." He got to his feet, lifted up his knapsack, and threw it across his shoulders.

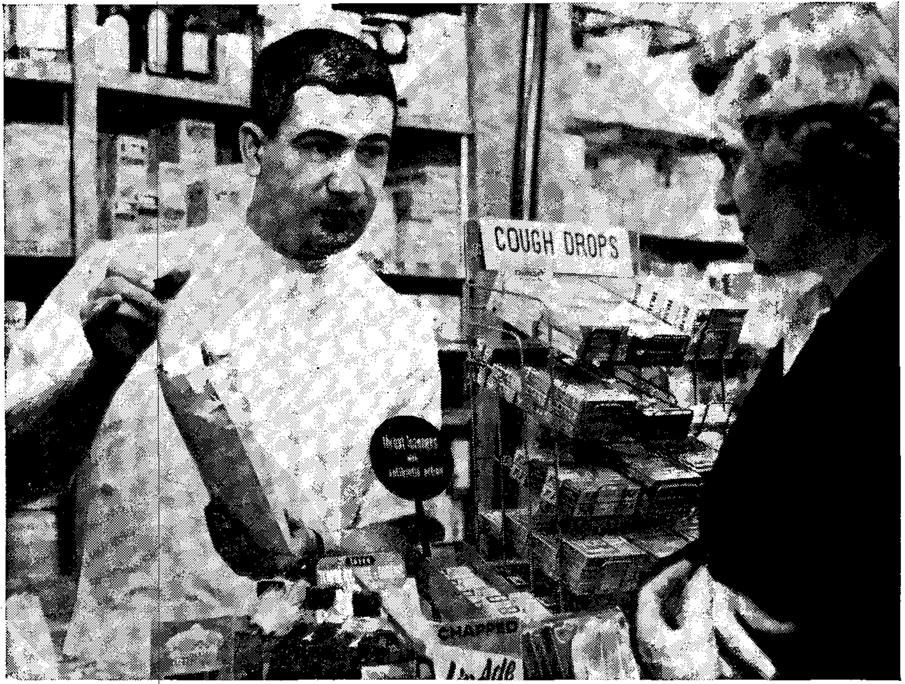
"Are you staying in Nîmes?" I asked.

"No," he said, adjusting the straps on the knapsack. "I go to Avignon tonight."

"You'll like it there," I said.

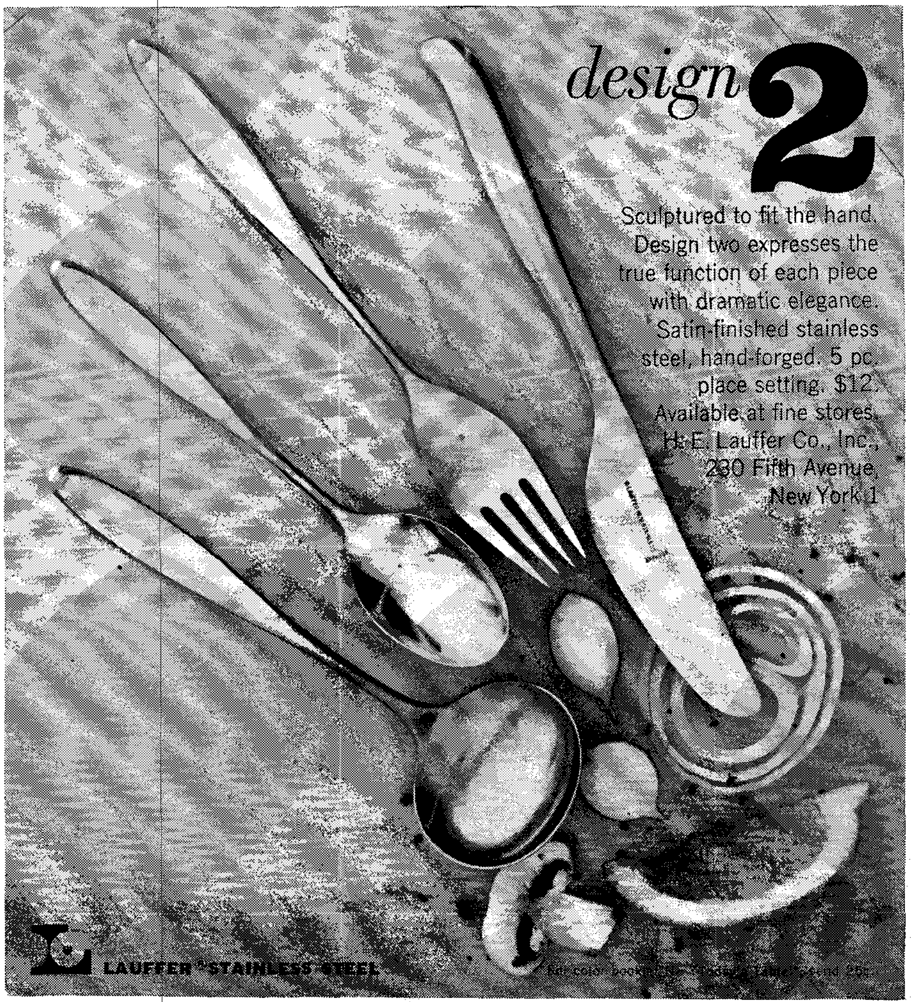
He murmured something I couldn't hear, and started toward the balcony, crouching low so that he could hold on to the rocks. He was about halfway down when the leather case swung out from his body and tilted to one side. I saw that the cover was open, but before I could even call out a warning, the field glasses slid from the case and fell onto a small ridge of rock at the edge of the tower. There they stayed for a few seconds, balancing as by a thread.

"Look out!" I called. "The glasses!" I jumped up and moved down toward them. At the same time, the young man turned and made a frantic grab for them with his right hand. He was too late. Just as he reached out, the glasses slid from the ridge of rock. We both watched as they struck a stone jutting out a few feet below, veered off, and fell clear to the rocks at the base of



The man from Cunningham & Walsh

Getting answers. Do cosmetic displays try to do too much? How do pharmacists compete with supermarkets? Ask Nick Pappas, a C&W art director. By working in-store, C&W people develop a retail-mindedness that results in sales-getting advertising. You are the beneficiary when you're served by Cunningham & Walsh Inc. MU 3-4900. Offices in: New York, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco.



design 2

Sculptured to fit the hand. Design two expresses the true function of each piece with dramatic elegance. Satin-finished stainless steel, hand-forged. 5 pc. place setting, $12. Available at fine stores. H. E. Lauffer Co., Inc., 230 Fifth Avenue, New York 1

LAUFFER® STAINLESS STEEL

For color booklet, [illegible] Table," send 25¢.

Hand Embroidered Sweaters

...budding classics for every taste—for every scene...indoors or out. Handmade in England, in the purest, softest wool—just for SMITH'S, just for you. The garden's gamut hand-embroidered on snow-white backgrounds of more than a dozen designs to make your choice "individually yours". When in Bermuda, see our exclusive collection of striking sweaters—only $20.36

H. A. & E. Smith LTD.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th Street • New York
I. MAGNIN & co., San Francisco, Cal.
Under direct ownership of MR. H. BENDEL

the tower. The young man sat where he was for a moment, a stunned expression on his face. Then, muttering to himself, he quickly half slid, half scrambled the rest of the way to the balcony and disappeared into the tower. By the time I got down to the balcony, all I could hear was the sound of his shoes reverberating from the bottom of the stairs.

I leaned over the railing and watched as he came into view below and started searching among the rocks. Looking down at him now from a distance, just as I had looked into the walled garden earlier, I felt that I was seeing something for the first time in its proper perspective, and a wave of guilt swept over me. There are gestures that must be acknowledged and accepted. The young man's offer may have been foolish, but it was genuine, and I had refused it. It was my fault as much as his that the glasses were where they were. I should have taken them whether I wanted them or not. As it was now, all I could do was say something by way of apology.

I ran down the tower stairs to the entrance and then outside. The field glasses, broken in two and with both lenses shattered, lay on the ground near the rocks. I picked up the pieces and looked around for the young man, but he was already gone. I could see him going down the hill through the trees, walking with swift strides, then running, toward the center of the park. The empty leather case was bouncing wildly from side to side behind him, like a live thing trying to get loose.

—FREDERICK L. KEEFE

•

TURN OF SPRING

Oysters are out,
baseball is in.
Coats are a load off,
weekends begin.

Boats are upmasted.
Zoo blinks alive.
Oil trucks vanish.
Tool stores thrive.

Squirrels have molted.
Shad make their run.
Birds fly in
on the tilt of the sun.

Lean from taxes,
swilled at their roots,
people in streetshine
go bursting with shoots.

—MARY PHELPS

S.F.A's grand touring plan

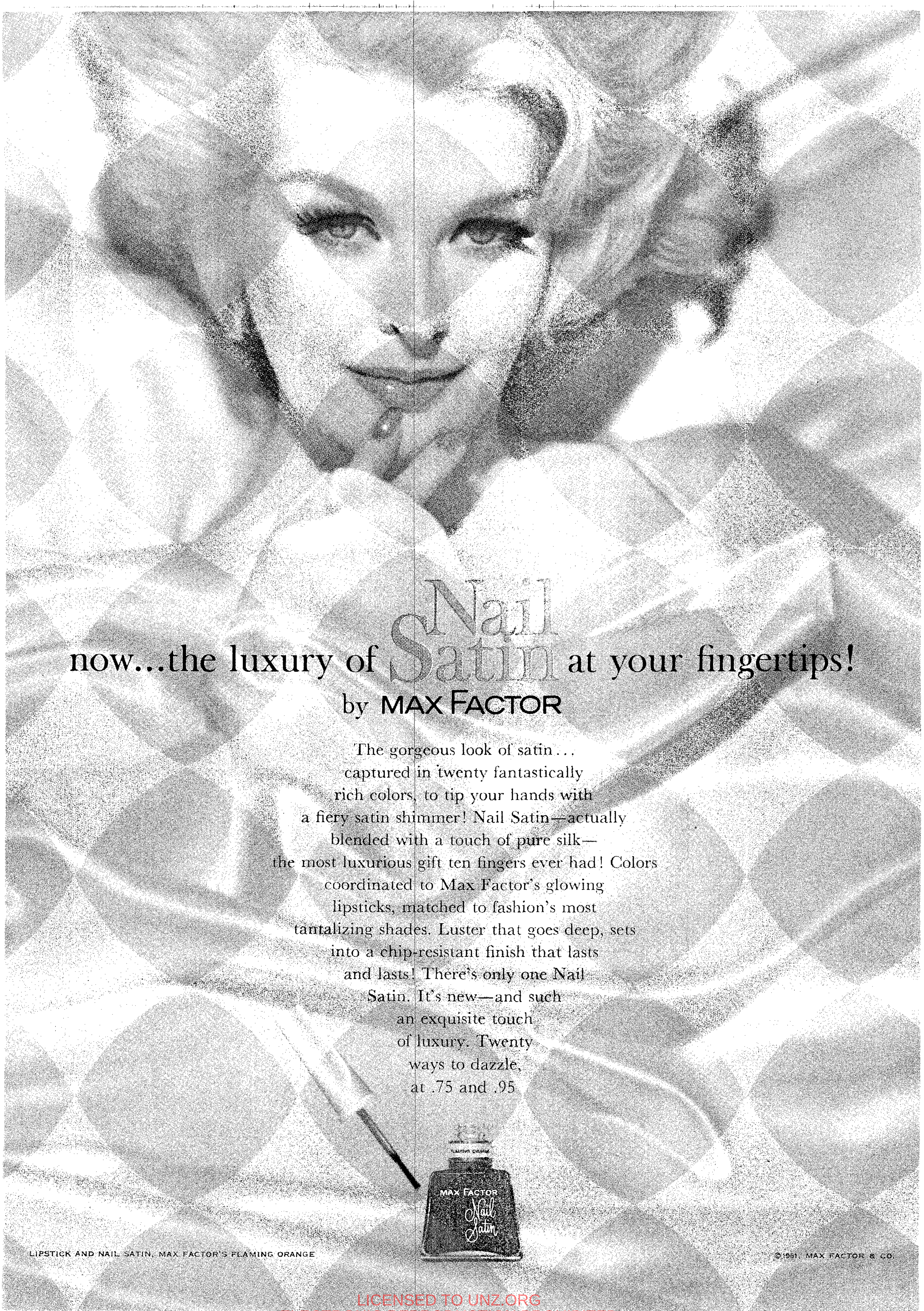
—is an accommodating travel tote that can pass as a weight-free handbag. With a well-organized bellows pocket and inside zippered compartments, it has an extra snap-in portable case for carrying cosmetics. 10½x15¼″, in plastic Naugahyde. Black, white, bone, 12.95 plus Fed. tax. Small Leather Goods, Street Floor.

Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Springfield • St. Louis
Chicago • Detroit • Beverly Hills • San Francisco
Miami Beach • Ft. Lauderdale • Skokie

It's UNIQUE!
FAMED Cherry Hill Inn
P.O. Box 299 • Haddonfield, N. J.
216 air-conditioned rooms, decorated by Dorothy Draper, and just 5 minutes from NJ Tpk. Exit 4. Glamorous Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge, parking for 600 cars. Ideal stopping place for business in Philadelphia area or en route to Southland.
Write for new color brochure
F. R. Clausen,
Gen. Mgr.

Eden Roc Club
LUNCH
COCKTAILS
DINNER · SUPPER
Dancing from 10 P. M.
148 EAST 48th ST. · PL 1-3382

THE OYSTER BAR...
WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SEAFOOD RESTAURANT
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL



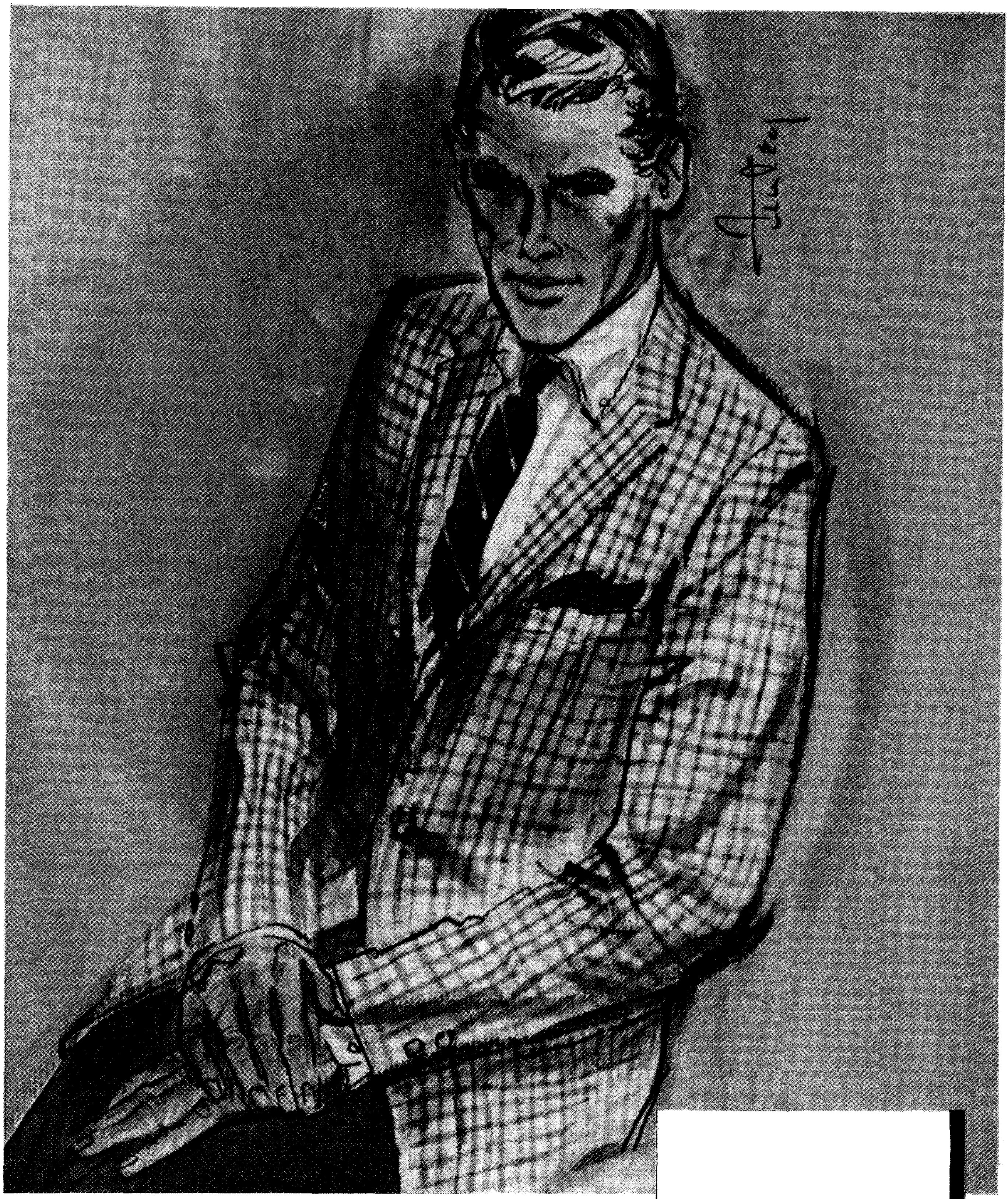
now...the luxury of Nail Satin at your fingertips!

by MAX FACTOR

The gorgeous look of satin... captured in twenty fantastically rich colors, to tip your hands with a fiery satin shimmer! Nail Satin—actually blended with a touch of pure silk—the most luxurious gift ten fingers ever had! Colors coordinated to Max Factor's glowing lipsticks, matched to fashion's most tantalizing shades. Luster that goes deep, sets into a chip-resistant finish that lasts and lasts! There's only one Nail Satin. It's new—and such an exquisite touch of luxury. Twenty ways to dazzle, at .75 and .95

LIPSTICK AND NAIL SATIN, MAX FACTOR'S FLAMING ORANGE

©1961, MAX FACTOR & CO.



STANLEY BLACKER DISCOVERS FORTREL . . . and this colorfully patterned jacket matches its crisp good looks and cool comfort with brilliant performance. Fortrel polyester, the new Celanese fiber, keeps this shirt-weight broadcloth fresh and wrinkle-free. Holds it in press. Reduces wash-wear care to a minimum. Earl Loom fabric of Fortrel polyester and cotton. Olive, brown and blue plaids. About $35 at Whitehouse & Hardy, New York; Hughes-Hatcher-Suffrin, Detroit; Lytton's, Chicago; National Clothing Co., Rochester; Sakowitz-Red Coach Shop, Houston. Celanese Fibers Company, 180 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Fortrel

the fiber
that keeps
its promise

Celanese
NEW POLYESTER FIBER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

True or False?

“Follow a Star,” the English farce that is a vehicle for Norman Wisdom, is a puzzle. It is a full-length movie that revives the kind of knockabout comedy we used to see in short subjects and vaudeville, and every familiar joke in it is welcomed as something fresh that offers endless possibilities for romping. Mr. Wisdom, an open-faced young man, plays a tailor whose ambition is to become a singer but who is far too timid to do anything but croak, except under rather special circumstances. He is, in short, the classic dupe for the bossy and the villainous, and it is a foregone conclusion that he will triumph over them in the end. When we meet him, he is pressing pants, and when we leave him, applauded and acclaimed, he is walking out of the stage door of the Palladium pushing his girl in a wheelchair. The trouble is that he does not seem to be intrinsically funny, in the sense that Terry-Thomas or Groucho is funny, or that Stan Laurel used to be; his personality is agreeable but rather blank, and he has no style of his own. Nevertheless, he is versatile. He is an acrobat who can slide nimbly on a cake of soap in one scene and in another run over the tops of the seats in a theatre to retrieve a ball tossed out by a juggler. He can pantomime clearly and deliver a good line, as when, supposedly under hypnosis, he imitates a baby of eighteen months and then a confident clubman putting an unspeakable headwaiter in his place. His timing is skillful, as when he gasps out a travesty of “The Rain in Spain” while a powerful and quite pretty actress named Hattie Jacques, who plays his singing teacher, keeps thumping his chest and diaphragm. (Miss Jacques, by the way, is really funny. Even though her games-mistressy character is now as classic a role in British comedy as Mr. Wisdom's, she is a joy to watch as her loyalty and her outrage at every breach of the rules of fair play spur her to action.) He can even sing passably the awful songs that are assigned him.

Every routine Mr. Wisdom does is, at best, an adaptation or a parody of an old one. Some are lively, some are dull, and some are rather painful. I had

Which word is older, Gin or Gordon's?

"Gin" came into the language around 1700 by way of the French "genièvre," meaning juniper. "Gordon's" comes from Alexander Gordon, the genius whose secret gin formula set Londoners agog in 1769. The Gordon's you drink today harks back to this selfsame formula. It's still secret, and as far as the people at Gordon's are concerned, that is as it should be, for in nearly two centuries no other gin has ever duplicated Gordon's distinctive dryness and flavour. Are you wondering if it's the world's biggest seller? It is. Indeed, to most people the words "gin" and "Gordon's" are now synonymous.

GORDON'S
EST. 1769
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

DORADO

beyond words, but not beyond your budget

$15

For as little as $15 a day per person, double, including breakfast and dinner, until December 15, the whole glamorous life of Dorado Beach Hotel is yours • Magnificent golf on a famed seaside course • Swimming from soft, crescent beaches or in a sparkling pool • Tennis beneath the palms • Beautiful air-conditioned rooms and breeze-swept cabanas • Superb dining, fine service, and the cool trade winds, all summer long! Dorado's allure never varies, here in friendly, peaceful Puerto Rico.

See your travel agent or New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Telephone: CIrcle 7-3080.

DORADO BEACH HOTEL
DORADO PUERTO RICO

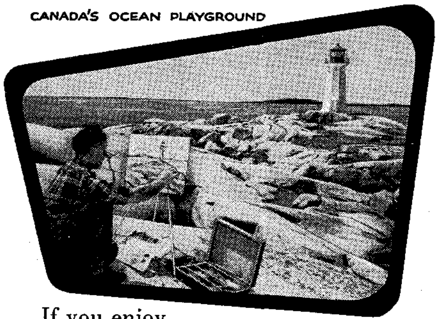
fashions in crystal with
the inimitable flair of
Schiaparelli
PARIS

Here: footed pitcher, 9″ high, at $15. From
the Schiaparelli collection of imported
hand cut lead crystal at fine stores.
For booklet, write ARCADIA Export-Import Corp.
224 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
Sole Distributors for U.S.A. & Canada.

a picture at every turn of the road . . .

NOVA SCOTIA

CANADA'S OCEAN PLAYGROUND



If you enjoy
exploring . . . beachcombing . . .
sunny days, cool nights . . . folklore
and pageantry . . . Nova Scotia's for
you. Why not enjoy all these, plus

**THE SIXTH ANNUAL
FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS
TATAMAGOUCHE
AUG. 11-14**

Easy to reach . . . easy on your budget.

NOVA SCOTIA TRAVEL BUREAU NY-5-6-61
Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia
(247 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
or 607 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.)
Please send Artists' Free Packet to:
____
____
____

forgotten the casual cruelty and off-the-cuff pathos of the early farces. The sight of an aging, incompetent singer sitting at his dressing table with hair dye spilled on his shirt seems more genuinely pathetic, although it is designed for laughs, than the sight of an improbable ingénue in a wheelchair. I enjoyed quite a bit of the picture, but I do not think it is good, and would not recommend it to you unless, like me, you take to roughhouse or are so curious about the English music-hall tradition that even this facsimile is partially satisfying. A facsimile is certainly what it appears to be, and a deliberate appeal to nostalgia, but I am not sure that's what it is. Is Norman Wisdom really ingenuous or is he shrewdly putting it on as he pulls out all the stops? Is he a comedian at all or a synthetic who has learned the trade? And if he is a synthetic, is his lack of personal style also deliberate, a part of his scheme to remind us of every clown we have half forgotten? I just don't know. —EDITH OLIVER

•

> This 707 Astrojet (Boeing calls it the 720B) goes into service this week. It is the first of the second generation of jets, the first to be equipped with the new fan-type power plants. It takes off quickly, climbs rapidly, cruises faster. It is a better airplane.
>
> Speed? During our test flights, we have noted with modest satisfaction, that the Astrojet overtakes and passes airplanes widely advertised as the "world's fastest jet airliners."
>
> Shouldn't we, then, make a great deal of the speed of the 707 Astrojet? No, and here are the reasons:
>
> The airlines want to operate a safe and dependable air transportation service, not a coast to coast jet race. We would not like you to think otherwise.
>
> At 600 miles per hour a small addition to speed is not of great importance to you, the passenger. The actual difference in flying time is measured in minutes. Further, speed is only one advantage of air transportation.
>
> American does not intend to operate the Astrojet at maximum cruise speed. Some of its power and speed will be kept in reserve. Among other benefits is better on time performance.
>
> Why should we build up the 707 Astrojet as the fastest airplane in service when American will have an even faster Astrojet later in 1961, the 990 Astrojet?
>
> No, we prefer a different objective. The Astrojet will be fast. In fact, none now known will be faster. But we would prefer to tell you about the service on American Airlines: the courteous attention, the comfort of your flight, the excellent food and the gracious young ladies of the American Airlines stewardess corps.
>
> You will not hear much from us about the speed of the Astrojet.—*Adv. in Life.*

You closemouthed little devil, you!

*city
planning . . .
pick a
blouse
that plants
flowers
on every
block,
3.98*

Ship'n Shore®

1028 N. RUSH • CHICAGO
Mister Kelly's
WH 3-2233

Cocktails
and dinner
from 5 p.m.

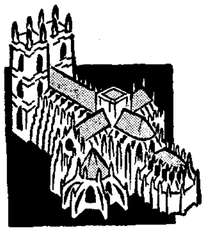
Starting May 8th
**MY NAME
José
Jiménez** **BILL DANA**
with **DAN SORKIN** interpreting
plus adorable **PATTY CLARK**
Helen O'Connell & Barbara Gilbert 'til May 7th

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years
B'WAY N.Y.
82nd AT
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
* COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists & Guitarists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Diners Club

LETTER FROM LONDON

April 26



THE news of the collapse of the generals' revolt in Algeria came almost before the British had recovered from their shock of alarm over what might be incredibly happening across the way in France. Since Sunday night, when the B.B.C.'s visibly shaken Paris correspondent appeared on television to give astounded viewers a hurried translation, made as he went along, of Premier Debré's broadcast warning that a paratroop drop was likely on the capital, the French-crisis news has temporarily reduced the amount of anxious talk here about the crisis of American leadership over Cuba. On Monday, when the spring sunshine was warm, and the pigeons were diving in and out of the delicious pale-green spray of leaves in every London square, and the unbelievable posters of the early editions of the evening papers were baldly stating "PARIS INVASION LATEST" from street corners, the House of Commons met to pass on a message of support and encouragement to General de Gaulle. Members also listened sombrely to the Government's announcement that Britain and Russia had at last agreed on the terms for their jointly issued appeal for a cease-fire in Laos and on the invitations to a fourteen-power conference in Geneva next month—the only bit of good news that anybody has been able to discern during the last few gloomy days until this morning's announcement of the rebellion's sudden, ignominious folding.

Before people's worried attention was shifted dramatically across the Channel, all the discussion in the press and among the disturbed public had been concentrated on the sudden, ignominious folding of the Cuban revolt, with melancholy questionings of President Kennedy's wisdom and judgment, which up to then had been hailed as starting a welcome new era in the White House. In the almost universal chorus of dismayed newspaper comment on the Kennedy administration's setback—among its friends as well as its enemies—about the only admiring voice was that of the Beaverbrook press, which assured the President in Friday's *Daily Express* that the patient restraint he was show-

The Four Princes
Four French Wines of Birth and Breeding

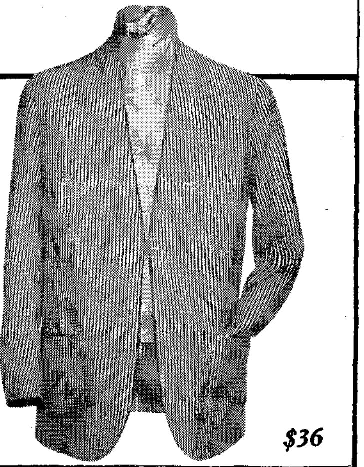
These fine regional wines are imported—but not expensive! *Prince Blanc* and *Prince Noir* from Bordeaux . . . *Prince D'Argent* and *Prince Rouge* from Burgundy. See them at your favorite wine merchant and order them at better restaurants.
BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U. S. A.
B&G
THE FINEST WINES OF FRANCE

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

ROYAL SYSTEM

Stack your stereo in wall furniture components of teak or walnut imported from Denmark. Compose your own arrangement (free-standing or suspended) of shelves, cabinets, desk and table units. WRITE FOR FREE FOLDER AND NAME OF NEAREST STORE
ROYAL SYSTEM 1130 Third Avenue, New York, New York
9400 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal, Canada

Alexander Shields
is a man you should know



$36

No collar-reversible jacket in dacron polyester & cotton seersucker. Black & white stripes reverse to beige & white. Regular sizes 38 to 44.

slacks, sizes 30 to 38. $26.

DESIGNED AND MADE FOR MEN BY
Alexander Shields
484 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 22

Lantana
COLONY CLUB
Somerset Bridge, Bermuda

Luxurious air conditioned coral cottages, with personal maid service for a carefree time. Breakfast served on your private patio. Poolside luncheon on the Continental plage; gourmet dining, dancing at the lavishly beautiful Clubhouse. New Sunfish Sail Club, all water sports . . . 10 minutes to Hamilton by speedboat.

Your Bermuda Host,
JOHN H. YOUNG II, Managing Owner

See your TRAVEL AGENT or
LEONARD HICKS, JR., INC., Representatives
ATLANTA • CHICAGO • DETROIT • MIAMI • NEW YORK
TORONTO • WASHINGTON, D. C.
Under the Same Ownership: The Ledgelets

ing was "the act of a statesman." The one statesman whom everybody here is being irresistibly reminded of is, of course, Sir Anthony Eden. Practically every newspaper editorial pointing out the grave moral defeat that America has suffered in the eyes of her friends in the Western Alliance, and the splendid new indictments of capitalist imperialism that have been handed on a plate to Mr. Khrushchev, might have been tailored to meet a large section of the country's view of their disastrous Suez adventure—this time an American-sponsored one, as many Britons who still feel that Eden was right and the United Nations was wrong do not seem entirely displeased to remind one another. The intellectual left wing is seemingly more incensed than any other section of the country over the first shattering failure of the new intellectual regime in Washington. Sixteen of its members—including the writers Doris Lessing, Kenneth Tynan, John Osborne, and Alan Sillitoe; the actress Constance Cummings and her playwright husband, Benn Levy; and the cartoonist Vicky—signed a joint letter to the *Times* saying that the Castro administration was "an effective government enjoying solid majority support" (subsequent correspondents pointed out tartly that majority support in a police state was a ticklish thing to assess quite so confidently), and called on the United Nations to condemn America's part in the abortive invasion. Two Labour motions asking for the same thing have just been introduced in the House of Commons. Perhaps because of the excessively high hopes aroused here by the thought of new intelligent liberal leadership from the White House, the present disappointment has undoubtedly shaken large numbers of thoughtful middle-of-the-road British, who were further startled by last weekend's reports of American aircraft-carrier movements near Cuba into wondering if the alarming analogy with Suez was yet complete.

THE British were able to sit in with a new sense of contact on Moscow's tremendous ovation for Major Yuri Gagarin, owing to the B.B.C. television triumph in scooping the first live relay ever to be made between Britain and the U.S.S.R. On Friday, April 14th, at 10:30 A.M., anybody with the leisure for morning viewing could see all the excitements simultaneously with the Russians, as though he were on the airfield watching the big jet airliner taxi in, waiting in suspense with the crowds, and sharing the extraordinarily

When you're seeking the "gift unusual," choose from the
THAIBOK "BAZAAR COLLECTION"
. . . lovely things of beautiful silks in glowing colors . . . handwoven in Thailand.

For ladies:
Neckscarves, $4.75 . . . Squares—33"—$8.50
Stoles, $12.95 to $39.95 . . . Blouses, $29.95
Bags—daytime, evening, $11.95* to $20*

For gentlemen:
Neckties, $5 to $7.50 . . . Shirts, $24.95 and $29.95
Cummerbund—Bowtie Sets, $22.50

For the home:
Table Mats and Napkins—service for 4, $21.95
Pillows—round, oblong, square, $21.50

*Prices subject to 10% excise tax.
Mail orders gladly filled. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.
Please add 50c for handling.

THAIBOK
3 East 52nd Street • New York 22

RUMAKI
Char-Broiled Sherry Marinated Chicken and Ham Skewered with Onions, Green Peppers and Pineapple. A Culinary Song of the South Pacific. Tossed Green Salad, Baked or French Fried Potatoes. $1.95

Lunch from 11, Dinner 5-10, Supper till 1 A.M.
Sunday Brunch 11-4
COOKERY Lafayette
UNIVERSITY PLACE AT EIGHTH STREET

RESTAURANT
MAYAN
INTERNATIONAL CUISINE
FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL DISHES
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
ROCKEFELLER CENTER • 16 W. 51st STREET, N. Y. C. • Circle 6-5800

Romeo Salta
formerly CHIANTI of HOLLYWOOD
exquisite italian cuisine
39 WEST 56 St. • N. Y. C. Circle 6-5772

moving drama of that solitary figure at last appearing, running briskly down the landing steps, and plodding along, thoughtful and serious, toward the kisses and the cheers, as though he were still enveloped in some personal capsule of privacy. (Videotape recordings of this were flown over to be shown in the United States.) It was a thrilling moment of television history here, made possible by a stroke of great good luck for the B.B.C. and of correspondingly bad luck for its commercial rival, the Independent Television Authority, whose networks were left farther out in space than Gagarin had gone. The I.T.A. had previously announced that it would hook up the first live relay from Russia with a report from the British trade fair in Moscow next month. The B.B.C. had its own plans for making a direct relay of the May Day parade, and it was the purest chance that some of its senior officials were in Moscow to fix up details with the Russians when Major Gagarin took off into the cosmos. They spent a couple of anxious days arranging to route the pictures of the Moscow welcome via Tallin and Helsinki, where the link would be joined to the Eurovision network (the little United Europe of fourteen countries, including Britain, that exchange television programs and facilities from time to time) and fed back to London. Even so, it was apparently touch and go whether the relay would come off at all. As it turned out, British viewers saw everything superbly, almost as clearly as though it were coming to them from London and not from the Moscow airport, and heard an excellent commentary by Richard Dimbleby, a large, calm man who conducts them through most big occasions, from the Coronation to general elections.

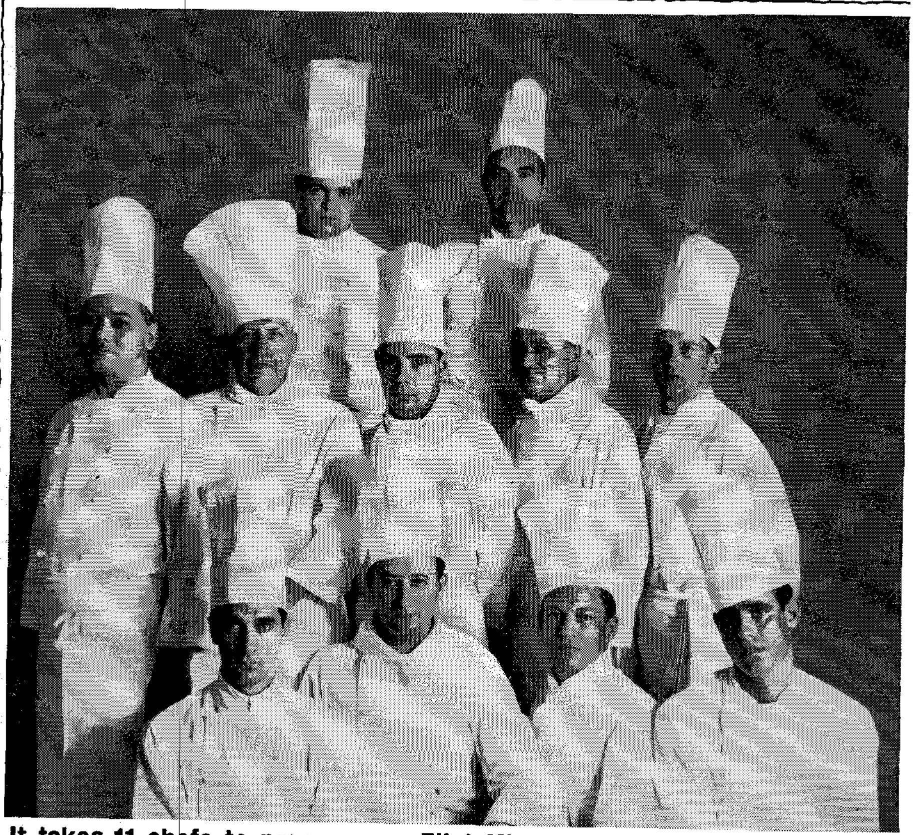
The whole future of television and sound broadcasting in Britain is under review at the moment by a Government-appointed committee of inquiry, under the chairmanship of Sir Harry Pilkington, which is not expected to come up for some time with the answers to the many questions involved—such as when color television, which the British have not yet got, will be introduced, and how far sound broadcasting can compete with the enormous expansion of TV. The burning question, as far as the general public's interest and curiosity are concerned, is whether the committee will recommend the setting up of a third television service in addition to the B.B.C. and the I.T.A., and, if so, who will run it. Various voices have been piping up to

Delightful...the superb nutty flavor of DRY SACK®

WILE
DRY SACK
SHERRY
Produced Shipped & Bottled by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
World-famous Spanish Sherries

WILE
Let this seal be your guide to quality



It takes 11 chefs to prepare one Filet Mignon Rossini at the Oak Room. Henri cuts the filet. Josef chops the truffles. Andre simmers the madeira. René keeps a watchful eye over them (and many other chefs as well). Don't let the waiter rush them...the Oak Room is no place to be in a hurry. Your filet, when it comes, comes on a silver platter. That was the job of our 11th chef. **The Plaza**
Hotel Corporation of America.

Alan Paine

Men's Doubles. Two handsome versions of the famous club-trim British cable sweater. At most fine stores. Pullover about $18, cardigan about $20.

In New York: **Lord & Taylor;** *Chicago:* **Capper and Capper;** *San Francisco:* **Robert Kirk, Ltd.** *For names of other fine stores, please write to: Frank L. Savage Inc. 17 East 37 Street, New York*

Membership and Hotel Reservations now being accepted for Spring & Summer Season 1961

THE Bath AND Tennis CLUB
Of Westhampton Beach, L. I.

Silver Sand Beach • Olympic Pool • Tennis • Sun Deck • Cabanas • Bath Cabins • Terrace Restaurant • Cocktail Lounge

CLUB and BOATEL APARTMENTS
1-2 & 3-Room Suites
Complete Hotel Service
Modified American Plan includes Breakfast & Dinner
Weekly, Monthly, Seasonal Rentals
THE YACHT BASIN PROVIDES COMPLETE MARINE FACILITIES
For Brochure and Rates, Write or Phone

Bath & Tennis Club,
562 Fifth Avenue, New York 36
JUdson 6-0800

aid the committee in its task with suggestions that the new service be given over entirely to education, to religious programs, or to the entertainment needs of special groups, such as the elderly or the troubling teen-agers. The National Association of Women's Clubs, nineteen thousand women strong, has just come out for having a possible third television authority given to the B.B.C., both because the B.B.C. does not have commercials, "which often appear to assume complete lack of intelligence on the part of the viewer," and also because, the Association implied, the B.B.C. was, by and large, the best guardian of the three and a half million children who are said to be rooted before someone's set of an afternoon. This sort of statement irks officials of the I.T.A., who point out that the B.B.C. also runs Westerns and the like, and that the I.T.A.'s own programs are careful to show juvenile audiences that violence does not pay. There are also plaintive and sensible requests from the three-quarters of a million, or thereabouts, people who live in the remote rural areas of Scotland and Wales, who mostly have no television service at all, and who hope that the Pilkington Committee will decide to send the existing ones their way before advising the creation of a brand-new third authority.

The whole progress of television in this country has beanstalked in recent years. The number of citizens who fork out four pounds a year to the state for a combined sound-and-television license now stands at over eleven million, as against less than half a million ten years ago. It is said that the enormous success of the Coronation television broadcast, in 1953, converted many who had been distinctly unenthusiastic. At one time, any Briton who told you that he did not own a TV set would do so in tones of self-satisfaction, as though the omission mysteriously put him above the herd, but this attitude has all but disappeared. It sometimes seems to have been replaced by a corresponding snobbery toward the I.T.A. network's programs, and this riles Independent Television viewers, who say that although popular tastes are certainly predominantly catered to, the more intellectual features are as high in quality as the ones on the B.B.C., and that in reporting current events the I.T.A.'s cameramen and commentators are frequently quicker off the mark than those of the older organization. You may remember that the I.T.A. was set up (through a fierce barrage of opposition from both Houses of Parliament)

Chryson's
ESTABLISHED 1925

OUTSTANDING
1961 ORIGINALS
CHRISTMAS CARDS

Now ready for selection by appointment in home privacy at summer discounts. Consult your local dealer in Chryson's products or write direct. A few dealerships available

CHRYSON'S, LTD.
510 South Shelton Street
Burbank 7, California

LONDON HOUSE
MICHIGAN AND WACKER
ANdover 3-6920

Chicago's finest prime steaks!

Returning May 9th Musical "Witchcraft" by
CY COLEMAN
AND HIS EXCITING TRIO
Never a cover or amusement charge!
Harold Quinn trio 'til May 7th

The house of quality food for the Epicurean
1341 THIRD AVE.
at 77th St., N. Y. C.
BU 8-2886
Carte Blanche, Diner's and American Express
SUN YAH

Convenient for theatregoers
Luncheon • Dinner
Specialities:
Soupe à l'oignon
Moules Mariniere
Rock Cornish Game Hen
A LA FOURCHETTE
CLOSED SUNDAY
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744

by the Television Act of 1954 as a public corporation to build the stations, which would be operated by contracting companies under the watchful eye and control of the Authority and be financed by commercials. These are also strictly regulated, being limited to six minutes in the hour, and sponsoring is forbidden.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, in his budget last week—which brought relief to the hard-pressed professional classes by sharply bumping up the figure at which a surtax starts being imposed on earned incomes—brought more muted but still grateful expressions of pleasure from the Labour benches (which naturally are politically opposed to private-enterprise television) by clamping a new ten-per-cent tax on TV advertising. This probably will not greatly discommode the I.T.A., which is booming, after two rocky years at the outset. It now controls thirteen companies and is about to set up a fourteenth, in North Wales. At the moment, the I.T.A., under the chairmanship of Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick—a former Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs who is also, on the side, the British president of the Channel Tunnel Study Group—has its headquarters in the house in Prince's Gate that used to be the residence of the American Ambassador (before the present splendiferous Regent's Park mansion was acquired), but it is moving shortly into a new block in Knightsbridge. The B.B.C. has been settled since last year in its own brand-new and certainly splendiferous Television Centre—a huge, circular office building, with studios attached, shining with glass and John Piper murals in the entrance hall—which towers over the surrounding landscape in Shepherd's Bush. The old, cramped Alexandra Palace studios in North London, where television first started in this country in 1936, now look as historic as a covered wagon.

The B.B.C., operating under the terms of its fourth Royal Charter, which is due to expire next year and will also be reviewed by the Pilkington Committee, is, of course, a non-profit organization, entirely financed, on both the sound and the television side, by the revenue received from the sale of licenses to the public. It is therefore permanently hard up in comparison with Independent Television. Its old reputation of being a stuffy outfit to work for has been further dispelled—as many people who do work for it say, with enthusiasm—since Hugh Carleton Greene, the broth-

LSP-2341
LIVING STEREO
Songs of Latin America
RCA Victor
The NORMAN LUBOFF Choir
Apasionada

Liltin'... Latin... Luboff!

The Norman Luboff Choir—one of this planet's most glorious vocal groups—interprets songs of the Latin-American continent with stunning effect! The Luboff stylings reveal new romance, splendor and fire in exotic beauties like Adiós and Perfidia. Magnetic listening . . . deliciously danceable! Enjoy these lighthearted sounds for spring in Living Stereo or Monaural Hi-Fi. RCA VICTOR

ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT THE COMPACT 33, THE NEWEST IDEA IN RECORDS.

The lighter Scotch...
with genuine Highland character

VAT 69

One Scotch Stands Out... *lighter, drier, smoother*

Imported by National Dist. Products Co., N.Y. Sole U. S. Distrs. Blended Scotch Whisky. 86.8 Proof.

KITCHEN GOT YOU IN A WHIRL?

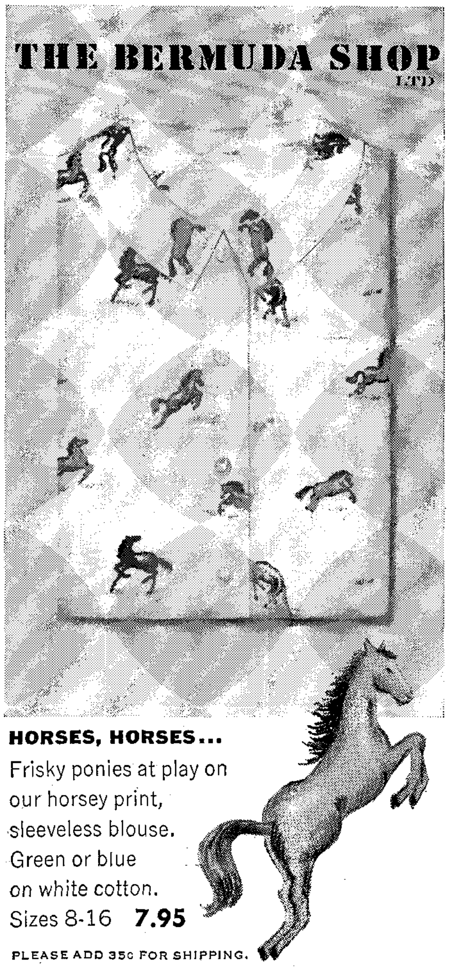
"Julian Hess Can Make It A Showplace"
JULIAN HESS Engineered Kitchens ®
Manhattan Showroom:
514 W. 181 St., N. Y. 33 • WAdsworth 8-6300

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

We warn you . . . you'll find Longchamps habit-forming. So many of our guests say "Longchamps" automatically when they want to dine well and enjoy a King Size drink. Seems nice people and nice atmosphere just naturally go together!

AT ALL
LONGCHAMPS
RESTAURANTS

THE BERMUDA SHOP
LTD



HORSES, HORSES...
Frisky ponies at play on
our horsey print,
sleeveless blouse.
Green or blue
on white cotton.
Sizes 8-16 **7.95**

PLEASE ADD 35c FOR SHIPPING.

545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

HOUSEHUNTING?

In an Unfamiliar City?

And have you heard of Homerica?

It's the company that works for the interests of the intercity home *buyer*. Tell us your family needs. We'll recommend the right suburbs and the right houses for you, based on facts gained from day-to-day research. No charge. Call or write for details.

HOMERICA INC.

52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, OR 9-5435
3460 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, DU 7-3111

Gaston
SUPERB CUISINE
FABULOUS WINE CELLAR
48 E. 49 ST., N.Y.C. ■ PLaza 5-4285

er of Graham Greene, became its director-general. Many people think that one of the best serious things put out by the B.B.C. is the first-rate weekly topical program "Panorama," which has been going since 1955. (The British, with their deep national instinct for continuity, like their favorite programs to be long-lived.) With Richard Dimbleby as its permanent compère, it uses a team of regular reporters (Robin Day, James Mossman, and Ludovic Kennedy among them), some of whose interviews have made national news in themselves—for instance, the program's sharp inquiries into internal trades-union affairs, which caused an uproar. If "Panorama" does not editorialize (being forbidden to do so by the B.B.C.'s rule of strict impartiality), it certainly points its acute, intelligent nose in a direction from which acute, intelligent viewers can often deduce which way the wind is blowing. Another quite outstanding B.B.C. topical feature is "Tonight," a quick-firing, topical magazine program built around current goings on, serious or cheerful, which gets regular audiences of eight million or so at six-forty-five every evening from Monday to Friday. "Tonight" is younger and livelier than "Panorama," seldom knows before 4 P.M. what it is finally going to look like that evening, and owes a great deal of its special flavor—as of something thought up by a few brilliant friends on the spur of the moment—to the personality of its compère, Cliff Michelmore, an amiably cherubic-looking man with a pleasant, casual manner and a lucid mind. His team of reporters, all young and bright, and the "Panorama" team have just done superior, informative jobs of explaining the two abortive rebellions—the Cuban and the Algerian—to the British during the extraordinary, historic ten days that began with a man in space and ended with the threat of men dropping out of the skies on Paris.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

"I'll never let you go," he murmured, and nuzzled her neck.
She bit his ear. "No, please, don't, ever."
Little did she know.—*From a short story by Constance Clarke Greene in the News.*

Oh, she knows a thing or two.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Blanding Mud Co., Silt, Colo.
Holy Family Snack Bar, Montreal, Canada.
The Rough Notes Co., Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.

IN GAY MONTREAL

Hotel Queen Elizabeth

A visit to this "Little Paris in North America" is just like a trip abroad. It's close to the Laurentians and everything you want to see and do. You'll enjoy The Queen Elizabeth, Montreal's newest hotel, each room with television and radio. Direct indoor passageway to our own garage, rail and airline terminals.

FREE GARAGE • FAMILY PLAN
Single from $9 • Double from $13
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL
HILTON RESERVATION OFFICE
LONGACRE 3-6900 IN N. Y. C.
or any Hilton Hotel-Carte Blanche welcome
A CNR HOTEL — OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

A Polynesian Paradise on New York's East Side

ISLAND FOOD AND
EXOTIC DRINKS
Luau 400
LUAU DINNERS and AFTER THEATER SUPPERS
Hal Aloma Trio (No Tax.)
400 E. 57TH STREET **EL 5-6555**
FREE PARKING

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
QUO VADIS
Luncheon·Cocktails·Dinner
26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
TEMPLETON 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
13 E.55TH
PL 3-7296
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS

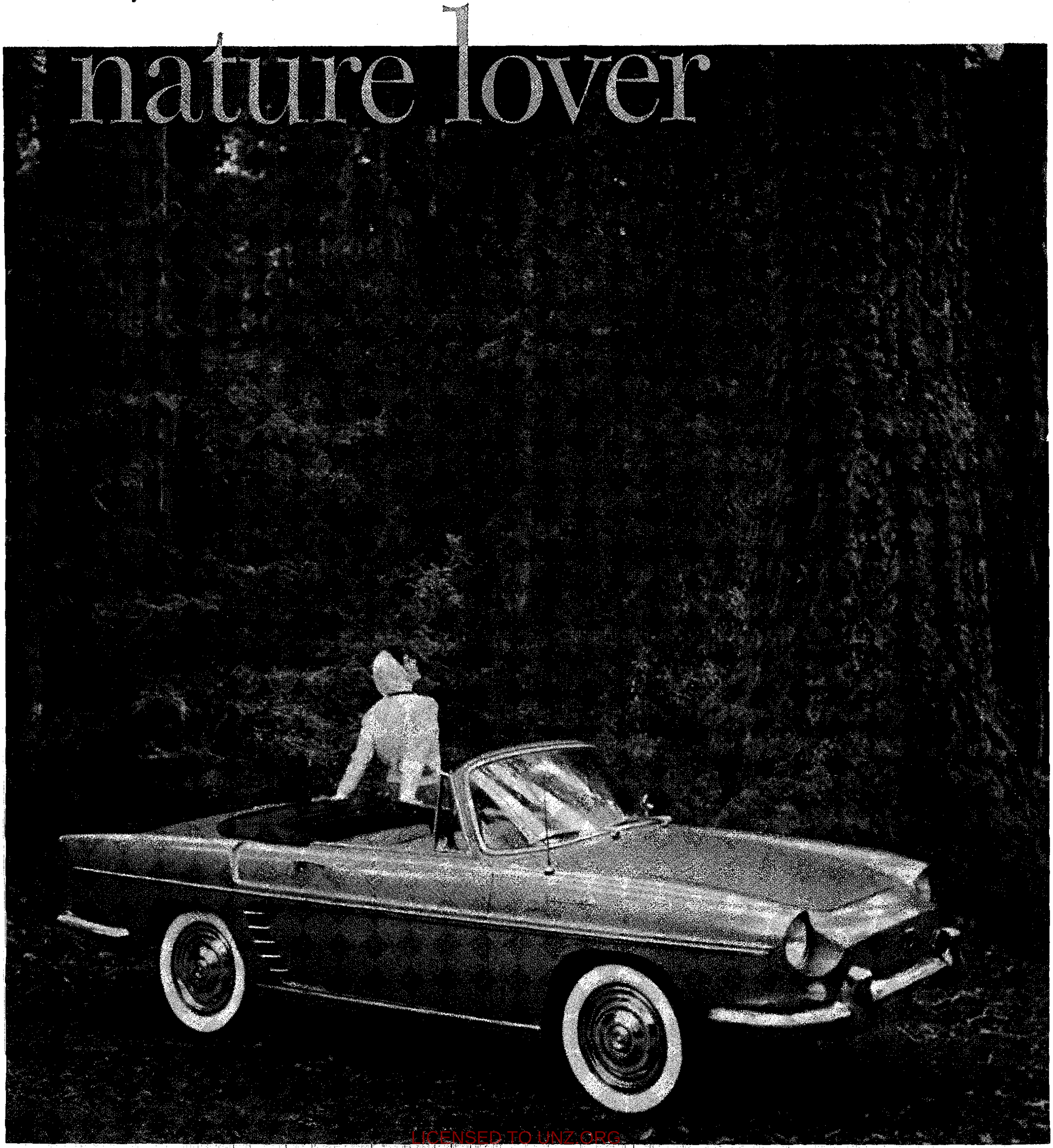
the finest in Italian food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55 ST.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6-5950

SINCE 1898

Get back to nature in the Renault Caravelle—the car that embodies the same purity of design that distinguishes the works of nature. / This is the car for a man to explore in. To penetrate the forest primeval in. To maneuver woodlands handily in. To glide over ruts and furrows smoothly in (thanks to the rugged and perfectly poised suspension system). / And it's a car to enjoy the open road in, too. Hugs the surface surely. Rides calmly. Handles easily. And delivers up to 40 miles to the gallon. / Nature's rich colorings and simple elegance are echoed again in the luxurious interior, handsome finish and deluxe appointments. / Get back to nature in the car that's a natural. Available as a hard-top sports coupe, or as a soft-top convertible with an optional hard top. Also, new 12 month or 12,000 mile (whichever comes first) warranty. At your nearby Renault Dealer.

Renault, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

RENAULT
caravelle

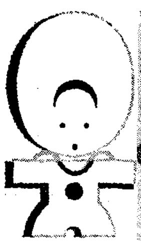


SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 80 PROOF
CUP
2/3
1/3

Strawberries Romanoff, page 17; "The Gourmet's Guide"

The delightful *difference* is Cointreau!

Take this recipe, for example. It is Strawberries Romanoff, a delightful yet simple dessert. On page 17 of our "Gourmet's Guide" you find that the magic touch is your use of Cointreau Liqueur. Do write us for a free copy and look at the other 48 recipes for main dishes, desserts and drinks. Cordials by Cointreau—all 20 of them, will open up for you a new approach to entertaining. Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof, produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.



THE GOURMET'S GUIDE

MUSICAL EVENTS

Spring Tonic

THE American Ballet Theatre, which last fall, on the eve of its recent European tour, seemed to have fallen into a somewhat ragged condition, opened its spring season at the Broadway Theatre last week in very good condition indeed. Apparently its long sojourn overseas, which included numerous performances in Russia, had provided the rehearsal time, the polishing, and the continuous performing activity that were necessary to whip it into first-class shape, and its first three evenings, which I attended, showed it to be again up to the high standard it has maintained in many past seasons. The corps de ballet had regained its precision and discipline, the lesser dancers went through their paces with vigor and grace, and the stars shone brilliantly. Among these, Erik Bruhn and Maria Tallchief stood out anew as perhaps the most magnificent pair of leading dancers to be found anywhere today in the ballet world. And the scintillating Lupe Serrano, in her own lyric and glittering way, was scarcely a step behind them. Added to these formidable figures were the striking male lead Scott Douglas; the remarkably elegant Royes Fernandez, whose style tends to be softer; and a number of others, including a Danish newcomer named Toni Lander, who proved to be very pretty and very competent. The only glaring weaknesses in the performances I witnessed were in the orchestra, which, I imagine, was newly assembled for the occasion, and which, especially in the woodwinds, lacked the finesse that would have come from more adequate rehearsal.

There were two premières, one of them a resuscitation, by Frederick Franklin, of an old Balanchine sequence, now rechristened "Grand Pas—Glazunov" and done for the first time by this company, and the other an entirely new venture into jazz ballet, called "Points on Jazz" and choreographed by Dania Krupska to a score by Dave Brubeck. The former, a fairly conventional essay in bravura, with the customary series of variations, was

old world! Alpine-styled shorts in cotton gab

Authentic details right down to the cuffs. Flapped double pockets front and rear, adjustable double ring sash belt. Shorter length for comfort in action. Bone, bronze, olive, tan, French blue. Washable cotton gaberdine, 28 to 40. By Cisco. 7.95

wallachs

14 Fine Stores for Men

Mail orders to 323 E. 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Exhilarating living . . . hospitality at this informal, luxurious resort, where the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers meet.

Heated swimming pool, golf, tennis, dancing. 20 well-stocked fishing lakes. Pollen-free air. From $13.50 a day per person, American Plan. Reached by steamer or highway from Montreal.

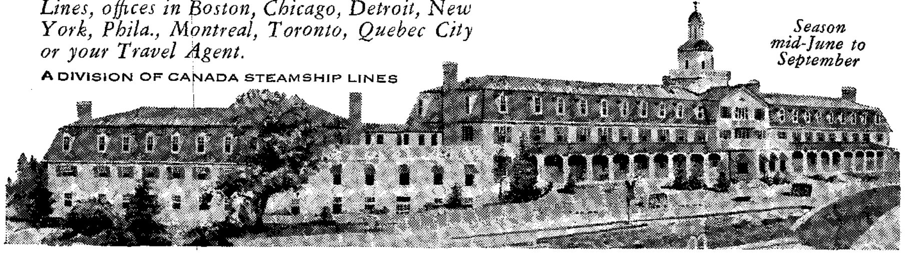
Apply J. A. Ouellette, Mgr., Dept. A, Box 100, Montreal, Que., or Canada Steamship Lines, offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Phila., Montreal, Toronto, Quebec City or your Travel Agent.

A DIVISION OF CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

HOTEL TADOUSSAC *and* FISHING LAKES

TADOUSSAC, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, CANADA

Season mid-June to September



Dear Boss
Thanks for buying me VIONATE for PETS. Most folks don't realize dogs need vitamins & minerals every day just like people.
(signed) MORTIMER

ONLY 89¢ for 8-oz. size at pet shops or pharmacies

As Mortimer knows, Vionate for Pets contains *21* essential vitamins and minerals in a new, higher potency, better tasting formula. Simply mix with food to help promote healthy skin and coat, sound teeth and bones, vigorous long life. Wonderful for cats and birds, too.

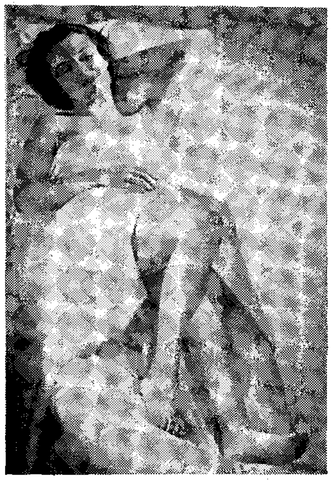
VIONATE® for PETS

VIONATE ® is a Squibb trademark

SQUIBB—A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

APRIL 24 TO MAY 20
ERSKINE HAWKINS QUARTET
APRIL 24 TO MAY 6
EDDIE HEYWOOD TRIO
MAY 8 TO MAY 20
TEDDY WILSON TRIO
MAY 22 TO JULY 1
JONAH JONES QUARTET

FAMOUS FOR
ROAST BEEF • STEAKS • BARBECUED RIBS
EMBERS
DINNER FROM 5:30 P.M. OPEN TO 4 A.M.
161 E. 54TH ST., N. Y. C. PL 9-3228



have you tried TOTAL RELAXATION?

Banish boredom and snap back to zestful living with a course of baths in world famous Hot Springs radioactive thermal waters. For descriptive literature, request Folder A —write *R. E. McEachin, General Manager, Hot Springs, Arkansas.*

In New York, Call **MU 8-0123** 532 Madison Avenue

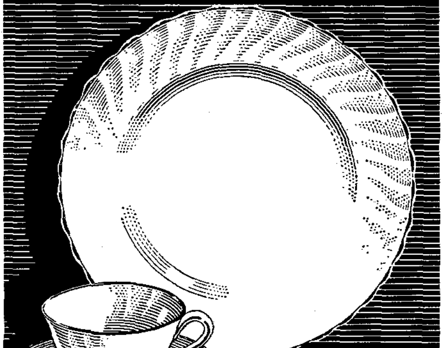
In Chicago, Call **MO 4-5100** 505 N. Michigan Avenue

THE Arlington HOTEL • BATHS

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK
ARKANSAS

Tuscan

ENGLAND'S MOST FASHIONABLE BONE CHINA



DOVER
Five piece
place setting,
about $12.

Send 10c for the complete Tuscan pattern color brochure to:

EBELING & REUSS CO.
Fifth & Locust Sts., Philadelphia 6, Penna.

CAPITAL

Trenton is New Jersey's capital. State democracy provides steady employment for many. One good reason why Trenton has a stable economy, a higher than average income per household ($8315). In Trenton, 19 out of 20 households take the **TRENTON TIMES**

Represented by Sawyer-Ferguson-Walker

wholly pleasing and offered plenty of opportunities for display by Miss Lander and Mr. Fernandez. The latter had a somewhat vague narrative line concerning a boy (Mr. Douglas), a girl (Elizabeth Carroll), and "the other woman" (Sallie Wilson), and attempted the difficult feat of combining standard ballet with the bumps, grinds, and other uninhibited pelvic features of the popular dance as we know it from Broadway and the television set. Though the piece had an agreeable amount of youthful exuberance, I did not find this combination entirely satisfactory. The two idioms did not really mix very well—not as well, in fact, as they have done in more sharply plotted works of the sort by Jerome Robbins. The Broadway elements, lacking the easily grasped pantomime of the Robbins works, and presented as ingredients of an all but abstract ballet, seemed slightly out of place. And the Brubeck score, which consisted of pleasant but rather restrained popular music (it even contained a waltz), had neither the forcefulness of pure jazz nor the elegance of good ballet music.

Most of the pleasure I had from the three evenings I attended came from the old familiar productions. Agnes de Mille's "Rodeo" remained a highly successful essay in American ballet, largely because Miss de Mille is a woman of the theatre who knows the importance of plots, psychology, and humor as well as movement. On the classical side, there were quite a number of really stunning performances. Among these were the opening night's Grand Pas de Deux from "Don Quixote," with Miss Serrano and Mr. Fernandez in top form; the second night's "Swan Lake," in which Miss Tallchief and Mr. Bruhn danced with supreme eloquence; the same night's "The Combat," with which Miss Serrano and Mr. Douglas brought down the house (this was perhaps Miss Serrano's most brilliant performance of the week); and the third night's presentation of that wonderful bit of pure old-fashioned virtuosity, the Black Swan Pas de Deux, in which Miss Tallchief and Mr. Bruhn again reached a point of athleticism and grace unsurpassed within recent memory.

Where modern works are concerned, a prize of some sort should, I think, go to Birgit Cullberg's "Miss Julie," the tragic ballet about August Strindberg's sinister butler and wayward aristocratic lady, which reappeared on opening night. I have seen a number of performances of it, and it has continued to strike me as one of the greatest narra-

prestige collection
for 1961
★
Christmas cards of
classic originality
★
resident
representative
in most cities
★
private presentation
by appointment

Carel Carter
CARDS FOR CHRISTMAS

inquiry is invited

CAREL CARTER
1950 North Fairfield, Chicago 47

GIVE...OR ENJOY AT HOME

FAMOUS STEAKS

served by America's luxury restaurants

pfaelzer PRIME FILET MIGNON

You can't buy them in *any* market. Pfaelzer's U.S. Prime filet mignon is served in America's finest restaurants, hotels and clubs. Tender and flavorful . . . aged to mellow perfection. Quick-frozen; perfect arrival is guaranteed! Railway Express Prepaid to Continental U.S.A.

Box of 16 filet mignons 6 oz. ea., 1¼" thick $33

Write for free gift booklet.

pfaelzer Brothers (pronounced FELZER)

Dept. YE Chicago 9, Illinois YArds 7-7100

APPLETON ESTATE

A DAGGER
Jamaica Rum

86 PROOF • SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

86th ST. Brauhaus

GOOD BAVARIAN FOOD
LUNCH • DINNER • COCKTAILS
YODELING • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
SCHNITZELBANK EVERY NIGHT
IMPORTED BEERS ON DRAUGHT
249 E. 86 (bt. 2nd-3rd) LE 4-9840

tive ballets of our time. Miss Cullberg herself has never seemed to be able to equal it in her other productions. It has everything a ballet of its type should have: a powerful and gripping story that is entirely expressible in terms of movement; opportunities for the most haunting characterizations and the most expressive sort of dancing; and a beautiful score (by Ture Rangstrom) that deftly underlines its psychological development and never obscures its theatrical values. The other night's performance of "Miss Julie" was the most memorable in my experience. Miss Tallchief, whom I was seeing for the first time in the title role, brought an entirely new sense of strength and poignancy to the character. As the butler, Mr. Bruhn, who in classical ballet is inevitably limited to the narrow range of leaps and postures that fall to the lot of the *danseur noble*, finds scope for all his talents, which include not only an unmatched physical technique but the stage presence and dramatic insight of a great theatrical personality. The lesser roles—particularly the cook (danced by Sallie Wilson) and the drunken peasant (danced by Basil Thompson)—were also magnificently done. I found the result quite thrilling, and if your memory wanders back through landmarks in twentieth-century ballet of the narrative type, I beg you to consider "Miss Julie" as one of them. To my mind, it is a masterpiece. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

LIFE IN THE AMERICAN DESERT

[*Hedda Hopper in the Los Angeles Times*]

Called on Clare Luce in her beautiful home off the golf course. Her two toy poodles get their kicks by picking up balls and bringing them home to mama. She with two friends were deep in mosaics. She showed me one she'd made of a medieval madonna, perfectly beautiful and it was 7 ft. long. She's donating it to her parish church. They were making a huge star to decorate the pool house. She plans to stay there until end of May. One thing she misses is deep-sea diving. Her bedroom is in her favorite shade of blue. Hanging on the wall was original Time cover of Pope Pius XII. Before leaving she said, "I know Henry will want to see you," and opened his bedroom door. There he was sleeping peacefully like a cherub. We didn't disturb him.

•

Dispensing with the reading of annual reports, because of the intense heat, Mrs. Richard F. Phillips, outgoing president, received a round of applesauce from the membership.—*San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal.*

It's hot outside and it's hot inside.

Give her a chinchilla and a Paper:Mate pen
Lady Capri
$2.95

©1961, THE PAPER MATE CO. PAPER MATE and CAPRI, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐1 YEAR; ☐2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00
Canada, Latin America and Spain	1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

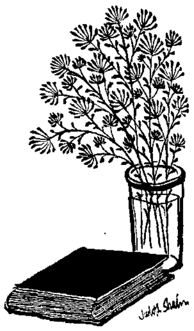
NAME________________________________

ADDRESS________________________________

(Please include postal zone number)

BOOKS

To Everyone, with Love



ONE simple and surprisingly reliable test for the well-wrought novel is to examine the last few sentences of each chapter. If the work is carefully constructed according to the best modern canons, these concluding sentences more often than not will have the air of omens and portents. Generally and loosely speaking, the meticulous author will rise almost to poetry as he extracts significance from the occurrences of the chapter, and then he will add, by way of diminuendo, a simple statement of action, totally irrelevant to all that has gone before, which assumes, by virtue of its position at the end of the chapter, a mysterious importance all its own. Possibly an extreme example, which I have invented for purposes of illustration, will convey more than analysis:

> Each man seeks his own Golden Fleece, he thought. For some men it is fame, for others, wealth, for still others, lust, and for a very few, perhaps—death. Jason knelt and began rapidly to buckle his galoshes.

Judged against the high standard implicit in this test, Iris Murdoch's "A Severed Head" (Viking) has to be given very good grades. It must be admitted that, compared to some of her contemporaries, Miss Murdoch is a shade deficient in the easy extraction of significances, but when it comes to poetic elevation, and to final sentences that descend in a positive glory of irrelevance, she is competent indeed. At the end of the sixth chapter we find:

> I shuddered and turned to the doorway. It was quite dark outside now. The snow fell, invisible save in the light from the window, into the depths of its own sleep. Rosemary began to play another verse.

Rosemary's music has no bearing whatever on preceding events. No matter. Rosemary never touches a piano again. She needn't. Her one appearance at the keyboard is sufficient to sound a note of gentle melancholy for the past, and to shadow forth, vaguely, a premonition of future sorrows.

But the author is by no means limited to the wistful in her chapter endings. A grubby and altogether modern effect of futility and despair is splendidly struck off at the end of Chapter 10:

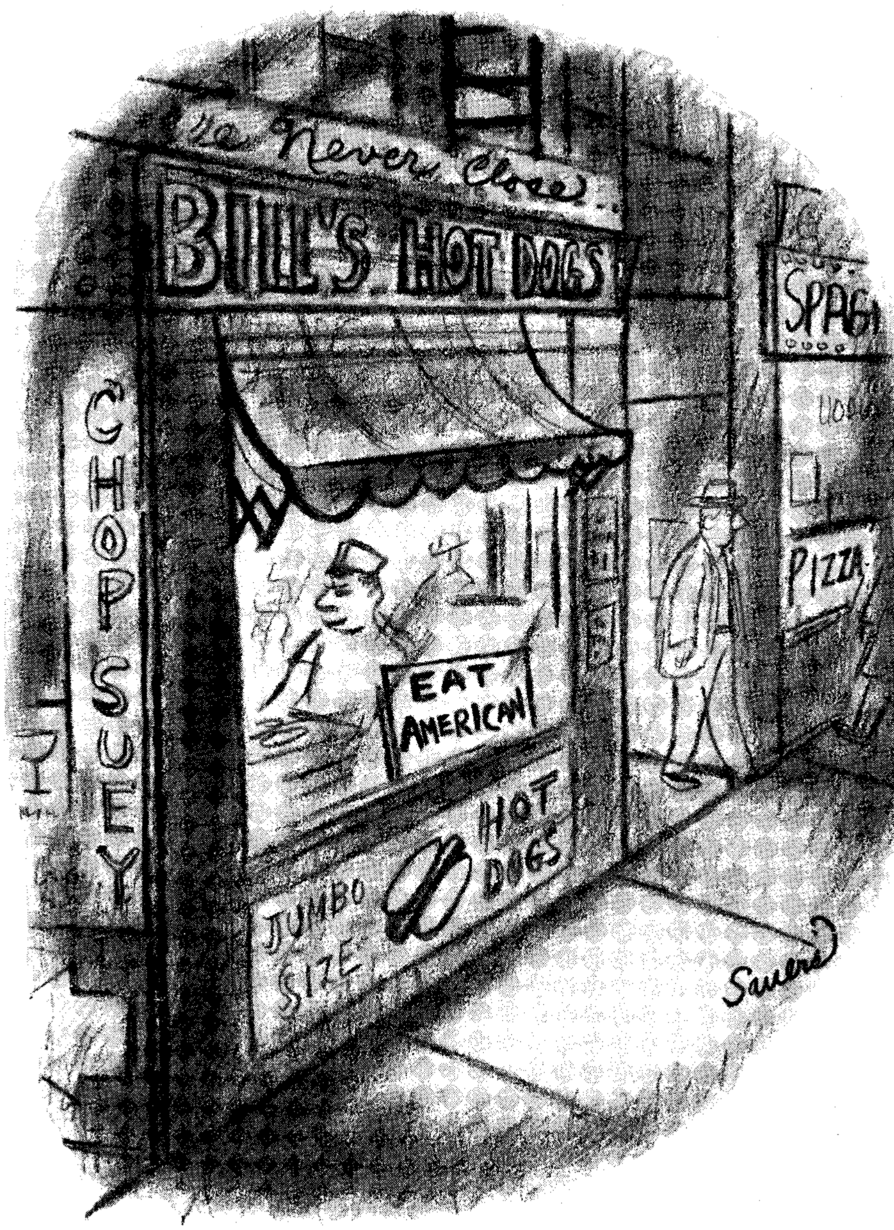
> I leaned on the mantelpiece and began to stroke one of the cockatoos. The gritty dust came off on my hand.

And for reverberating portentousness it would be hard to find a match for the conclusion to Chapter 9:

> She turned towards me and suddenly smiled, revealing strong white teeth, her eyes narrowing further to two black luminous slits. She said, "With me people pay as they earn. You have been patient. Good morning, Mr. Lynch-Gibbon." She opened the door.

She opened the door. The subdued click of its latch echoes down the empty remainder of the page and resonates in the consciousness. She opened the door. What, metaphorically speaking, does her action imply? The muse is noncommittal, and the matter remains wrapped in mystery. All we know, and all we need to know, is merely: she opened the door.

The promise of these sampled endings is abundantly fulfilled by the novel in its entirety. Miss Murdoch is indeed a conscientious craftswoman. The texture of her work is of an intricacy and closeness that all but defy synopsis. Let me, though, make the desperate attempt. The hero and narrator of the book is Martin Lynch-Gibbon, a London wine merchant. As the narrative begins, he is happily married to a lady named Antonia, who looks nearly old enough to be his mother. He is just as happily involved with a young woman



"Revives the whole atmosphere of English writing in the nineteenth century. . . . Quite magnificent."
– *Howard Mumford Jones*

THE GOLDEN KEY *A Study of the Fiction of George MacDonald*

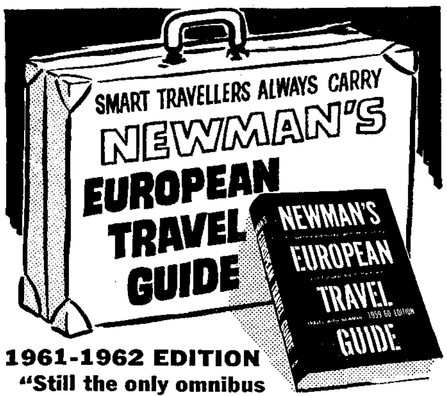
Robert Lee Wolff rediscovers one of the most astonishing and controversial literary figures of Victorian England, remembered today as the author of such fairy tales as *The Princess and the Goblin* and *At the Back of the North Wind*. $6.00

"About time we had a book of this kind! Wonderful!" — *Zero Mostel*

MODERN FRENCH THEATRE
from Giraudoux to Beckett

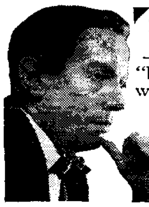
Jacques Guicharnaud, with June Beckelman, presents in review the revolutionary French theatre which has given us *Rhinoceros*, *Waiting For Godot*, and *Becket* — a brilliant and sensitive interpretation of the leading ideas and the theatrical techniques of Giraudoux, Cocteau, Claudel, Montherlant, Anouilh, Salacrou, Sartre, Camus, Ionesco, and Beckett. $4.75

Yale University Press,
New Haven, Connecticut
YA
LE



1961-1962 EDITION
"Still the only omnibus guide to all Western Europe of any solid value to the average American tourist." —N. Y. Herald Tribune (Paris edition)
17 maps • Pocket size • $5.95 • HARPER

Open Sat. for lunch and dinner, Sun. after 5.
RESTAURANT
Laurent
We Park
Your Car
at Dinner
111 East 56th St. • PLaza 3-2730



TYNAN
"belongs to that select company which includes Hazlitt and Shaw, Beerbohm and Montague."
– *N. Y. Herald Tribune.*
CURTAINS, just published, contains his best writing about plays and players.
507 pages. $7.95. ATHENEUM

named Georgie Hands, who is almost young enough to be his daughter. But this comprehensive happiness is no sooner established than it is destroyed. For Antonia informs Martin that she is in love with her psychiatrist, an American named Palmer Anderson, and that she requires a divorce. Since Antonia is a motherly, possessive kind of woman and Palmer a psychiatrist of the sort who demands that everyone deeply *understand* everyone else, they coax Martin to remain their dearest friend, a course of conduct in which he weakly acquiesces. Indeed, when Palmer comes down with a cold, Martin is kind enough to go to the station and meet the psychiatrist's half sister, a lady anthropologist named Honor Klein. She finds Martin contemptible and he finds her detestable, but after socking her jaw in a fit of drunken rage he falls deeply in love with her. Pursuing this new amour to Cambridge, he discovers her in bed with Palmer, who is, it will be recalled, her half brother. Martin considerately keeps this discovery to himself, but the affair between Antonia and Palmer comes to an end, and things return to the status quo ante.

Yet only temporarily. For now Martin's brother, a sculptor named Alexander, makes off with Martin's mistress, Georgie. Then Antonia elopes with Alexander. Then Palmer leaves for America with Georgie. And now Martin, with the incestuous Honor Klein—but a sudden doubt assails me. Has the reader been following all this? No? Perhaps, then, the best way to clarify these multiple couplings is to forsake chronology and arrange them in tabular form:

1. Martin-Antonia
2. Martin-Georgie
3. Martin-Honor
4. Palmer-Antonia
5. Palmer-Georgie
6. Palmer-Honor
7. Alexander-Antonia
8. Alexander-Georgie

A glance at the list will make it clear that Miss Murdoch has been very housewifely in the employment of her materials. When a romantic interlude is completed, any "leftovers" are thriftily preserved until they can be used in a new combination to yield another dish. To be sure, a niggling reader might protest that Miss Murdoch has not included an alliance between Honor and Alexander, but such an objection must strike the impartial critic as distinctly uncharitable, particularly since the author was nice enough to overturn the tables of consanguinity in order to

The new poem by Nobel Prize winner

St.-John Perse

CHRONIQUE

The Swedish Academy called CHRONIQUE "a prophetic appeal to Europe to consider the fatal moment, the turning point in the course of historical events."

Limited edition, in French and English translation by Robert Fitzgerald. Includes a bibliography of Perse's work in French and in translation.
$3.00

A new edition of his epic poem of the new world

WINDS

Translated by HUGH CHISHOLM. French and English texts on facing pages. $3.00

Other volumes by St.-John Perse available in Bollingen Series:

EXILE AND OTHER POEMS	$2.00
ÉLOGES AND OTHER POEMS	$2.00
SEAMARKS	$3.50
WINDS (deluxe 9 x 12)	$5.00

Published for
BOLLINGEN FOUNDATION
by Pantheon Book, Inc.,
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14

Cotillion room
STANLEY MELBA PRESENTS
Cole Porter's
"ANYTHING GOES"
directed by Dolores Pallet
STARRING
Jimmy Carroll Larry Douglas
Wilbur Evans Betty Madigan
Marie Santell
Orchestra conducted by
Jimmy Carroll alternating with
Phil Wayne Trio
•
Dinner show nightly—9:30
Supper Show Fri. & Sat.—12:15
Cover charge $3.00 after 9:30
Closed Mondays
GOGI is your Host
Hotel Pierre
TEmpleton 8-8000
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET

How thousands SLEEP BETTER —day or night

For over 25 years, *SLEEP SHADE* —with its unique design—has provided the complete darkness needed for sound sleep. Over 2 million have been sold because *SLEEP SHADE* provides absolute comfort and satisfaction. Price $1.50.

Insist on this package when buying Sleep Shade

Insist on this package when buying ear stops.

For another sleep aid, try soft, re-usable *SLEEPWELL EAR STOPS* to banish noises. 25c a pair. Five pairs $1.00.

If your Drug or Department Store cannot supply you, we will mail, postage prepaid, immediately on receipt of your remittance. Full refund if not completely satisfied.

SLEEP SHADE COMPANY
828 Mission St., Dept. N-1, P.O. Box 968, San Francisco, Calif.

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095 · 9773

couple Honor and Palmer. Besides, this list itemizes only *explicit* sexual conjunctions. It must be noted, in addition, that the hero acknowledges a vague homosexual leaning toward Palmer and dreams a mildly incestuous dream of his own sister, Rosemary, who is a subsidiary character and does not appear on the chart above. Moreover, Miss Murdoch does not deal in a hasty, slapdash manner with any of these transitory romances. On the contrary, she assiduously chronicles the responses of each principal character to each new alliance, and carefully analyzes the effect upon the group as a whole. Indeed, if the novel does have a flaw or two, the responsibility must lie with just this scrupulous rendering of a perpetual flux of relationships.

In order to keep analytically abreast of developments, Miss Murdoch devotes pages at a stretch to this sort of ratiocination:

> Yet I had behaved well. That, at least, had emerged, and was indeed the main thing that had been, almost with a gentle insistence, established. I had taken it well; and a warm radiance of gratitude for this was continually perceptible, in which, deprived of other comforts, I was invited abjectly to bask. It was the inevitability of just such basking which I was now in process of running away from. I had lost the moment of action; this I felt with, at times, a terrible fierceness of regret: although it was by no means clear to me what that lost action might have been. It was evident, in a way that was now almost consoling and now scarcely bearable, that Antonia and Palmer were very much in love. The revelation of their love and my compliance with it, indeed as I bitterly reflected virtually my blessing upon it, had released in both of them a frenetic gaiety. I had never seen them so gay, so vital, so absolutely flaunting their colours. They seemed now in spirit to be always waltzing. Against such a force I could hardly, I told myself, have prevailed. Yet, I felt too, if I had only somehow tried, if I had known how to try, in the face of her soft determination and her quick gratitude, to keep Antonia, even if I had failed, one particular nagging misery would now be absent. I had been cheated of some moment of violence, of some special though perhaps fruitless movement of will and power; and for this at least I would never forgive them.
>
> It was ironical, I reflected as I sat in the train, that a week ago I had seemed in secure possession of two women; now I was likely to be in possession of neither. It was not clear to me whether the rupture with Antonia had not in some mysterious way also killed my relation to Georgie, as if these two growths had, so far from competing, strangely nourished each other. I was far from sure of this, however, and my thoughts warily, even shyly, kept returning inconclusively to the image of my mistress. I had not communicated with Georgie since the day of the revelation, and since the thing was not yet common knowledge, she was still presumably ig-

GOURMETS! GARDENERS!
OUTDOOR ENTHUSIASTS! PHOTOGRAPHERS!
"the MUSHROOM HUNTER'S FIELD GUIDE"

Latest, authoritative guide to finding and identifying over 100 edible and inedible varieties

Here is a practical and authoritative guide to successful mushroom-hunting—written in plain language by a University of Michigan scientist who knows his mushrooms. Aided by 155 superb photographs, Prof. Alexander H. Smith tells when, where and how to spot over 120 edible and poisonous varieties—and provides keys that insure identification in a matter of minutes. To get started on this fascinating hobby, send $4.95 today for your postpaid "Mushroom Hunter's Field Guide." Full refund if you decide to return the book within 7 days.
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS
Dept. 109D, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Lake Morey Inn and Club
FAIRLEE, VERMONT

Vermont's #1 Vacation Address opens June 10. Reserve now! All sports. 18-hole golf course. Water skiing. Good food. All the extras. Color folder. Frank E. Ward, Mgr., FEderal 3-4311. N.Y. Rep.: A. B. Gifford, 11 W. 42nd St., CH 4-3266.

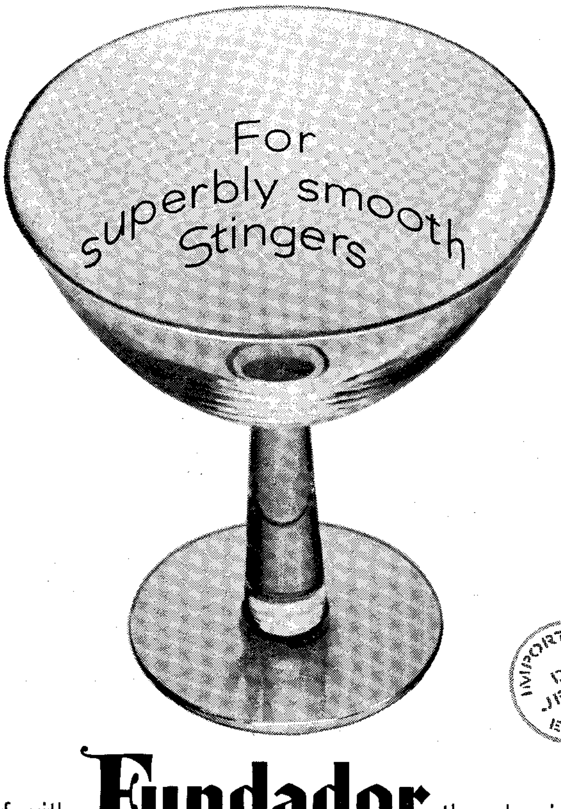
SUNDAY in New York starts with a delightful BRUNCH in Central Park at the Elmtree Room
TAVERN ON THE GREEN
Served from noon to 4 P. M. $2.75
FREE PARKING • TR 3-3200
TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN in Central Park at West 67th Street

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

norant of the change in my situation. I did not look forward to telling her. It was not a time at which I felt well able to have things expected of me; and as I speculated and wondered about what exactly Georgie *would* expect, it occurred to me how little, after all, I knew her. That she would vulgarly press me to marry her was of course out of the question. It was a matter rather of how far and how she would, in her turn, let me off; it was also a matter of whether I wanted to be let off. It was an additional, and when I attended to it a terrible, pain that if in this new situation either Georgie or I "flagged" we would be betraying and indeed destroying a precious and tender relation which in secrecy and ambiguity had so much flourished. I needed Georgie, I loved her, I felt I could not possibly, especially now, do without her. Yet I did not quite see myself marrying her. Still, it was, I reflected, far too soon to know.

Henry James, an author who springs lightly to mind, once observed that the first duty of the literary artist is to be interesting. If a reader is to care about motives and attitudes, he must care about the characters who exhibit them. In his own crafty exploration of human relationships, James saw to it that each new development of friendship, enmity, or love led the reader toward a gradually riper understanding of the people involved and a constantly deeper interest in them. Miss Murdoch's analysis gives promise of the same accomplishment, as the passage just quoted might indicate, but this promise is betrayed by the headlong pace of her little game of musical beds. The spiritual waltzing of the lovers, the apostrophic "flagging" of Georgie, the narrator's speculation on his mistress's expectations—these things prove to be not important insights, or even preludes to insights, but merely indications of where a number of shifting entanglements momentarily stand. The characters succeed in shedding light on the state of their relationships, but their relationships offer little reciprocal illumination. Consequently, there is some danger that the reader might not greatly care what they do or feel; he might look upon all this analysis with the eye of cold incomprehension, as one might look upon a letter from a stranger that tells exhaustively of the network of the emotions that accompany the intricate couplings and uncouplings of other total strangers.

Moreover, by adhering to a rigid timetable of romantic arrivals and departures, Miss Murdoch seriously jeopardizes the substance of her novel. There are strong indications that she means to strike a vivid contrast between Martin's entanglements with Antonia and Georgie, on the one hand, and his passion for Honor, on the other. His relations with his wife and mistress are



Pedro Domecq
FUNDADOR BRANDY

IMPORTADO DE JEREZ ESPAÑA

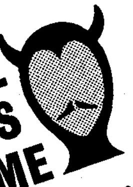
Favor yourself with **Fundador** the classic brandy of Spain. What full-bodied flavor, what richness! Yet incomparably smooth, in a cordial, a cocktail, or a Coffee Royale. **Pedro Domecq** Spanish Brandies, 86 proof. Imported by Canada Dry Corporation, New York, N. Y.

A jubilant new tale of adventure by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author of THE TRAVELS OF JAIMIE McPHEETERS

ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR'S A JOURNEY TO MATECUMBE

$5.95, now at your bookstore

McGRAW-HILL



A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

THE DEVIL WAS HANDSOME

and so was the chief suspect—but he mystified the Granchester C.I.D. with a baffling alibi. "Admirable: suspense without frenzy. Altogether grand." —DOROTHY SALISBURY DAVIS

by Maurice Procter

$3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

TIMING

Teddy Roosevelt made a speech in 1917 in which he said: "Nine-tenths of wisdom consists in being wise in time." He was talking politics, but he might have been talking about investing.

Consider. You want to enjoy a comfortable standard of living after you retire. Only a fortunate few are likely to find that a pension and Social Security will suffice. Most people have to make some preparations on their own—and, of course, the sooner they make those preparations, the better off they are likely to be in the long run. Investing in good growth stocks now (changing to income stocks after retirement) is one way of "being wise in time."

Perhaps you have already bought securities as a preparation for later years. It's still a good idea to keep close track of their performance and sell any that don't come up to expectations. If you'd like to have your holdings reviewed by our Research Department, without charge or obligation, just let us know. That's another way of "being wise in time."

We don't want ever to be accused of making investing sound like child's play, but neither do we want to overemphasize its difficulties. If you're looking for stocks to buy with an eye to retirement, why not ask for a copy of "*20 Stocks for Long-Term Investment*"? And if you already own stocks and would like our Research Department's view of the outlook for various industries, send for "*Guide for Investors.*" There's no charge for our investment help—and no obligation. Address—

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH
INCORPORATED
Members New York Stock Exchange
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
LONDON.........110 Fenchurch Street
PARIS..................7 Rue de la Paix
142 offices in U. S., Canada and abroad

marked by lechery, fine feelings, and sociability, whereas his love for Honor is offered as a veritable convulsion of the soul. He finds that she looms "vast across my way as the horizon itself or the spread wings of Satan." He thinks of himself "as in every sense lost, sunk without trace in a love which now seemed tinged with insanity." Having once but merely touched Honor, he thinks of himself as "cursed for life, like men who have slept with temple prostitutes and, visited by a goddess, cannot touch a woman after." On one occasion he actually flings himself at her feet in an attitude of adoration. But when the schedule calls for a switch of partners, Martin simply ignores the revolution of his spirit and responds in this fashion: "With a hideous rush, like blood returning to a crushed limb, I was invaded by my old love for Georgie." One can find structural reasons for this. As narrator, Martin is the nub and center of the book. Without his responses and meditations, the shuffling of couples would appear as mechanical as the antics of so many windup toys. But by responding as he does he destroys any effective contrast between his profound passion and his lighter attachments. The bones of his literary function show through his inadequate flesh. He becomes an increasingly implausible character, and the novel seems correspondingly deficient in point.

These minor reservations, though, must not blind us to the real achievement of "A Severed Head." For its size and weight, it contains an astonishing number of carefully wrought and involute relations. Indeed, perhaps never in the course of humane letters have so many intimacies been so variously accomplished by so few.

—Donald Malcolm

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

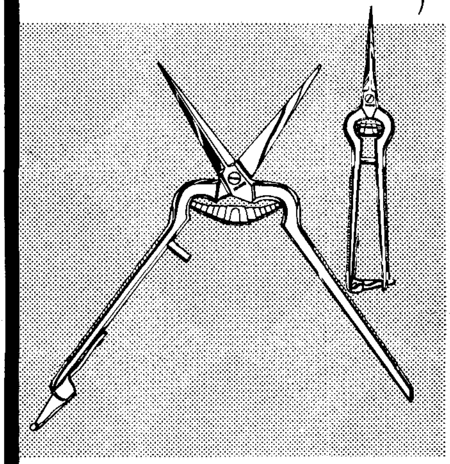
[*From the University of California Daily Californian*]

Wreckage from some of the most famous maritime disasters of recent times is now on display in the northeast lobby of Kroeber Hall.

The display features a fragment of machinery from the Italian liner Andrea Doria, sunk in collision with the liner Stockholm on July 25, 1956, and the only remaining fragment of the American schooner Hesperus which went down Dec. 16, 1839.

The exhibition is the result of the work of the University of California Maritime Expedition in 1960 which concentrated its research on the East Coast of the United States. The group is financed by the Public Relations Department of the National Association of American Airlines.

How to Outsmart a Lobster



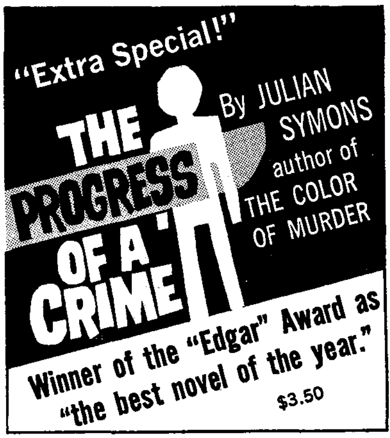
Do you always lose pitched battles with this calcified crustacean? Arm yourself with these smart Lobstershears — snip shells, claws, tail — lay bare the luscious meat. Very smart for giving . . . Smarter to keep for yourself! Order now!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

LOBSTERSHEARS } 2.95 single pr. ppd. / 5.00 set of 2 pr. ppd.

J. M. Schmid & Son, Inc.
137 Mathewson St. • Providence, R. I.

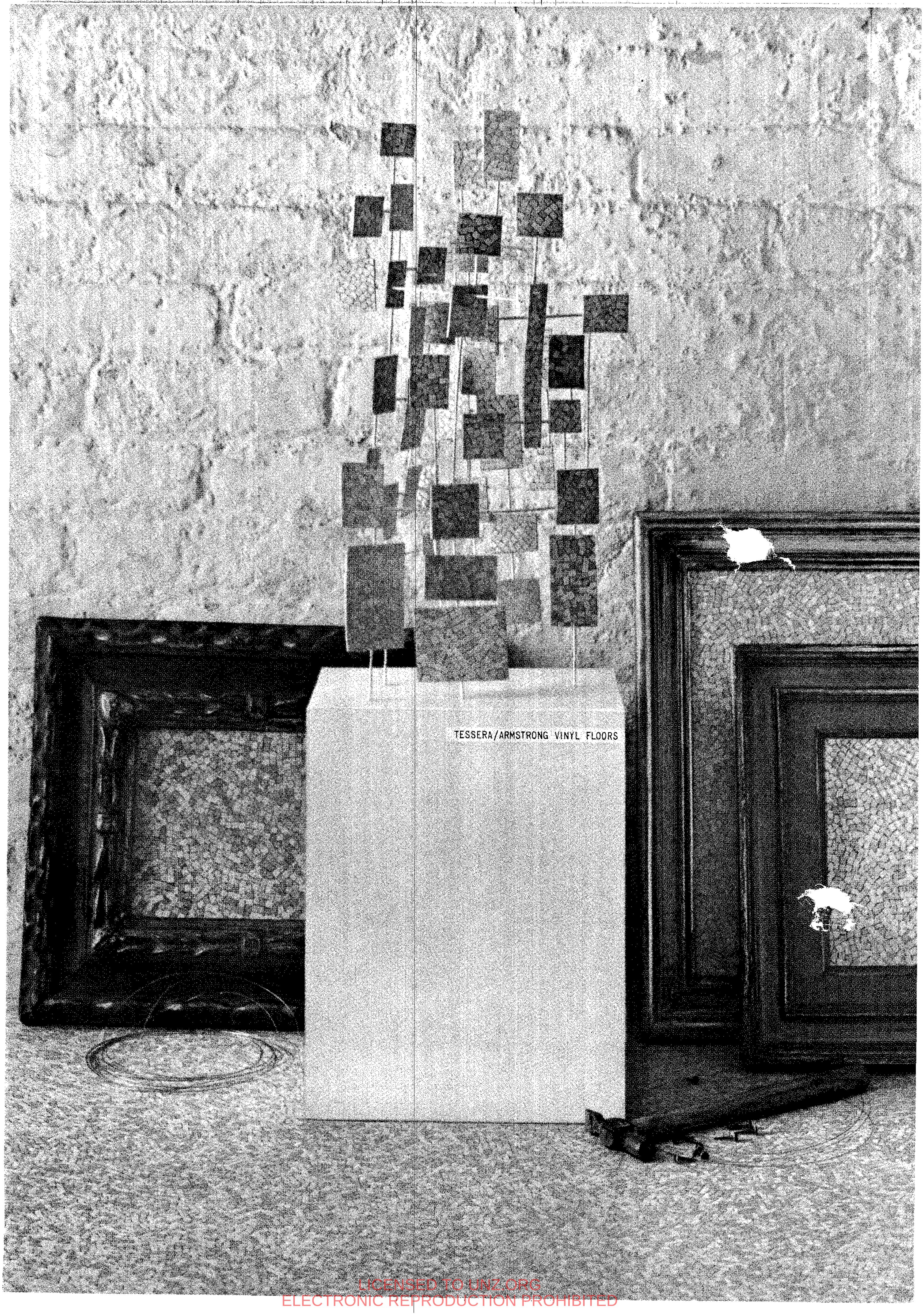
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE


A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
"Extra Special!"
THE PROGRESS OF A CRIME
By JULIAN SYMONS
author of THE COLOR OF MURDER
Winner of the "Edgar" Award as "the best novel of the year."
$3.50

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

EL CHICO
"As Spanish as Spain"
Excellent Food
Entertainment — Dancing
80 GROVE STREET • CH 2-4645

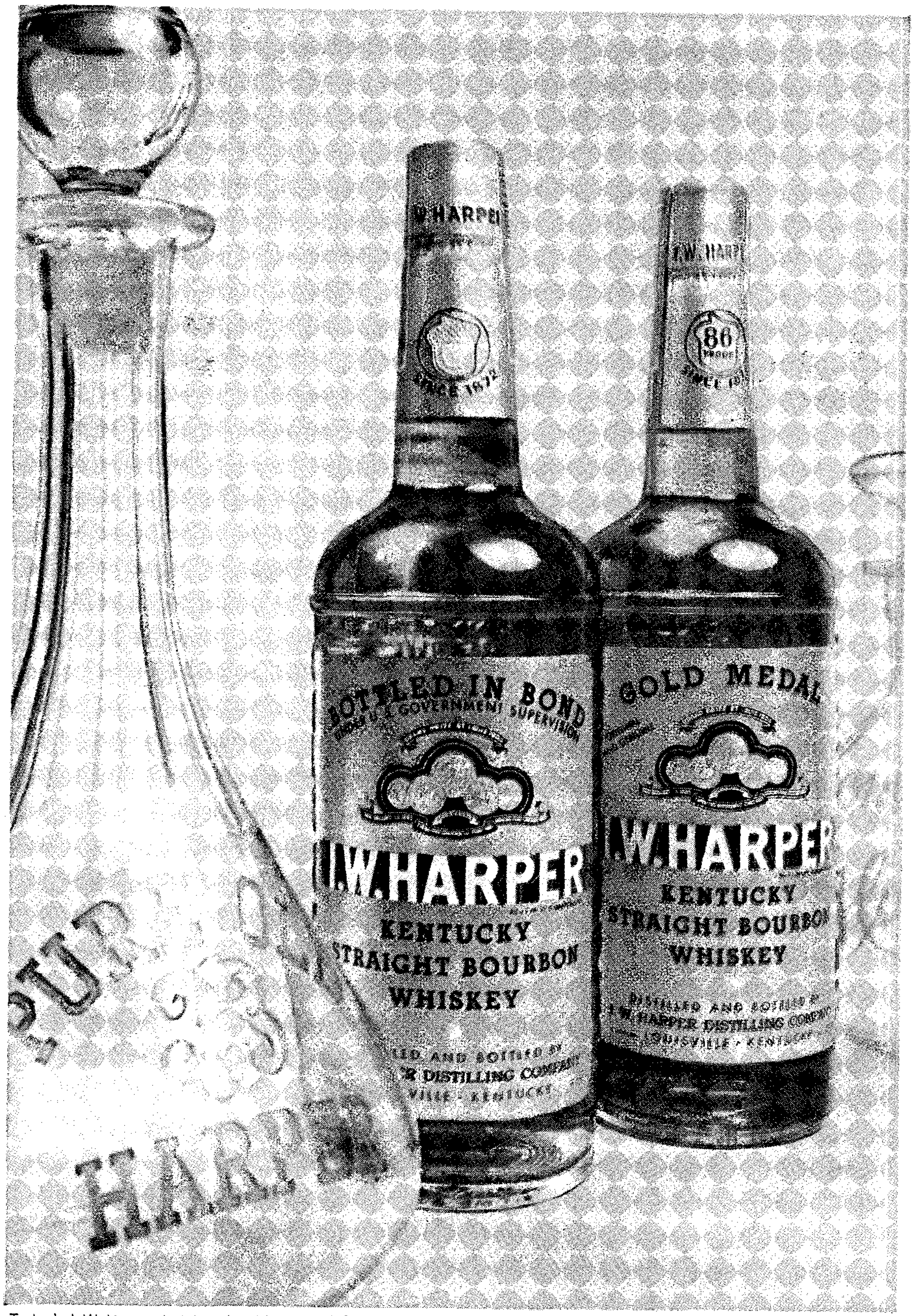
FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.



TESSERA/ARMSTRONG VINYL FLOORS

MEET BOTH SIDES OF THE I. W. HARPER FAMILY...

Bottled in Bond and mellow 86 Proof b[illegible] original and genuine distillery-bottled


I.W. HARPER
SINCE 1872
86 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND
UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
GOLD MEDAL
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY I.W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY LOUISVILLE · KENTUCKY
HARPER

Today's I. W. Harper bottles stand between "Companion" Long-Necked decanter, 1910, and "Dandy" Pinch Bottle, 1900.

...it's always a pleasure

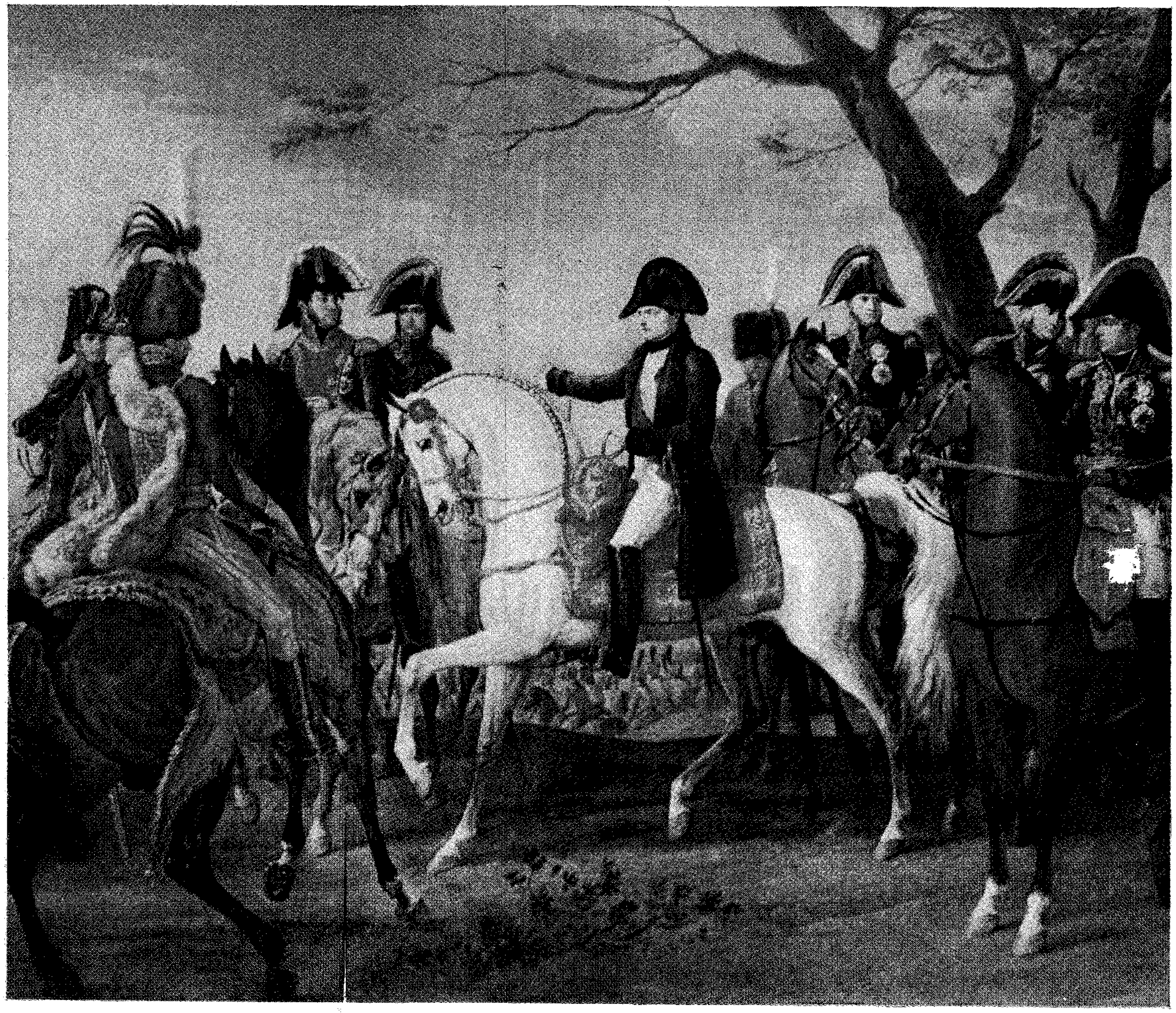
I. W. Harper Bottled in Bond has all the rich authority of a fine 100 Proof Bourbon. The mellow 86 Proof side of the family is agreeably light and engaging. Both are the same original and genuine Prized Kentucky Bourbon...distilled and bottled at the I. W. Harper distillery.

I. W. HARPER since 1872

THE GOLD MEDAL BOURBON

THE BOURBON INSTITUTE
FOUNDER MEMBER

BOTH KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



Napoléon donnant l'ordre avant la Bataille d'Austerlitz. Peinture par Antoine Charles Vernet. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon giving his orders before the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805. Defeating the combined Russian and Austrian armies, Napoleon described the battle as "the finest of all I have fought."

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

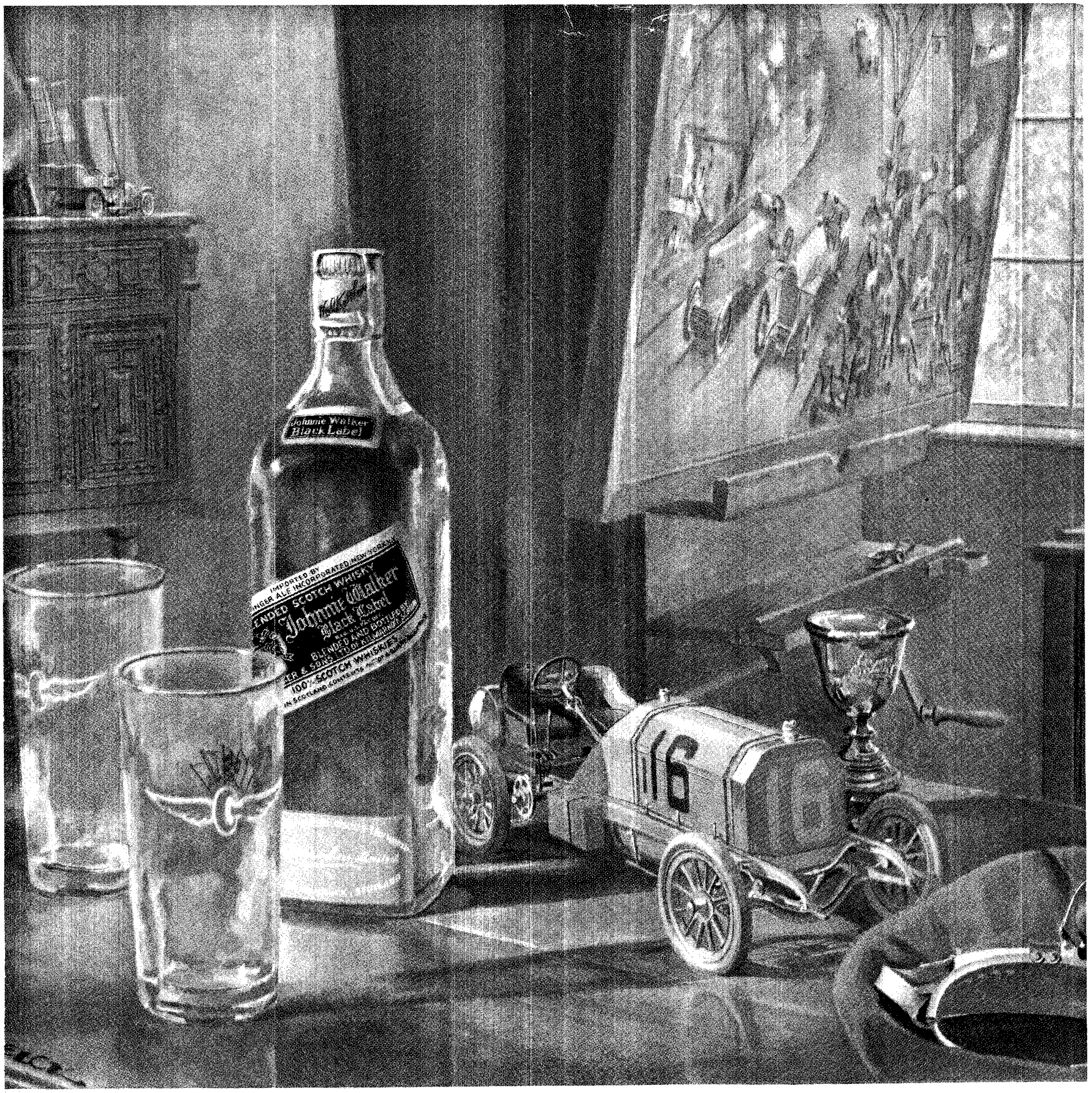
Great products, like great figures of history, acquire enduring fame. So with Courvoisier Cognac. It is the ***Brandy of Napoleon***—from whose day to this Courvoisier has been the choice of kings and statesmen and all who can command the finest. Enjoy it for its matchless flavour and bouquet—*pour la gloire* it perpetuates.

Imported by W. A. Taylor & Company, New York, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

*COURVOISIER COGNAC—AND COURVOISIER ONLY—BEARS THIS REGISTERED PHRASE ON EVERY BOTTLE. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

84 Proof
COURVOISIER
* The Brandy of Napoleon

SPECIAL OFFER IN FRENCH CRYSTALWARE—Four Courvoisier snifter glasses, about 3½ inches tall, with Napoleonic emblem in permanent gold design. Shipped to you from France. Send $1 cash, check or money order *payable to T. V.,* P. O. Box 1205, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Dept. NY-17.


Johnnie Walker
Black Label
IMPORTED BY
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE INCORPORATED NEW YORK
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Black Label
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
16

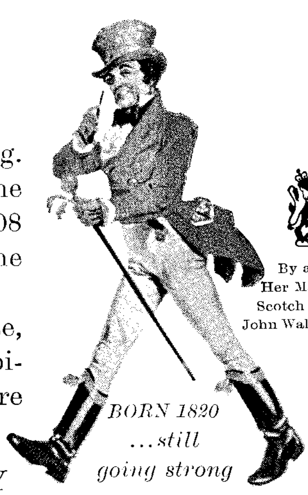
FROM THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

"Champion" by PETER HELCK

The Artist at the Wheel

Peter Helck has put a lot of nostalgia into this painting. There's the model of his beloved "Old 16." Peter owns the actual car—the huge Locomobile racer that won the 1908 Vanderbilt Cup. That's a replica of the Cup next to the car. Highball glasses hail from Indianapolis Speedway.

The classic that completes the picture is, of course, Johnnie Walker Black Label... champion among champions. No other Scotch whisky in the world could be more at home among symbols of a great tradition.


BORN 1820
...still
going strong

By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
John Walker & Sons Limited

JOHNNIE WALKER · BLACK LABEL · SCOTCH WHISKY

Blended Scotch Whisky... 86.8 Proof. Imported by Canada Dry Corporation, New York, N. Y.